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THE
ART
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.

By EDW. BYSSHE, *Gent.*

The Fifth Edition.

VOL II.



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L I G H T.

WHEN Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd Head
 Out of the Morning's purple Bed,
 Thy Choir of Birds about thee play,
 And all the joyfull World salutes the rising Day.
 All the World's Brav'ry that delights our Eyes,
 Is but thy sev'ral Liveries.
 Thou the rich Dye on them bestow'st!
 Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskip as thou go'st.
 A crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st,
 A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st.
 The Virgin Lillies in their White,
 Are clad but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.
 The Violet, Spring's little Infant, stands
 Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands:
 On the fair Tulip thou dost doat,
 Thou cloath'st it with a gay and party-colour'd Coat.
 But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
 In the Emphyrean Heav'n does stay;
 Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below,
 From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must flow. *Cowley*
 Hail holy Light! Offspring of Heaven, first-born,
 Or of th'Eternal Co-eternal Beam:
 Bright Effluence of bright Essence increate!
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal Stream,
 Whose Fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
 Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the Voice
 Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
 The rising World of Waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless Infinite:
 Thee I revisit now with bolder Wing,
 Escap'd the *Stygian* Pool, tho' long detain'd
 In that obscure Sojourn; while in my Flight
 Thro' utter, and thro' middle Darkness born,
 With other Notes than to th'*Orphean* Lyre
 I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*;
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark Descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Thro' hard and rare: Thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital Lamp; but thou

Revisit not these Eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing Ray, and find no Dawn :
 So thick a Drop Serene has quench'd their Orbs,
 Or dim Suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
 Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or sunny Hill,
 Smit with the Love of sacred Song : But chief
 Thee, *Sion*, and the flowry Brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd Feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit : Nor sometimes forget
 Those other Two, equal'd with me in Fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in Renown,
 Blind *Thamyris*, and blind *Maonides*,
 And *Phineas* and *Tiresias*, Prophets old :
 Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet Approach of Ev'n and Morn,
 Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose,
 Or Flocks, or Herds, or human Face divine :
 But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark
 Surrounds me ; from the chearful ways of Man
 Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal Blank
 Of Nature's Works to me expung'd and ras'd :
 And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather, thou Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Pow'rs
 Irradiate ; there plant Eyes, all Mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal Sight. *Milton, Spoken of himself.*

LIGHTNING. See Greatness, Sicknefs, Singing,
 Necromancer, Storm, Thunder.

Quick Lightning flies when heavy Clouds rush on,
 And strikes like Steel and Flint, or Stone and Stone
 For then small Sparks appear, and scatter'd Light
 Breaks swiftly forth, and wakes the sleepy Night.
 The Night amaz'd begins to haste away,
 As if those Fires were Beams of coming Day.

Cre. Luc.

As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
 The winged Fire shoots swiftly thro' the Sky,

Strikes,

Strikes and consumes e'er scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden Ill prevents the Fear. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

As when tempestuous Storms o'erspread the Skies,
In whose dark Bowels in-born Thunder lies;
The watry Vapours numberless, conspire
To smother and oppress th' imprison'd Fire;
Which, thus collected, gathers greater Force,
Breaks out in flames, and with impetuous Course
From the Clouds gaping Womb in Lightning flies,
Flashing in ruddy Streaks along the Skies. *Blac.*

The dismal Lightnings all around,
Some flying thro the Air, some running on the Ground,
Some swimming o'er the Water's face,
Fill'd with bright Horror ev'ry Place. *Cowl.*

The Clouds,
Justling, or push'd by Winds, rude in their Shock,
Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart Flame driven down,
Kindles the gummy Bark of Firr, or Pine. *Milt.*

As where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
No Husbandry can heal the blasting Wound;
Nor bladed Grass nor bearded Corn succeed,
But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breed. *Dry. Hind. & Pant.*

Like Lightning's fatal Flash,
Which by destructive Thunder is pursu'd,
Blasting those Fields on which it shin'd before. *Roch. Valent.*

As when a pointed Flame of Lightning flies,
With mighty Noise exploded from the Skies;
The ruddy Terrour with resistless Strokes
Invades the Mountain Pines, and Forest Oaks;
Wide Lanes a-cross the Woods, and ghastly Tracks,
Where-e'er it goes, the swift Destruction makes. *Blac.*

L I O N. See Creation, Enjoyment, Frown, Joy,
Paradise, Retreat, Revenge, Twilight.

Thus as a hungry Lion, who beholds
A gamesom Goat, that frisks about the Folds;
Or beamy Stag, that grazes on the Plain;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Mane,
He grins, he opens wide his greedy Jaws;
The Prey lies panting underneath his Paws:
He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd Morfels, while he churns the Gore. *Dryd. Virg.*

The famish'd Lion thus, with Hunger bold,
O'er-leaps the Fences of the nightly Fold;

And tears the peaceful Flocks; With silent Awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his Paw. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when the gen'rous Lion has in sight
His equal Match, he rouzes for the Fight;
But when his Foe lies prostrate on the Plain,
He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane;
And pleas'd with bloodless Honours of the Day, *(Panth.*
Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious Prey. *Dryd. Hind. &*

As when the Swains the *Lybian* Lion chase,
He makes a four Retreat, nor mends his Pace;
But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,
The Lordly Beast returns with double Pride:
He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain,
His Sides he lashes, and erects his Mane.

His Eye-balls flash with Fire,
Thro his wide Nostrils Clouds of Smoke expire. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus as a Lion, when he spies from far
A Bull that seems to meditate the War,
Bending his Neck, and spurning back the Sand;
Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand,
To rush from high on his unequal Foe. *Dryd. Virg.*

Like a Lion,
Who long has reign'd the Terrour of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldest Huntsmen to the Combat;
Till caught at length within some hidden Snare,
With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him;
And roars, and rolls his fiery Eyes in vain: *(Amb. Stepm.*
While the surrounding Swains wound him at pleasure. *Rowe*
LOOKS, or Mein. See Beauty, Eyes.

The King arose with awful Grace, *(Pal. & Arc.*
Deep Thought was in his Breast, and Counsel in his Face. *Dryd.*

Deep on his Front engraven,
Deliberation fate, and publick Care,
And Princely Counsel in his Face yet shone. *Milt.*

Big made he was, and tall; his Port was fierce;
Erect his Countenance: Manly Majesty
Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he view'd. *Dryd. Oedip.*

His awful Presence did the Croud surprize,
Nor durst the rash Spectators meet his Eyes;
Eyes that confess'd him born for Kingly Sway,
So fierce they flash'd intolerable Day. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The *Trojan* Chief appear'd in open sight,
August in Visage, and serenely bright:

His Mother Goddess, with her Hands Divine,
 Had form'd his curling Locks, and made his Temples shine;
 Had giv'n his rolling Eyes a sparkling Grace,
 And breath'd a youthful Vigour on his Face;
 Like polish'd Iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
 Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd with Gold.

Dryd. Virg.

Amid the Prefs appears the beauteous Boy:
 His lovely Face unarm'd, his Head was bare,
 In Ringlets o'er his Shoulders hung his Hair;
 His Forehead circled with a Diadem.
 Distinguish'd from the Croud, he shines a Gem,
 Enchas'd in Gold; or polish'd Iv'ry, set
 Amidst the meaner Foil of sable Jet.

Dryd. Virg.

Thro his youthful Face,
 Wrath checks the Beauty, and sheds manly Grace;
 Both in his Looks so join'd, that they might move
 Fear ev'n in Friends, and from an En'my Love.
 Hot as ripe Noon, sweet as the blooming Day.

Cowl.

What's he, who with contracted Brow,
 And sullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
 At once regardless of his Chains or Liberty?
 He shuns my Kindness;
 And with a haughty Mein and stern Civility,
 Dumbly declines all Office: If he speak,
 'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born
 Alone to do, and did disdain to talk,
 At least to talk where he must not command.

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

That gloomy Outside, like a rusty Chest,
 Contains the shining Treasure of a Soul
 Resolv'd and brave.

Dryd. Don Seb.

He looks secure of Death: Superiour Greatness;
 Like *Jove*, when he made Fate, and said, Thou art
 The Slave of my Creation.

He looks as Man was made, with Face erect,
 That scorns his brittle Corps, and seems asham'd
 He's not all Spirit: His Eyes with a dumb Pride,
 Accusing Fortune that he fell not warm,
 Yet now disdains to live.

Dryd. Don Seb.

By his warlike Port,
 His fierce Demeanour, and erected Look,
 He's of no vulgar Note.

Dryd. All for Love.

Methinks you breathe
 Another Soul; your Looks are more divine;
 You speak a Hero, and you move a God.

Dryd. All for Love.

Care fate on his faded Cheek ; but under Brows
Of dauntless Courage, and confid'rate Pride,
Waiting Revenge. Cruel his Eye, but cast
Signs of Remorse and Passion.

Milt.

His grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible.

Milt.

LOVE. See Absence, Enjoyment.

Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind,
The softest Refuge Innocence can find :
The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth :
The Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down :
On which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise :
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and bless'd his Pow'r in Love.

Roch.

Love rais'd his noble Thoughts to brave Atchievements :
For Love's the Steel that strikes upon the Flint ;
Gives Coldness Heat, exerts the hidden Flame, (*Love Trium.*
And spreads the Sparkles round to warm the World. *Dryd.*

Love that does all that's noble here below. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

For Love's not always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind :
Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul ;
And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our Parts
With polish'd Manners, and adorns with Arts.
Love first invented Verse, and form'd the Rhyme,
The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime :
To lib'ral Arts enlarg'd the Narrow-soul'd,
Soften'd the Fierce, and made the Coward bold. *Dry. Cym. & Iph.*

Ye niggard Gods ! ye make our Lives too long :
Ye fill 'em with Diseases, Wants, and Woes,
And only dash 'em with a little Love ;
Sprinkled by fits, and with a sparing Hand. *Dryd. Amphit.*

Life without Love is Load, and Time stands still :
What we refuse to him, to Death we give ;
And then, then only, when we love, we live. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

Love's an heroick Passion, which can find
No room in any base degen'rate Mind :
It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his Desire. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 2.*
Love

Love is not Sin, but where 'tis sinful Love :
 Mine is a Flame so holy and so clear,
 That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind,
 No Smoke of Lust.

Dryd. Don Seb.

What art thou, Love, thou great mysterious Thing ?
 From what hid Stock does thy strange Nature spring ?
 'Tis thou that mov'st the World thro every part,
 And hold'st the vast Frame fast, that nothing start
 From the due Place and Office first ordain'd :
 By thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.

Cowl.

The Pow'r of Love,
 In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,
 Rules unresisted with an awful Nod ;
 By daily Miracles declar'd a God :
 He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the Blind ;
 And molds and stamps anew the Lover's Mind.

Dry. Pal. & Arc.

No Law is made for Love :
 Law is to things which to free Choice relate ;
 Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate.
 Laws are but positive ; Love's Pow'r we see
 Is Nature's Sanction, and her first Decree.
 Each Day we break the Bond of human Laws
 For Love, and vindicate the common Cause.
 Laws for Defence of Civil Rights are plac'd ;
 Love throws the Fences down, and makes a gen'ral Waste.
 Maids, Widows, Wives, without distinction fall ;

(Pal. & Arc.)

The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all.

Dryd.

In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,
 Love conquers all ; and we must yield to Love.

Dryd. Virg.

For Love the Sense of Right and Wrong confounds :
 Strong Love and proud Ambition have no bounds.

Dryd.

The Faults of Love by Love are justified :
 With unresisted Might the Monarch reigns,
 He raises Mountains, and he levels Plains.

Dryd. Sig. & Guisc.

Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for Applause,
 But Love for Love alone, that crowns the Lover's Cause.

(Pal. & Arc.)

Love gives Esteem, and then he gives Desert :
 He either finds Equality, or makes it ;
 Like Death, he knows no Difference in Degrees,
 But plains and levels all.

Dryd. Mar. Alamode.

By Heav'n, I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she :
 Why should she asham'd, or angry be,
 To be below'd by me ?

The Gods may give their Altars o'er,
 They'll smoke but seldom any more,
 If none but happy Men must them adore.
 The Lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
 To strike sometimes does not disdain
 The humble Furzes of the Plain.
 She being so high, and I so low,
 Her Pow'r by this does greater show,
 Who at such distance gives so sure a Blow.
 If there be Man who thinks himself so high
 As to pretend Equality,
 He deserves her less than I ;
 For he would cheat for his Relief,
 And one would give with lesser Grief
 T' an undeserving Beggar than a Thief.

Cowl.

I knew 'twas Madness to declare this Truth,
 And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love.
 'Tis true, my Hopes are vanishing as Clouds,
 Lighter than Childrens Bubbles blown by Winds :
 My Merit's but the rash Result of Chance,
 My Birth unequal : All the Stars against me ;
 Pow'r, Promise, Choice, the Living and the Dead ;
 Mankind my Foes, and only Love to friend me :
 But such a Love, kept at such awful distance,
 As what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
 Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be lov'd,
 And so may Gods, else why are Altars rais'd ?
 Why shines the Sun, but that he may be view'd ?
 But oh ! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
 'Tis but to weep, and close our Eyes in Darkness. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Love various Minds does variously inspire,
 He stirs in gentle Natures gentle Fires,
 Like that of Incense on the Altars laid ;
 But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade :
 A Fire which ev'ry windy Passion blows,
 With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows. *Dr. Tyr. Love.*

So like the Chances are of Love and War,
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are ;
 In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly ;
 They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

Wall.

The Fate of Love is such,
 That still it sees too little or too much. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Proverb holds, That to be wise and love,
 Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

A gen'ral Doom on all Mankind is pass'd,
 And all are Fools and Lovers first or last.
 This both by others and my self I know,
 For I have serv'd their Sov'reign long ago ;
 Oft have been caught within the winding Train
 Of female Snares, and felt the Lover's Pain ;
 And learn'd how far the God can human Hearts constrain. *Dryd.*

(*Pal. & Arc.*)

Love is the pleasant Frenzy of the Mind ;
 And frantick Men in their mad Actions show
 A Happiness that none but Madmen know.

Dryd.

Love is that Madness which all Lovers have ;
 But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave :
 'Tis an Enchantment where the Reason's bound,
 But Paradise is in th' enchanted Ground ;
 A Palace void of Envy, Care and Strife,
 Where gentle Hours delude so much of Life.
 To take those Charms away, and set me free,
 Is but to send me into Misery ;

And Prudence, of whose Cure you so much boast, *(Gran.*
 Restores the Pains which that sweet Folly lost. *Dryd. Conq. of*

I have no Reason left that can assist me,
 And none would have. My Love's a noble Madness,
 Which shews the Cause deserves it. Mod'rate Sorrow
 Fits vulgar Love, and for a vulgar Man ;
 But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,
 I soar'd at first quite out of Reason's View,
 And now am lost above it.

Dryd. All for Love.

In Love what use of Prudence can there be ?
 More perfect I, and yet more pow'ful she !
 One Look of hers my Resolution breaks ;
 Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks ;
 And aw'd by her whom it was made to sway,
 Flatters her Pow'r, and does its own betray. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest ?
 He knows him not the Executioner.

Oh ! she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love ;
 Led him in golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,
 And made Perdition pleasing.

Dryd. All for Love.

Witness ye Pow'rs !

How much I suffer'd, and how much I strove :
 But mighty Love, who Prudence does despise,
 For Reason shew'd me *Indamora's* Eyes :

What would you more ? my Crime I sadly view,
Acknowlegd, am asham'd, and yet pursue. *Dryd. Auren.*

For Love does human Policy despise,
And laughs at all the Counsels of the Wise. *D'Av. Circe.*

For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts,
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and so-forth, downwards. *Hud.*
Falling in LOVE.

I came, I saw, and was undone !
Lightning did thro my Bones and Marrow run ;
A pointed Pain pierc'd deep my Heart,
A swift cold Trembling seiz'd on ev'ry Part ;
My Head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The Poison that was enter'd there. *Cowl.*

A Change so swift what Heart did ever feel !
It rush'd upon me like a mighty Stream,
And bore me in a moment far from Shore !
I've lov'd away my self in one short Hour ;
Already I am gone an Age of Passion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success ?
These might perhaps be found in other Men :
'Twas that Respect, that awful Homage paid me ;
That feaful Love which trembled in his Eyes,
And with a filent Earthquake shook his Soul.
But when he spoke, what tender Words he said ?
So softly, that like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thus anxious Fears already seiz'd the Queen ;
She fed within her Veins a Flame unseen :
The Hero's Valour, Acts, and Birth inspire
Her Soul with Love, and fan the secret Fire.
His Words, his Looks, imprinted in her Heart,
Improve the Passion, and increase the Smart. *Dryd. Virg.*

I am not what I was, since Yesterday ;
My Food forsakes me, and my needful Rest :
I pine, I languish, love to be alone,
Think much, speak little, and in speaking sigh :
When I see *Torrismond*, I am unquiet ;
And when I see him not, I am in pain.
They brought a Paper to me to be sign'd ;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name,
And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torrismond*.
I went to bed, and to my self I thought
That I would think on *Torrismond* no more ;
Then shut my Eyes, but could not shut out him.

I turn'd, and try'd each Corner of my Bed,
 To find if Sleep was there, but Sleep was lost.
 Fev'rish for want of Rest, I rose, and walk'd,
 And by the Moonshine to the Windows went ;
 There thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,
 I cast my Eyes upon the neighb'ring Fields,
 And e'er I was aware sigh'd to my self,
 There fought my *Torrismond*.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

I'm pleas'd and pain'd since first her Eyes I saw,
 As I were stung with some *Tarantula* :
 Arms and the dusty Field I less admire,
 And soften strangely in some new Desire ;
 Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,
 But pale as Fires when master'd by the Light.
 Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more,
 And now am nothing that I was before.
 I'm numb'd and fix'd, and scarce my Eye-balls move ;
 I fear it is the Lethargy of Love !
 'Tis he ! I feel him now in ev'ry Part ;
 Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart ;
 Surveys in State each Corner of my Breast :
 And now I'm all o'er Love !

Dryd. Conq. of Gran.

He'd got a Hurt
 On th' Inside, of a deadly sort,
 By *Cupid* made, who took his Stand
 Upon a Widow's Jointure-Land ;
 Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
 Let fly an Arrow at the Knight :
 The Shaft against a Rib did glance,
 And gall'd him in the Purtenance.

Hud.

O Love ! O cursed Boy !

Where art thou that torment'st me thus unseen,
 And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast,
 With idle Purpose to inflame her Heart,
 Which is as inaccessible and cold.
 As the proud Tops of those aspiring Hills,
 Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow,
 Tho' the hot Sun roll o'er 'em ev'ry Day :
 And as his Beams, which only shine above,
 Scorch and consume in Regions round below ;
 So Love, which throws such Brightness thro' her Eyes,
 Leaves her cold Heart, and burns me at her Feet.
 My Tyrant, but her flatt'ring Slave thou art,
 A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart.

Roch.
Valent.
 That

That proud Dame for whom his Soul
 Was burnt in's Belly to a Coal,
 Us'd him so like a base Rascallion,
 That old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him) *malion*,
 That cut his Mistrefs out of Stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one.

Hud.

LOVE and OLD AGE.

Love, like a Shadow, while Youth shines, is shown ;
 But in Old Age's Darknefs there is none. *How. D. of Lerm.*

Mine was an Age when Lové might be excus'd ;
 When kindly Warmth, and when my springing Youth
 Made it a Debt to Nature : Yours in your declining Age ;
 When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd,
 When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk ;
 When it went down, then you constrain'd the Course,
 And robb'd from Nature to supply Desire :
 Oh 'tis mere Dotage in you.

Dryd. All for Love.

The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands,
 Nor will be gather'd with such wither'd Hands :
 You importune us with a false Desire,
 Which sparkles out, and makes no solid Fire.
 This Impudence of Age, whence can it spring ?
 All you expect, and yet you nothing bring :
 Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant ;
 Nice in providing what you cannot want :
 Have Conscience ; give not her you love this Pain ;
 Sollicit not your self and her in vain :
 All other Debts may Compensation find,
 But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

Dryd. Auren.

You cannot love, nor Pleasure take nor give ;
 But Life begin when 'tis too late to live :
 On a tir'd Courser you pursue Delight ;
 Let slip your Morning, and set out at Night.

Dryd. Auren.

PROTESTATIONS of LOVE.

While on *Septimius'* panting Breast,
 Meaning nothing less than Rest,
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
 Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said :
 My dearest *Acme* ! If I be
 Once alive, and love not thee,
 With a Passion far above
 All that e'er was called Love,
 In a *Lybian* Desert may
 I become some Lion's Prey ;

Let

Let him, *Acme* ! let him tear
 My Breast, when *Acme* is not there.
Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
 Rear'd her gently-bending Head ;
 And her purple Mouth with Joy
 Stretching to the delicious Boy,
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
 She kiss'd his drunken rolling Eyes :
 My little Life ! my All ! said she,
 So may we ever Servants be
 To this blest God, and ne'er retain
 Our hated Liberty again :
 So may thy Passion last for me,
 As I a Passion have for thee ;
 Greater and fiercer much than can
 Be conceiv'd by thee, a Man.
 Into my Marrow it is gone,
 Fix'd and settled in the Bone ;
 It reigns not only in my Heart,
 But runs like Life thro' ev'ry Part.

Cowl. Cat.

Madam, I do as is my Duty,
 Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tie.

Hud.

For your Love does lie
 As near and as nigh
 Unto my Heart within,
 As my Eye to my Nose,
 My Leg to my Hose,
 Or my Flesh unto my Skin.

Shak. Locrin.

My Love's so violent, so strong, so sure,
 As neither Age can change, nor Art can cure.

Dryd. Virg.

All constant Lovers shall in future Ages
 Approve their Truth by *Troilus* : When their Verse,
 Full of Protest, and Oath, and big Compare,
 Want Similes ; as Turtles to their Mates,
 As true as flowing Tides are to the Moon,
 Earth to the Center, Iron to Adamant :
 At last, when Truth is tir'd with Repetition,
 As true as *Troilus* shall crown the Verse,
 And sanctify the Numbers.

Prophet may you be !
 If I am false, or swerve from Truth and Love ;
 When Time is old, and has forgot it self
 In all things else, let it remember me ;
 And after all Comparisons of Falshood,

To

To stab the Heart of Perjury in Maids,
Let it be said, as false as *Cressida*. *Shak. & Dryd. Troil. & Cress.*

Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling Rev'rence it does bend ;
Go bid the Stones a Journey upward make ;
Go bid th' ambitious Flame no more ascend :
And when these false to their old Motions prove,
Then will I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

Cowl.

Quoth he, to bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my Pulse to move ;
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a Fit, to hickup :
Command me to piss out the Moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.

Hud.

That I do love you, O all you Host of Heav'n
Be witness ! That you are dear to me !
Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to die ;
O thou bright Pow'r be judg, whom we adore !
Be witness of my Truth ! be witness of my Love !

Lee Mithrid.

If all my Heart and Soul be'n't thine,
May thy dear Body ne'er be mine.

Cowl.

O my *Monimia* ! to my Soul thou'rt dear
As Honour to my Name ; dear as the Light
To Eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of Blindness.

Otw. Orph.

O dearer than the vital Air I breathe !

Dryd. Virg.

O she is dearer to my Soul, than Rest
To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold !
To great Men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride.

Otw. Orph.

Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life ;
Dear as these Eyes that weep in Fondness o'er thee.

Otw. Orph.

Let me haste to tell thee

What and how dear *Moneses* has been to me :
What has he not been ! All the Names of Love,
Brothers or Fathers, Husbands, all are poor :
Moneses is my self ; in my fond Heart,
Ev'n in my vital Blood he lives and reigns :
The last dear Object of my parting Soul
Will be *Moneses* ; the last Breath that lingers
Within my panting Breast, shall sigh *Moneses*.

Rowe Tamerl.

Perdition catch my Soul, but I do love thee ;
And when I love thee not, *Chaos* is come again.

Shak. Othel.

My Love's so true,

That I can neither hide it where it is,

Nor

Nor shew it where 'tis not.

Dryd. All for Love.

Quoth he, my Faith as Adamantine,
As Chains of Destiny I'll maintain;
True as *Apollo* ever spoke,
Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.
Then shine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other Pigsneye;
The Sun and Day shall sooner part,
Than Love or you shake off my Heart.

Hud.

How I have lov'd,

Witness ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Bus'ness were to count my Passion.
One Day pass'd by, and nothing saw but Love;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;
And ev'ry Day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.

Dryd. All for Love.

'Tis she, she only, that can make me blest;
Empire and Wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

Oh she's all Softness!

All melting mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant;
Nor can you wake her into Cries: By Heav'n
She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Smiles.

Lee Alex.

And is it giv'n me thus to touch thy Hand,
And fold thy Body in my longing Arms;
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars;
To taste thy Lips, and thy dear balmy Breath?
While ev'ry Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God.

Lee Alex.

The vernal Bloom and Fragrancy of Spices,
Wasted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.
From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
Ambrosial Odours flow: My ev'ry Faculty
Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleasure.

(Amb. Stepm.

Rowe

By Heav'n, my *Edith*,

Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee!
The Sweetness of th' *Arabian* Wind still blowing
Upon the Treasures of Perfumes and Spices,
In all their Pride and Pleasures call thee Mistress.

Beau. Rollo.

Sweet as the rosy Morn she breaks upon me ;
 And Sorrow, like the Night's unwholsom Shade,
 Gives way before the golden Dawn she brings. *Rowe Tamerl.*

Not the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of Jessamin,
 Nor Vi'lets Infant-sweets, nor opening Buds,
 Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast !
 From ev'ry Pore of him a Perfume falls ;
 He kisses softer than a Southern Wind,
 Curles like a Vine, and touches like a God !
 Then he will talk ! good Gods ! how he will talk !
 Ev'n when the Joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,
 Ev'n then he speaks such words, and looks such things,
 Vows with so much Passion, swears with so much Grace,
 That 'tis a kind of Heav'n to be deluded by him.
 If I but mention him, the Tears will fall ;
 Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
 But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes. *Lee Alex.*

My Lord, my Love, my Refuge,
 Happy my Eyes when they behold thy Face !
 My heavy Heart will leave its doleful Beating
 At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful Joy. *Otw. Ven. Presf.*

Does she not come like Wisdom, or good Fortune,
 Replete with Blessings, giving Wealth and Honour ?
 The Dowry which she brings is Peace and Pleasure ;
 And everlasting Joy is in her Arms. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Oh ! she's the Pride and Glory of the World !
 Without her, all the rest is worthless Dross ;
 Life a base Slav'ry ; Empire but a Mock ;
 And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse. *Roch. Valent.*

If Love be Treasure, we'll be wondrous rich :
 I have so much, my Heart will surely break with't :
 Vows can't express it. When I would declare
 How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought :
 I swell, and sigh, and labour with my Longing.
 Oh lead me to some Desert wide and wild,
 Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
 May have its Vent ! where I may tell aloud,
 To the high Heav'ns and ev'ry list'ning Planet,
 With what a boundless Stock my Bosom's fraught ;
 Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
 Give loose to Love with Kisses, kindling Joy,
 And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart. *Otw. Ven. Presf.*

'Tis now that I begin to live again,
 Since I behold my *Aurengzebe* appear !

His Name alone afforded me Relief;
 Repeated as a Charm to ease my Grief.
 I, that lov'd Name, did as some God invoke,
 And printed Kisses on it as I spoke.

Dryd. Auren.

Lavinia! Oh there's Musick in the Name,
 That soft'ning me to Infant Tenderness,
 Makes my Heart spring like the first Leaps of Life.

Otw.
(Cai. Mar.)

Oh *Pierre!* wert thou but she!

How I could pull thee down into my Heart,
 Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crack'd with Love,
 Till all my Sinews, with its Fire extended,
 Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing;
 Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
 Come, like a panting Turtle, to thy Breast.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

Hold off, and let me run into his Arms!
 My Dearest! my all Love, my Lord, my King,
 Thou shalt not die, if that the Soul and Body
 Of thy *Statira* can restore thy Life!
 Give me thy wonted Kindness! bend me, break me
 With thy Embraces.

Lee Alex.

Love mounts and rolls about my stormy Mind,
 Like Fire that's borne by a tempestuous Wind;
 Oh! I could stifle you with eager Haste,
 Devour your Kisses with my hungry Taste;
 Rush on you, eat you, wander o'er each Part,
 Raving with Pleasure, snatch you to my Heart;
 Then hold you off and gaze! then with new Rage
 Invade you, till my conscious Limbs presage
 Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow;
 So lost, so blest as I but then could know!

Dryd. Auren.

The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
 Shoots ev'ry Grain of her into my Heart!
 She's all mine! by Heaven! I feel her here,
 Panting and warm! the Dearest! Oh *Statira!*

Lee Alex.

Semandra shall be mine! ev'n all *Semandra!*
 The Thought is Extasy! These Arms shall hold her
 Fast to my throbbing Breast, these ravish'd Eyes
 Gaze till they're blind with looking on her Blushes!
 These stifling Lips shall smother all her Smiles,
 And follow her with such Pursuit of Kisses,
 That ev'n our Souls shall lose themselves in Pleasures.

Lee
(Mithrid.)

Who should be lov'd but you?

So lov'd, that ev'n my Crown and self are vile
 When you are by.

Come

Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel ; *Lee Duke*
(of Guisf.
Shine thro my Cares, and make my Crown sit easy.

Give, ye Gods, give to your Boy, your *Cæsar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This gew-gaw World, and put him cheaply off ;
I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rds *Phæbus* Lodging ; such a Charioteer
As *Phaeton* would lash you to the West,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy close Curtains, Love-performing Night,
Thou sober-suited Matron, all in Black,
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leap to these Arms untalk'd of, and unseen.
Oh ! give me *Romeo*, and when he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little Stars ;
And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,
That all the World will be in love with Night,
And pay no Worship to the gaudy Sun. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

But Oh ! there wants, to crown my Happiness,
Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul,
Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights !
My dear *Statira* ! Oh that heav'nly Beam !
Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart !
Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
By this time I had been among the Gods ;
If any Extasy can make a Height,
Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heav'ns.

Lee Alex.

Oh thou'rt my Soul it self, Wealth, Friendship, Honour !
All present Joys, and Earnest of all future,
Are summ'd in thee ! Methinks when in thy Arms
Thus leaning on thy Breast, one Minute's more
Than a long thousand Years of vulgar Hours. *Otw. Ven. Pref.*

She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever,
She garisons my Breast, and mans against me
Ev'n my own Rebel Thoughts with thousand Graces,
Ten thousand Charms, and new-discover'd Beauties :
Oh hadst thou seen her when she lately bless'd me,
What Tears, what Looks, what Languishings she darted !
Love bath'd himself in the distilling Balm ;
And Oh ! the subtle God has made his Entrance
Quite thro my Heart ! He shouts and triumphs there,
And all his Cry is Death or *Bellamira* !

Oh Expectation burns me ! Heart ! how she inflames me !
 Let's talk no more of War ! for now my Theme's all Love !
 The War, like Winter, vanishes ; 'tis gone,
 And *Bellamira*, with eternal Spring,
 Dress'd in blue Heav'ns, and breathing vernal Sweets,
 Drops, like a Cherubim, in Spoils before me.
 Thus to a glorious Coast, thro Tempests hurl'd,
 We sail, like him who fought the *Indian* World :
 'Tis more, 'tis Paradise I go to prove,
 And *Bellamira* is the Land of Love !
 I have her in my View, and hark, she talks,
 And see, about like the first Maid she walks ;
 Fair as the Day, when first the World began,
 And I am doom'd to be the happy Man !

Lee Cas. Borg.

The God of Love once more has shot his Fires
 Into my Soul, and my whole Heart receives him :

Almeyda now returns with all her Charms :

I feel her as she glides along my Veins,
 And dances in my Blood. So when *Mahomet*
 Had long been hamm'ring, in his lonely Cell,
 Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
 A brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by :
 Passing, she cast at him a sidelong Gance,
 And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd ;
 He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair,
 And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.

Dryd. Don Seb.

O the killing Joy !

O Extasy ! my Heart will burst my Breast,
 To leap into thy Bosom ! But, by Heav'n,
 This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
 For the dear Rack I have this Day endur'd !
 For all the Sighs and Tears that I have spent,
 I'll have so many thousand burning Loves ;
 So swell thy Lips, so fill me with thy Sweetness,
 Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wand'ring Eyes ;
 The smiling Hours shall all be lov'd away,
 We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the Day.

Lee Alex.

Where am I ? Surely Paradise is round me ;
 Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
 And ev'ry Sense is full of thy Perfection !
 To hear thee speak might calm a Mad-man's Frenzy,
 Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows :
 But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
 Wou'd make him rage again with Love, as I do :

To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, Oh !
 Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece !
 Sure framing thee, Heav'n took unusual Care,
 As its own Beauty it design'd thee fair,
 And form'd thee by the best-lov'd Angel there.

Otw. Orp.

Who can behold such Beauty and be silent ?
 Desire first taught us Words : Man when created,
 At first, alone, long wander'd up and down,
 Forlorn and silent as his Vassal Beast :
 But when a Heav'n-born Maid like you appear'd,
 Strange Passion fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
 Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love.

Otw. Orp.

Love in your sunny Eyes does basking play ;
 Love walks the pleasant Mazes of your Hair ;
 Love does on both your Lips for ever stray,
 And sows and reaps a thousand Kisses there.

Cowl.

The Sun shall now no more dispense
 His own, but your bright Influence :
 I'll carve your Name on Barks of Trees,
 With True Love's Knots and Flourishes,
 That shall infuse eternal Spring,
 And everlasting Flourishing :
 Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,
 And make it brisk *Champaign* become :
 Where-e'er you tread, your Foot shall set
 The Primrose and the Violet :
 All Spices, Perfumes, and sweet Pouders,
 Shall borrow from your Breath their Odours.
 Nature her Charter shall renew,
 And take all Lives of Things from you :
 The World depend upon your Eye,
 And when you frown upon it, die :
 Only our Loves shall still survive,
 New Worlds and Natures to outlive :
 And like to Heralds Moons, remain
 All Crescent, without Change or Wane.

Hud.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this ;
 Sir Knight, you take your Aim amiss :
 For you will find it a hard Chapter,
 To catch me with poetick Rapture :
 In which your Mastery of Art
 Does shew it self, and not your Heart :
 Nor will you raise, in mine, Combustion,
 By dint of high heroick Fustian.

She

She that with Poetry is won,
 Is but a Desk to write upon :
 And what Men say of her, they mean
 No more than that on which they lean.
 Some with *Arabian Spices* strive
 T' embalm her cruelly alive.
 Her Mouth's compar'd t'an Oyster's, with
 A Row of Pearls in't, 'stead of Teeth ;
 Others make Posies of her Cheeks,
 Where red and whitest Colours mix :
 In which the Lilly and the Rose,
 For *Indian Lake* and *Ceruse* goes.
 The Sun and Moon, by her bright Eyes
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the Skies,
 Are but black Patches which she wears,
 Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars :
 By which Astrologers, as well
 As those in Heav'n above, can tell
 What strange Events they do foreshow
 Unto her Under-World below.
 Her Voice the Musick of the Spheres,
 So loud it deafens mortal Ears :
 As wise Philosophers have thought,
 And that's the Cause we hear it not.
 This has been done by some, who those
 Th' ador'd in Rhyme, would kick in Prose ;
 And in those Garters would have hung,
 Of which melodiously they fung.

Hud.

Why so pale and wan, fond Lover !
 Prithee why so pale ?
 Will, when looking ill can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Why so dull and mute, young Sinner !
 Prithee why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of her self she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The Devil take her.

Suckl.

Tell me then the Reason, why
Love from Hearts in love does fly?

Why

Why the Bird will build a Nest,
Where he ne'er intends to rest?

Love, like other little Boys,
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys;
Which, when gain'd in childish Play,
Wantonly are thrown away.
Still on Wing, or on his Knees,
Love does nothing by degrees:
Basely flying when most priz'd;
Meanly fawning when despis'd.
Flatt'ring or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
All his Woes severe Extremes.

Roch.

Oh Love! how are thy precious sweetest Minutes
Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with Disappointments!
Now Pride, now Fickleness, fantastick Quarrels,
And sullen Coldness, give us Pain by turns:
Malicious meddling Chance is ever busy
To bring us Fears, Disquiets, and Delays;
And ev'n at last, when after all our waiting,
Eager we think to snatch our dear-bought Bliss,
Ambition calls us to its sudden Cares;
And Honour stern, impatient of Neglect,
Commands us to forget our Ease and Pleasures;
As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
And Love were not the Business of our Lives.

Rowe Ulyss.

Ah! cruel Heav'n, that made no Cure for Love!
Love has no Bounds in Pleasure or in Pain.

Dryd. Virg.

What priestly Rites, alas! what pious Art,
What Vows avail, to cure a bleeding Heart?
A gentle Fire she feeds within her Veins,
Where the soft God secure in silence reigns:
Sick with Desire, and seeking him she loves,
From Street to Street the raging *Dido* roves:
So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,
Wounds with a random Shaft the careless Hind;
Distracted with her Pain, she flies the Woods,
Bounds o'er the Lawn, and seeks the silent Floods,
With fruitless Care; for still the fatal Dart
Sticks in her Side, and rankles in her Heart.

Dryd. Virg.

Anger in hasty Words or Blows
It self discharges on our Foes;

And

And Sorrow too finds some Relief
 In Tears, which wait upon our Grief :
 So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love,
 Unto its own Redress does move :
 But that alone the Wretch inclines
 To what prevents his own Designs ;
 Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
 Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep :
 Postures which render him despis'd,
 Where he endeavours to be priz'd.

Wall.

But I must rouse my self, and give a stop
 To all those Ills by headlong Passion caus'd :
 In Minds resolv'd weak Love is put to flight,
 And only conquers when we dare not fight.
 But we indulge our Harms, and while he gains
 An Entrance, please our selves into our Pains. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

Rouse to the Combat,

And thou art sure to conquer : Wars shall restore thee,
 The Sound of Arms shall wake thy martial Ardour,
 And cure this am'rous Sickness of thy Soul,
 Begun by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Ease.
 The idle God of Love supinely dreams
 Amidst inglorious Shades of purling Streams ;
 In rosy Fetters and fantastick Chains
 He binds deluded Maids and simple Swains :
 With soft Enjoyments woos them to forget
 The hardy Toils and Labours of the Great.
 But if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms,
 To virtuous Acts excite and manly Arms ;
 The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,
 On silken Wings sublime he cuts the Air,
 Scar'd at the noble Noise, and Thunder of the War.

Rowe
(Tamerl.)

Away then, feeble God,

I banish thee my Bosom : Hence, I say,
 Be gone ; or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
 And stab thee in my Heart. The Wars come on :
 By Heav'n I'll drown thy laughing Deity
 In Blood, and drive thee with my brandish'd Sword. *Lee Mithrid.*

Yes ! I will shake this *Cupid* from my Arms,
 If all the Rages of the Earth can fright him ;
 Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules* ;
 Make the World drunk, and then like *Æolus*,
 When he gave Passage to the struggling Winds,

I'll stick my Speer into the reeling Globe,
 To let it blood ; set *Babylon* in a blaze, (Lee Alex.
 And drive this God of Flames with more consuming Fire.

LOYALTY, See Subject.

For Loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the Game ;
 True as the Dial to the Sun,
 Altho it be not shin'd upon.

But True and Faithful's sure to lose,
 Which way soever the Game goes ;
 And whether Parties lose or win,
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in :
 While Pow'r usurp'd, like stoln Delight,
 Is more bewitching than the right ;
 And when the Times begin to alter,
 None rise so high as from the Halter, Hud.

The Faith of most with Fortune does decline,
 Duty's but Fear, and Conscience but Design. How.

Let Fools the Name of Loyalty divide ;
 Wise Men and Gods are on the strongest Side. *Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.*

For whom should we esteem above

The Men whom Gods do love ? Cowl.

The Laws of Friendship we our selves create,
 And 'tis but simple Villany to break 'em :
 But Faith to Princes broke is Sacrilege,
 An Injury to the Gods ; and that lost Wretch,
 Whose Breast is poison'd with so vile a Purpose,
 Tears Thunder down from Heav'n on his own Head,
 And leaves a Curse to his Posterity. Roch. Valente

L U S T.

As Virtue never will be mov'd,
 Tho Leudness court it in a shape of Heav'n :
 So Lust, tho to a radiant Angel join'd,
 Will seat it self in a celestial Bed,
 And prey on Garbage. Shak. Haml.

To a Lady playing on the LUTE,

The trembling Strings about her Fingers croud,
 And tell their Joy for ev'ry Kiss aloud :
 Small Force there needs to make them tremble so ;
 Touch'd by that Hand, who wou'd not tremble too ?
 Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the Ear,
 Empties his Quiver on the list'ning Deer :
 Musick so softens and disarms the Mind,
 That not one Arrow does Resistance find :

Thus

Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
 And acts her self the Triumph of her Eyes.
 So *Nero* once with Harp in Hand survey'd
 His flaming *Rome*, and as that burn'd he play'd.

Wall.

To burning *Rome* when frantick *Nero* play'd,
 Had he but heard thy Lute, he soon had found
 His Rage eluded, and his Crime aton'd :
 Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand, had rais'd the Stone,
 And from Destruction call'd a fairer Town :
 Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield,
 Nor could he burn so fast as thou could'st build.

Prior.

L Y R E.

Awake, awake, my Lyre,
 And tell thy silent Master's humble Tale,
 In Sounds that may prevail ;
 Sounds that gentle Thoughts inspire :
 Tho so exalted she,
 And I so lowly be,
 Tell her such different Notes make all thy Harmony.
 Hark how the Strings awake,
 And tho the moving Hand approach not near,
 Themselves with awful Fear
 A kind of num'rous Trembling make :
 Now all thy Forces try,
 Now all thy Charms apply ;
 Revenge upon her Ear the Conquests of her Eye.
 Weak Lyre, thy Virtue sure
 Is useles here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure.
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My Passion to remove :
 Physick to other Ills, thou'rt Nourishment to Love.
 Sleep ! sleep again, my Lyre ;
 For thou canst never tell my humble Tale
 In Sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle Thoughts in her inspire :
 All thy vain Mirth lay by,
 Bid thy Strings silent lie,
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Master die.

Cowl.

M A D.

Now see that noble and most sov'reign Reason,
 Like sweet Bell's jangled out of Tune and harsh ;

Mad as the Seas and Winds, when both contend
Which is the mightier.

She hems, and beats her Breast,
Spurns enviously at Straws ; speaks things in Doubt,
That carry but half Sense :
Yet her unshap'd Use of Speech does move
The Hearers to Collection : They aim at it,
And her Words up-fit to their own Thoughts ;
Which as her Winks, and Nods, and Gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there would be Thoughts ;
Tho' nothing suit, yet much, unhappily. *Shak. Haml.*

Behold her lying in her Cell,
Her unregarded Locks
Matted like *Furies* Tresses ; her poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground ; and 'stead of those Delights,
Which happy Lovers taste, her Keeper's Stripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a coarse wooden Dish
Of wretched Sustenance. *Otw. Orp.*

Observe the Gallantry of her Distraction :
Hark how she mouths the Heav'ns, and mates the Gods ;
Her blazing Eyes darting the wand'ring Stars,
While with her thund'ring Voice she threatens high,
And ev'ry Accent twangs with smarting Sorrow. *Lee Oedip.*

He raves ; His Words are loose
As Heaps of Sand, and scatt'ring wide from Sense.
So high he's mounted in his airy Throne,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Wild

As a robb'd Tigress bounding o'er the Woods. *Lee Oedip.*

Wild as Winds,
That sweep the Desarts of our moving Plains. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

There is a Pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but Madmen know. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Madmen ought not to be mad,
But who can help their Frenzy ? *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

A Woman ! If you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me : But to think
Of Woman were enough to taint my Brains
Till they ferment to Madness. A Woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance. *Otw. Orph.*

To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell ;
Name not a Woman, and I shall be well :

Like a poor Lunatick that makes his Moan,
 And for a while beguiles his Lookers on ;
 He reasons well, his Eyes their Wildness lose,
 He vows the Keepers his wrong'd Sense abuse :
 But if you hit the Cause that hurt his Brain,
 Then his Teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his Chain,
 His Eye-balls roll, and he is mad again. } *Lee Cas. Borg.*

T O M - A - B E D L A M.

I have bethought my self
 To take the basest and the poorest Shape,
 That ever Penury in Contempt of Man,
 Brought near to Beast. My Face I'll grime with Filth,
 Blanket my Loins, put all my Hair in Knots ;
 And with presented Nakedness out-face
 The Winds and Persecutions of the Sky.
 The Country gives me Proof and President
 Of *Bedlam* Beggars, who with roaring Voices
 Strike into their numm'd and mortify'd Arms
 Pins, wooden Pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Rosemary ;
 And with this horrible Object from low Farms,
 Poor pelting Villages, Sheep-cotes, and Mills,
 Sometimes with lunatick Bans, sometimes with Pray'rs,
 Inforce their Charity. } *Shak. K. Lear.*

M A N. See Babe, Creation, Philosophy.

Time was when we were sow'd, and just began
 From some few fruitful Drops, the Promise of a Man :
 Then *Nature's* Hand (fermented as it was)
 Moulded to Shape the soft coagulated Mass ;
 And when the little Man was fully form'd,
 The breathless *Embryo* with a Spirit warm'd :
 But when the Mother's Throws begin to come,
 The Creature pent within the narrow Room,
 Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair
 His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air ;
 Cast on the Margin of the World he lies
 A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries :
 He next essays to walk, but downwards press'd,
 On four Feet imitates his Brother-Beast :
 By slow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
 His Legs, and to the Rolling-Chair is bound :
 Then walks alone ; a Horseman now become,
 He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.
 In time he vaults among his youthful Peers,
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in Pride of Years.

He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
 But manages his Strength, and spares his Age :
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And tho' 'tis Down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.
 Now sapless on the Verge of Death he stands,
 Contemplating his former Feet and Hands ;
 And, *Milo*-like, his slacken'd Sinews sees,
 And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear the Trees.

Thus ev'n our Bodies daily Change receive,
 Some Part of what was theirs before, they leave ;
 Nor are To-day what Yesterday they were,
 Nor the whole Same To-morrow will appear.

Dryd. Ovid.

So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat ;
 Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat :
 Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell,
 At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,
 And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid,
 Then helpless in his Mother's Lap is laid :
 He creeps, he walks, and issuing into Man,
 Grudges their Life from whence his own began :
 Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,
 Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne.
 First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last,
 Rich of three Souls, and lives all three to waste :
 Some thus, but thousands more in Flow'r of Age,
 For few arrive to run the latter Stage.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Man is but Man, inconstant still and various.
 There's no To-morrow in him like To-day :
 Perhaps the Atoms rolling in his Brain,
 Make him think honestly this present Hour ;
 The next, a Swarm of base ungrateful Thoughts
 May mount aloft.

Who would trust Chance, since all Men have the Seeds
 Of Good or Ill, which should work upward first? *Dryd. Cleom.*

Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
 Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain :
 And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;
 But like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her Folly up, and casts it outward
 To the World's open View.

Dryd. All for Love.

Ah!

Ah ! what is Man when his own Wish prevails !
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in Ill !
 Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will !

Dryd.

With what unequal Tempers are we fram'd !
 One Day the Soul, supine with Ease and Fullness,
 Revels secure, and fondly tells her self,
 The Hour of Evil can return no more :
 The next, the Spirits pall'd, and sick of Riot,
 Turn all to Discord, and we hate our Beings ;
 Curse the past Joy, and think it Folly all,
 And Bitterness and Anguish.

Rowe Fair Pen.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear,
 The next they're cloudy, fullen, and severe.
 New Passions new Opinions still excite,
 And what they like at Noon, despise at Night.
 They gain with Labour what they quit with Ease,
 And Health for want of Change becomes Disease.
 Religion's bright Authority they dare,
 And yet are Slaves to superstitious Fear.
 They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
 And tho they're cozen'd still, they still believe.

Gar.

Mankind upon each others Ruin rise,
 Cowards maintain the Brave, and Fools the Wise. *How. Vest. Vir.*

Mankind each others Stories still repeat,
 And Man to Man is a succeeding Cheat. *How. D. of Lerm.*

Were I [who to my Cost already am
 One of those strange prodigious Creatures Man]
 A Spirit free to chuse for my own Share
 What Case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear ;
 I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear ;
 Or any thing but that vain Animal,
 Who is so proud of being rational.
 The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A sixth to contradict the other five :
 And before certain Instinct will prefer
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
 Reason, an *Ignis Fatuus* in the Mind,
 Which leaving Light of Nature, Sense, behind,
 Pathless, and dang'rous wandring Ways it takes,
 Thro Errors fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes :
 While the misguided Follow'r climbs with Pain
 Mountains of Whimsies heap'd in his own Brain ;
 Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down
 Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown,

Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,
 In hopes still to o'ertake th' escaping Light ;
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
 Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise :
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a Wretch :
 His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy ;
 Aiming to know that World he should enjoy.
 And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence
 Of pleasing others at his own Expence :
 For Wits are treated just like common Whores,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
 Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
 Those Creatures are the wisest who attain
 By surest Means the Ends at which they aim :
 It therefore *Fowler* finds and kills his Hare
 Better than *Meers* supplies Committee-Chair,
 'Tho one's a Statesman, th'other but a Hound,
Fowler in Justice would be wiser found.
 Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,
 but savage Man alone does Man betray !
 Press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food ;
 Man undoes Man to do himself no Good.
 With Teeth and Claws, by Nature arm'd, they hunt
 Nature's Allowance to supply their Want :
 But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
 Unhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays ;
 With voluntary Pains works his Distress,
 Not thro Necessity, but Wantonness.
 For Hunger or for Love they fight and tear,
 While wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear :
 For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid ;
 By Fear to Fear successively betray'd :
 Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passion came,
 His boasted Honour and his dear-bought Fame.
 The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
 'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure :
 Merely for Safety after Fame we thirst,
 For all Men would be Cowards if they durst.
 And Honesty's against all common Sense ;
 Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence :

Mankind's dishonest ; if you think it fair
 Among known Cheats to play upon the Square,
 You'll be undone :
 Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave :
 Long shall he live insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.

Roch.

MARRIAGE. See Husband, Wife.

To the nuptial Bower

I led her blushing like the Morn; all Heav'n,
 And happy Constellations on that Hour
 Shed their selectest Influence : The Earth
 Gave Sign of Gratulation, and each Hill :
 Joyous the Birds : Fresh Gales and gentle Airs
 Whisper'd it to the Woods ; and from their Wings
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicy Shrub ;
 Disporting till the am'rous Bird of Night
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening-Star
 On his Hill-top to light the bridal Lamp.

Milt.

And *Venus* bless'd with nuptial Bliss the long laborious Night.
Eros and *Anteros* on either Side,
 One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride ;
 And *Hymen* from above

Shower'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian Grove*. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Hail wedded Love ! mysterious Law ! true Source
 Of human Offspring ! sole Propriety
 In Paradise, of all things common else !
 By thee adult'rous Lust was driv'n from Man
 Among the bestial Herds to range ; by thee
 Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the Charities
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known !
 Perpetual Fountain of domestick Sweets !
 Here Love his golden Shafts employs, here lights
 His constant Lamp, and waves his Purple Wings :
 Here reigns and revels ; not in the bought Smile
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
 Casual Fruition ; nor in Court-Amours,
 Mix'd Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Ball,
 Or Serenade, which the starv'd Lover sings
 To his proud Fair, best quitted with Disdain.

Milt.

When fix'd to one, Love safe at Anchor rides,
 And dares the Fury of the Wind and Tides ;

But losing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean borne,
It drives away at Will, to ev'ry Wave a Scorn. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

All Women would be of one Piece,
The virtuous Matron and the Miss;
The Nymphs of chaste *Diana's* Train,
The same with those in *Lukener's-Lane* ;
But for the Diff'rence Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives and Ladies of the Lakes.

Hud.

Marriage, thou Curse of Love, and Snare of Life!
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!

Love like a Scene at distance should appear,
But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landskip near.
Love's nauseous Cure! thou cloy'st whom thou should'st please,
And when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease.

When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodiesties ; *(Gran.*
Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies. *Dryd. Conq. of*

And Wedlock without Love, some say,
Is but a Lock without a Key :

It is a kind of Rape to marry
One that neglects or cares not for ye ;
For what does make it Ravishment,
But being 'gainst the Mind's Consent ?

Hud.

A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of our own procuring :
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him of himself t'apply ;
So Men are by themselves betray'd
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Noose,
They'd break 'em after to break loose.

Hud.

With gaudy Plumes and jingling Bells made proud,
The youthful Beast sets forth and neighs aloud :
A Morning-Sun his tinsell'd Harness gilds,
And the first Stage a down-hill Green-sword yields.
But Oh !

What rugged Ways attend the Noon of Life,
Our Sun declines ; and with what anxious Strife,
What Pain we tug that galling Load a Wife ?

All Coursers the first Heat with Vigour run,
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won. *Cong. Old. Batch.*

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul Way ;
Therefore 'tis not to be admir'd,
It should so suddenly be tir'd.

Hud.
For

For after Matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a Lover,
 Deserves for every Minute more
 Than half a Year of Love before.

Hud.

Fondness is still th' Effect of new Delight :
 Marriage is but the Pleasure of a Day ;
 The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.

Dryd. Aurez.

Marriage at best is but a Vow,
 Which all Men either break or bow.

Hud.

Lord of your self, uncumber'd with a Wife !
 Where for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,
 Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight.
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
 Tho pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were curs'd :
 For Man and Woman, tho in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to two :
 He to God's Image, she to his was made ;
 So farther from the Fount the Stream at random stray'd :
 How could he stand ; when, put to double Pain,
 He must a weaker than himself sustain ?
 Each might have stood perhaps, but each alone ;
 Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.
 Not that my Verse would blemish all the Fair,
 But yet, if some be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware ;
 And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare.

Dryd.

I would not wed her :

No ! were she all Desire could wish, as fair
 As would the vainest of her Sex be thought,
 With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waste,
 She should not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry !
 When I am old, and weary of the World,
 I may grow desperate,
 And take a Wife to mortify withal.

Ottw. Orp.

Marriage to Maids is like a War to Men,
 The Battle causes Fear, but the sweet Hopes
 Of winning at the last still draws them in.

Lee Mithrid.

M A R S.

The God of War, whose unresisted Sway,
 The Labours and Events of Arms obey.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus on the Banks of Hebrus' freezing Flood,
 The God of Battels, in his angry Mood,
 Clashing his Sword against his brazen Shield,
 Lets loose the Reins, and scours along the Field.

Before the Wind his fiery Courfers fly,
 Groans the sad Earth, rebounds the rattling Sky.
Wrath, Terrour, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,
 Dire Faces and deform'd, surround the Car,
 Friends of the God, and Follow'rs of the War. *Dryd. Virg.* }

Strong God of Arms! whose Iron Sceptre sways
 The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* Seas,
 And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia's* wintry Coast,
 Where stand thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd most :
 There most ; but every where thy Pow'r is known,
 The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own :
 Terrour is thine, and wild Amazement flung
 From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the Strong :
 And Disarray, and shameful Rout ensue,
 And Force is added to the fainting Crew.
Venus, the publick Care of all above,
 Thy stubborn Heart has soften'd into Love :
 Now by her Blandishments and pow'rful Charms,
 When yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms ;
 Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd,
 When *Vulcan* had thee in his Net intrall'd ;
 (Oh envy'd Ignominy ! Sweet Disgrace !
 When ev'ry God that saw thee, wish'd thy place !)
 By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in Fight,
 And make me conquer in my Patron's Right.
 For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,
 The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to persuade ;
 And want the soothing Arts that catch the Fair ;
 But caught my self, lie struggling in the Snare.
 Nought can my Strength avail, unless by thee
 Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory.
 Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r,
 If ought I have achiev'd deserve thy Care ;
 If to my utmost pow'r, with Sword and Shield,
 I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield ;
 And falling in my Rank, still kept the Field.
 So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,
 The Palm and Honour of the Conquest thine.
 Then shall the War, and stern Debate, and Strife
 Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life ;
 And in thy Fane, the dusty Spoil among,
 High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner shall be hung,
 Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers ; and below,
 With Arms revers'd, th' Atchievements of my Foe.

And while these Limbs the vital Spirit feeds,
 While Day to Night, and Night to Day succeeds,
 Thy smoking Altar shall be fat with Food
 Of Incense, and the grateful Stream of Blood:
 Burnt-Off'rings Morn and Evening shall be thine,
 And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine:
 This Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair,
 Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,
 Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razor free,
 Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserv'd for thee. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Temple of MARS.

In the Dome of mighty *Mars* the Red,
 With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were spread:
 This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace,
 Was imitative of the first in *Thrace*.
 For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
 And sov'reign Mansion of the Warriour-God.
 The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare,
 Where neither Beast nor Human Kind repair.
 The Fowl that scent afar, the Borders fly,
 And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky.
 A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,
 And prickly Stubs instead of Trees are found;
 Or Woods with Knots and Knares, deform'd and old;
 Headless the most, and hideous to behold.
 A ratt'ling Tempest thro the Branches went,
 That stript them bare, and one sole way they bent.
 Heav'n froze above severe, the Clouds congeal,
 And through the crystal Vault appear'd the standing Hail.
 Such was the Face without, a Mountain stood,
 Threatning from high, and overlook'd the Wood:
 Beneath the lowring Brow, and on a Bent,
 The Temple stood of *Mars* Armipotent.
 The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare
 From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing Air.
 A streight long Entry to the Temple led,
 Blind with high Walls, and Horror over-head;
 Thence issu'd such a Blast, and hollow Roar,
 As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door.
 In, thro that Door a northern Light there shone,
 'Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.
 The Gate was Adamant; eternal Frame!
 Which hew'd by *Mars* himself, from *Indian* Quarries came,

The Labour of a God ! and all along
 Tough Iron Plates were clench'd, to make it strong.
 A Tun about was every Pillar there,
 A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear.
 There saw I how the secret Felon wrought,
 And Treason lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought,
 And Midwife *Time* the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought.
 There the red *Anger* dar'd the pallid *Fear* ;
 Next stood *Hypocrisy*, with holy Leer,
 Soft-smiling, and demurely looking down ;
 But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown.
 Th' assassinating Wife, the Household-Fiend,
 And, far the blackest there, the Traitor-Friend.
 On th' other side there stood *Destruction* bare,
 Unpunish'd *Rapine*, and a Waste of War.
Contest, with sharpen'd Knives in Cloysters drawn,
 And all with Blood besmear'd the holy Lawn.
 Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
 And bawling Infamy in Language base,
 Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the Place.
 The Slayer of himself yet saw I there,
 The Gore congeal'd was clotter'd in his Hair ;
 With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,
 And grim, as when he breath'd his fullen Soul away.
 In midst of all the Dome, *Misfortune* fate,
 And gloomy *Discontent*, and fell *Debate* :
 And *Madness* laughing in his ireful Mood ;
 And arm'd Complaint on Theft, and Cries of Blood.
 There was the murder'd Corps in Covert laid,
 And vi'lent Death in thousand Shapes display'd.
 The City to the Soldiers Rage resign'd ;
 Successless Wars, and Poverty behind.
 Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on rocky Shores,
 And the rash Hunter strangled by the Boars.
 The new-born Babe by Nurfes over-laid,
 And the Cook caught within the raging Fire he made.
 All Ills of *Mars's* Nature ; Flame, and Steel :
 The gasping Charioteer beneath the Wheel
 Of his own Car ; the ruin'd House that falls,
 And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls :
 The whole Division that to *Mars* pertains,
 All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for Gains,
 Were there ; the Butcher, Armourer, and Smith
 Who forges sharpen'd Fauchions or the Scythe :

The scarlet *Conquest* on a Tow'r was plac'd,
 With Shouts and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd.
 There saw I *Mars's* Ides, the *Capitol*,
 The Seer in vain foretelling *Cesar's* Fall;
 The last *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move,
 And *Anthony* who lost the World for Love.
 These, and a thousand more the Fane adorn,
 Their Fates were painted e'er the Men were born.
 All copy'd from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force
 Of the red Star, in his revolving Course.
 The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot stood,
 All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God.

(Arc.

Dryd. Pal. &

M A Y.

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,
 If not the first, the fairest of the Year.

For thee the *Graces* lead the dancing *Hours*;
 And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs:

When thy short Reign is past, the fev'rish Sun
 The sultry Tropick fears, and moves more slowly on.

(& Arc.

Dryd. Pal.

Sprightly *May* commands our Youth to keep
 The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their sluggard Sleep:

Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves,
 Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves.

(Arc.

Dryd. Pal. &

Golden M E A N. See Greatness.

Superfluous Pomp and Wealth I not desire,
 But what Content and Decency require.

Har. Juv.

Pleasures abroad the Sport of Nature yields;
 Her living Fountains and her smiling Fields:

And then at home what pleasure is't to see
 A little, cleanly, chearful Family!

Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her,
 Than Fortune, I the golden Mean prefer.

Too noble, nor too wise she should not be,
 No nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.

Thus let my Life slide silently away,
 With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

Cowl. Mart.

Let Woods and Rivers be
 My quiet, tho' inglorious Destiny:

In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid.

Cowl. Virg.

Much will always wanting be

To him who much desires:

Thrice happy he,

To whom the wise Indulgency of Heav'n

With sparing Hand but just enough has given!

Cowl. Hor.

He

He does not Palaces nor Mannors crave,
 Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have:
 The Ground he owns, if he his own can call,
 He quarrels not with Heav'n, because 'tis small.
 Let gay and toilsom Greatness others please,
 He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.

Cowl. Mart.

Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind ;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.

Cong. Juv.

His calm and harmless Life,
 Free from th' Alarms of Fear and Storms of Strife,
 Does with substantial Blessedness abound,
 And the soft Wings of Peace cover him round.

Cowl. Virg.

Their Wealth was the Contempt of it ; which more
 They valu'd, than rich Fools the shining Ore.

Cowl.

A silent Life he led ;

Nor pompous Cares, nor Palaces he knew,
 But wisely from th' infectious World withdrew.

Dryd. Virg.

He's no small Prince, who every day

Thus to himself can say :

Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
 Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk ;

This will I do, here will I stay :

Or if my Fancy calleth me away,

My Man and I will presently go ride,

For we have nothing to provide.

If thou but a short Journey take,

As if thy last thou wert to make,

Bus'ness must be dispatch'd e'er thou must go ;

Nor canst thou stir, unless there be

A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee,

And many a Mule, and many a Cart,

What an unwieldy Man thou art !

The *Rhodian Colossus* so

A Journey too might go.

Cowl.

If thou be wise, no glorious Fortune chuse,
 Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet Grief to lose :

For when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,

With Trifles too unwillingly we part.

An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,

More clear untainted Pleasures do afford,

Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings

To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.

Cowl. Hor.

Then might I live by my own surly Rules,
 Not forc'd to worship Knaves, or flatter Fools :

And

And thus secur'd of Ease by shunning Strife, (Juv.
 With Pleasure would I sail down the swift Stream of Life. Har.

Since Wealth and Pow'r too weak we find
 To quell the Tumults of the Mind ;
 Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
 Drive thence the Cares that round him wait :
 Happy the Man with Little bless'd,
 Of what his Father left, possess'd ;
 No base Desires corrupt his Head,
 No Fears disturb him in his Bed,
 Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
 A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
 Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,
 Rich Robes to deck, and make thee please :
 For me, a little Cell I chuse,
 Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse ;
 Which soft Content does best adorn,
 Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

Otw. Hor.

MELANCHOLY. See Grief.

A sudden Damp has seiz'd my Spirits,
 And like a heavy Weight

Hangs on their active Springs.

Dryd. D. of Guise.

A kind of Weight hangs heavy on my Heart,
 My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
 Like Fowl in Air too damp, and lags along
 As if she were a Body in a Body,
 And not a mounting Substance, made of Fire.
 My Senses too are dull and stupify'd,
 Their Edge rebated : Sure some ill Approaches,
 And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my Breast
 To tell me Fate's at hand.

Dryd. Cleom.

Some unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
 Now coming tow'rd's me, grieves my inmost Soul. *Shak. Rich.2.*

Sure some ill Fate's upon me :

Distrust and Heaviness sit round my Heart,
 And Apprehension shocks my tim'rous Soul.

Otw. Orph.

This Melancholy flatters, but unmans you ;
 What is it else but Penury of Soul ?
 A lazy Frost, a Numness of the Mind,
 That locks up all the Vigour to attempt,
 By barely crying, 'Tis impossible !

Dryd. Cleom.

It makes a Toy press with prodigious Weight,
 And swells a Mole-hill to a Mountain's height.

For melancholy Men lie down and groan,
 Press'd with the Burden of themselves alone.
 Crush'd with fantastick Mountains they despair,
 Their Heads are grown vast Globes too big to bear:
 A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,
 And each weak Blast a Storm too fierce to tame.
 So peevish is the quarrellom Disease,
 No prosperous Fortune can procure it Ease.
 Some absent Happiness they still pursue,
 Dislike the present Good, and long for new:

Blac.

M E M O R Y.

Things which offend when present, and affright,
 In Memory well painted, move Delight.

Cowl.

Remember thee !

I, thou poor Ghost ! while Memory holds a Seat
 In this distracted Globe. Remember thee !

Yes, from the Table of my Memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
 All Saws of Books, all Forms, all Pressures past,
 That Youth and Observation copy'd there ;
 And thy Commandment all alone shall live
 Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
 Unmix'd with baser Matter.

Shak. Haml.

Something like

That Voice methinks I should have somewhere heard,
 But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off,
 Beyond my Ken of Soul.

Dryd. Don Seb.

A confus'd Report

Pass'd thro my Ears ;
 But full of Hurry, like a morning Dream,
 It vanish'd in the Business of the Day.

Dryd. Oedip.

'Tis lost ;

Like what we think can never shun Remembrance,
 Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the Clouds.

Lee Oedip.

M E R C H A N T. See Mony.

So when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,
 Tho richly freighted from a foreign Coast,
 Gladly for Life the Treasure he would give,
 And only wishes to escape and live :

Gold and his Gains no more employ his Mind,
 But driving o'er the Billows with the Wind,

Cleaves to one faithful Plank, and leaves the rest behind. *(Fair Pen. Rowe)*

I, in my private Bark already wreck'd,
 Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,

That

That had by chance pack'd up his dearest Treasure
 In one rich Casket, and fav'd only that ;
 Since I must wander further on the Shore,
 Thus hug my little, but my precious Store,
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. *Orw. Ven. Pres.*

When Merchants break, o'erthrown
 Like Ninepins, they strike others down.

Hud.

MERCURY.

Hermes obeys ; with golden Pinions binds
 His flying Feet, and mounts the Western Winds.
 But first he grasps within his awful Hand,
 The Mark of sov'reign Pow'r, his magick Wand :
 With this he draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves,
 With this he drives them down to *Strygian* Waves ;
 With this he seals in Sleep the wakeful Sight,
 And Eyes, tho' clos'd in Death, restores to Light.
 Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy Race,
 And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space ;
 Now sees the Top of *Atlas* as he flies,
 Where, pois'd upon his Wings, the God descends.
 Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring Height
 Plung'd downward with precipitated Flight ;
 Lights on the Seas, and skims along the Flood.
 As Water-Fowl, who seek their fishy Food,
 Less and yet less to distant prospect show,
 By turns they dance aloft and dive below :
 Like these the Steerage of his Wings he plies,
 And near the Surface of the Waters flies ;
 Till having pass'd the Seas, and cross'd the Sands,
 He clos'd his Wings, and stoop'd on *Lybian* Lands. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Herald of the Gods :

His Hat adorn'd with Wings disclos'd the God,
 And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod.
 Such as he seem'd, when at his Sire's Command
 On *Argus*' Head he laid the snaky Wand. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

MERCY. See Justice.

Offspring Divine ! in Heav'n the most belov'd,
 By whom ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd :
 Her Looks so moving, such celestial Grace,
 So mild and sweet an Air dwells on her Face ;
 So tender and engaging all her Charms,
 That oft th' Almighty's Fury she disarms :
 Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests
 His Hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wrefts.

Blac.
 To

To Threats the stubborn Sinner oft is hard,
 Wrap'd in his Crimes against the Storm prepar'd ;
 But when the milder Beams of Mercy play,
 He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloke away.
 Lightning and Thunder, Heav'n's Artillery,
 As Harbingers, before th' Almighty fly :
 Those but proclaim his Stile, and disappear ;
 The stiller Sound succeeds, and God is there.

Dryd.

Heav'n has but
 Our Sorrow for our Sins, and then delights
 To pardon erring Man. Sweet Mercy seems
 Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice ;
 As if there were Degrees in Infinite,
 And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
 Than punish to Extent.

Dryd. All for Love.

Curse on th' unpar'd'ning Prince, whom Tears can draw
 To no Remorse ; who rules by Lions Law ;
 And, deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission bow'd,
 Rends all alike, the Penitent and Proud.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

But Kings too tame, are despicably good.

Dryd.

For Goodness in excess may be a Sin,
 Justice must tame whom Mercy cannot win.

Hal.

Ev'n Heav'n is weary'd with repeated Crimes,
 Till Lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,
 And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Dry. D. of Guise.

M E T A L S.

Now those profounder Regions they explore,
 Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Ore :
 Here, fullen to the Sight, at large is spread
 The dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead.
 There glimm'ring in their dawning Beds are seen,
 The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
 The Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks,
 And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
 The Silver then, with bright and burnish'd Grace,
 Youth, and a blooming Lustre in its Face,
 To th' Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,
 And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.
 So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,
 Their Love's more vi'lent than the Chymist's Fire.

Gar.

M I L K Y - W A Y.

A Way there is in Heav'n's expanded Plain,
 Which, when the Skies are clear, is seen below,
 And Mortals by the Name of Milky know :

The

The Ground-work is of Stars, thro which the Road
Lies open to the Thunderer's Abode.

Dryd. Ovid.

A broad and ample Road, whose Dust is Gold,
And Pavement Stars, as Stars to us appear
Seen in the Galaxy, that Milky-Way,
Like to a circling Zone, powder'd with Stars.

Milt.

M I S E R. See Content.

Like a Miser 'midst his Store,
Who grasps and grasps till he can hold no more ;
And when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back and sighs on what he left behind.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

At Midnight thus th' Usurer steals untrack'd,
To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,
And feast his Eyes upon the shining Mammon.

Otw. Orph.

Slaves, who ne'er knew Mercy ;
Sour, unrelenting, Money-loving Villains,
Who laugh at human Nature and Forgiveness,
And are, like Fiends, the Factors for Destruction.

Rowe Fair Pen.

M I S T R E S S.

Beware the dang'rous Beauty of the Wanton,
Shun their Enticements : Ruin, like a Vulture,
Waits on their Conquests: Falshood too's their Bus'ness ;
They put false Beauty off to all the World,
Use false Endearments to the Fools that love them ;
And when they marry, to their silly Husbands
They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune.

Otw. Orph.

You bear the specious Title of a Wife,
To guild your Cause, and draw the pitying World
To favour it : The World contemns poor me ;
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
And stain'd the Glory of my royal House ;
And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress.

[Spoken by Cleopatra.] *Dryd. All for Love.*

For now the World is grown so wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry ;
But rather trust on tick t'Amours,
The Cross and Pile for better or worse :
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as *French* and fashionable.

Hud.

M I S T S. See Clouds, Fog.

Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky, and grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold ;

Either

Either to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs.

Milt.

M O N Y. See Gold.

Mony being the common Scale
Of things by Measure, Weight, and Tale;
In all th' Affairs of Church and State,
Is both the Ballance and the Weight.

Hud.

For Mony is the only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before.

Hud.

Men venture Necks to gain a Fortune :
The Soldier does it ev'ry day,
(Eight to the Week) for Sixpence Pay :
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To share with Knaves in cheating Fools ;
And Merchants vent'ring thro the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain.

Hud.

This Mony has a Pow'r above
The Stars and Fates to manage Love ;
Whose Arrows, learned Poets hold,
That never fail, are tipp'd with Gold.

Hud.

And tho Love's all the World's Pretence,
Mony's the mythologick Sense ;
The real Substance of the Shadow,
Which all Address and Courtship's made to.

Hud.

For Mony 'tis, that is the great
Provocative to am'rous Heat ;
'Tis Beauty always in the Flow'r,
That buds and blossoms at Fourscore ;
'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
That Men divine and sacred call :
For what's the Worth of any thing,
But so much Mony as 'twill bring ?

Hud.

Hence 'tis, no Lover has the Pow'r
T' enforce a desperate Amour,
Like him that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Mony too :
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit ;
Has all his Flames and Raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the trouble.

Hud.

And to be plain, 'tis not your Person
My Stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;
But 'tis your better Part, your Riches,
That my enamour'd Heart bewitches.

Hud.

For

For Momy, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all things.

Hud.

M O O N. See Blush, Creation, Hell.

He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect Mold,
And comb'd her beamy Locks with sacred Gold :
Be thou, said he, Queen of the mournful Night.
And, as he spoke, she rose clad o'er in Light,
With thousand Stars attending on her Train ;
With her they rise, with her they set again.

Cowl.

The Moon

Rising in clouded Majesty, at length
Unveil'd her peerless Light ;
She o'er the Dark her silver Mantle threw,
And in her pale Dominion check'd the Night.

Milt.

Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning Horns :
For ev'ry Day she wanes, her Face is less ;
But gath'ring into Globe, she fattens at Increase. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The Queen of Night, whose vast Command
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land ;
And over moist and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-Tides at Midnight reigns.

Hud.

M O R N I N G. See Blush.

'Twas ebbing Darkness, past the Noon of Night,
And *Phosphor* on the Confines of the Light,
Promis'd the Sun, e'er Day began to spring :
The tuneful Lark began to stretch her Wing, (*Pal. & Arc.*)
And flick'ring on her Nest, made short Essays to sing. *Dryd.*

}

Now Morn her rosy Steps in th' orient Clime
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with eastern Pearl.

Milt.

The rosy-finger'd Morn appears,
And from her Mantle shakes her Tears :
The Sun arising, Mortals chears,
And drives the rising Mists away,
In promise of a glorious Day. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

}

Dim Night her shadowy Cloud withdraws ; the Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy Hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light.

Milt.

Now the fair Morn smiles with a purple Ray,
Clearing before the Sun the eastern Way ;
Whose radiant Train pours from the Gates of Light,
And the new Day does to new Toils invite.

Blac.

And now went forth the Morn array'd in Gold,
And from before her vanish'd gloomy Night,

Shot

Shot through with orient Beams.

Milt.

Aurora had but newly chas'd the Night,
And purpled o'er the Sky with blushing Light. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

'Twas just the time when the new Ebb of Night
Did the moist World unveil to human Sight. *Cowl.*

And now a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes
Shoots thro the crystal Kingdoms of the Skies ;
The savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
And Sots, o'er-charg'd with nauseous Loads, reel home :
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' azure Waste are spread,
And Mifs from *Inns o' Court* bolts out unpaid. *Gar.*

Mean while, to re-salute the World with sacred Light
Leucothoe wak'd, and with fresh Dews embalm'd
The Earth. And now the smiling Morn begins
Her rosy Progress. *Milt.*

The morning Lark, the Messenger of Day,
Saluted in her Song the Morning grey ;
And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,
That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight.
He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews, *(& Arc.)*
And licks the dropping Leaves, and dries the Dews. *Dryd. Pal.*

Now rose the ruddy Morn from *Tithon's* Bed,
And with the Dawn of Day the Skies o'erspread.
Nor long the Sun his daily Course with-held,
But added Colours to the World reveal'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

At length gay Morn smiles in the Eastern Sky ;
From robbing silent Graves the Sextons fly :
The rising Mists skud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The Chanter at his early Mattins yawns :
The Vi'lets ope their Buds, Cowslips their Bells,
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells. *Gar.*

The Sun had long since in the Lap
Of *Thetis* taken out his Nap ;
And, like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
From Black to Red began to turn. *Hud.*

Aurora on *Etesian* Breezes borne,
With blushing Lips breathes out the sprightly Morn.
Each Flow'r in Dew their short-liv'd Empire weeps,
And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* sleeps. *Gar.*

Now had *Aurora* on the Face of Night
Pour'd from her golden Urn fresh Streams of Light,
That fin'd and clear'd the Air ; while down to Hell
The shady Dregs precipitated fell. *Blac.*

And

And now the rising Morn with rosy Light,
Adorns the Skies, and puts the Stars to flight. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Morn ensuing from the Mountain's Height,
Had scarcely spread the Skies with rosy Light ;
Th' etherial Coursers, bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Nostrils breath'd the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

Behold, the Morn, in ruffet Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

Behold what Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.
Night's Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily dress'd,
While all the Birds bring Musick to his Levee. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

From Amber Shrouds I see the Morning rise,
Her rosy Hand begins to paint the Skies :
And now the City Emmets leave their Hive,
And rousing Hinds to chearful Labour drive.
High Cliffs and Rocks are pleasing Objects now,
And Nature smiles upon the Mountain's Brow ;
The joyful Birds salute the Sun's Approach,
The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy Coach ;
While from his Car the dropping Gems distil ; *(Paris.*
And all the Earth and all the Heav'ns do smile. *Lee Massacre of*

It is methinks a Morning full of Fate :
It rises slowly, as her sullen Care
Had all the Weights of Sleep and Death hung on it.
She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoll'n black ;
Her Face is like a Water turn'd to Blood ;
And her sick Head is bound about with Clouds,
As if she threaten'd Night e'er Noon of Day. *Joh. Catiline.*

The Morning rises black, the low'ring Sun
Drives heavily his sable Chariot on :
The Face of Day now blushes scarlet-deep. *Lee Alex.*

Wish'd Morning's come ; and now upon the Plains
And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats ;
To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
And dress the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits.
The Beasts that under the warm Hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up ;

And looking tow' rds the neighb'ring Pastures, raise
 Their Voice, and bid their Fellow-brutes Good-morrow:
 The cheerful Birds too on the Tops of Trees
 Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
 Salute, and welcome up the rising Sun.

Otw. Orp.

Parent of Day! whose beauteous Beams of Light
 Spring from the darksom Womb of Night,
 And 'midst their native Horrors show
 Like Gems adorning of the Negro's Brow.

Not Heav'ns fair Bow can equal thee,
 In all its gaudy Drapery:
 Thou first Essay of Light, and Pledg of Day,
 Rival of Shade! Eternal Spring of Light!
 From thy bright unexhausted Womb,
 The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come.

Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,
 But 'spite of Time thou'rt ever young.
 Thou art alone Heav'n's modest Virgin-Light,
 Whose Face a Veil of Blushes hides from human Sight.
 At thy Approach, Nature erects her Head;

The smiling Universe is glad;
 The drowsy Earth and Seas awake,
 And from thy Beams new Life and Vigour take.

When thy more chearful Rays appear,
 Ev'n Guilt and Women cease to fear:
 Horror, Despair, and all the Sons of Night,
 Retire before thy Beams, and take their hasty Flight.

Thou risest in the fragrant East,
 Like the fair Phoenix from her balmy Nest;
 But yet thy fading Glories soon decay,

Thine's but a momentary Stay;
 Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our Sight,
 Borne down the Stream of Day, and overwhelm'd with Light:

Thy Beams to thy own Ruin haste,
 They're fram'd too exquisite to last:
 Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd State;
 Pity so fair a Birth should yield so soon to Fate.

Rald.

MORPHEUS.

Somnus, the drowsy God,
 Excited *Morpheus* from the sleepy Croud:
Morpheus, of all his numerous Train, express'd
 The Shape of Man, and imitated best
 The Walk, the Words, the Gesture could supply,
 The Habit mimick, and the Mein bely:

Plays

Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd,
 Extending not beyond our human Kind.
 Another Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons apes,
 And dreadful Images and Monster-shapes :
 This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'n's high Hall
 The Gods have nam'd ; but Men *Phobator* call.
 A Third is *Phantasus*, whose Actions roll
 On meaner Thoughts, and things devoid of Soul :
 Earth, Fruits, and Flow'rs he represents in Dreams,
 And solid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams :
 These three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes display,
 The rest before th' ignoble Commons play. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Still when the golden Sun withdraws his Beams,
 And drousy Night invades the weary World,
 Forth flies the God of Dreams, fantastick *Morpheus* ;
 Ten thousand mimic Fancies fleet around him,
 Subtle as Air, and various in their Natures :
 Each has ten thousand thousand diff'rent Forms,
 In which they dance confus'd before the Sleeper ;
 While the vain God laughs to behold what Pain
 Imaginary Evils give Mankind. *Rowe Ulyss.*

TO-MORROW. See Drinking.

Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom,
 That is not ours which is to come !
 The present Moment's all our Store,
 The next should Heav'n allow,
 Then this will be no more :

So all our Life is but one instant Now.

Look on each Day you've past
 To be a mighty Treasure won ;
 And lay each Minute out in haste,
 We're sure to live too fast,
 And cannot live too soon. *Cong. Hor.*

To-Morrow and her Works defy,
 Lay hold upon the present Hour,
 And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r :
 Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,
 Whate'er thou get'st To-Day is Gain. *Dryd. Hor.*

We are not sure To-morrow will be ours ;
 Wars have, like Love, their favourable Hours :
 Let us use all ; for if we lose one Day,
 The white one in the Croud may slip away. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,

He who can call To-Day his own!

He, who secure within, can say,

To-Morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd To-Day.

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,

The Joys I have possess'd in spite of Fate are mine :

Nor Heav'n it-self upon the past has Pow'r,

But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour. *(Hor. Dryd.)*

The hoary Fool, who many Days

Has struggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,

Renews his Hopes, and blindly lays

The desp'rate Bett upon To-Morrow :

To-Morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night,

This Day like all the former fled,

Yet on he runs to seek Delight

To-Morrow, till To-Night he's dead. *Prior.*

Learn

The Bounds of Good and Evil to discern.

Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,

And till To-Morrow would the Search delay ;

His lazy Morrow will be like To-Day.

Yesterday was once To-Morrow :

That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd,

And all thy fruitless Days will thus be drain'd ;

For thou hast more To-Morrows yet to ask,

And wilt be ever to begin thy Task ;

Thou like the hindmost Chariot-wheels art curst,

Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first. *Dryd. Perf.*

Our Yesterday's To-morrow now is gone,

And still a new To-morrow does come on ;

We by To-morrows draw up all our Store,

Till the exhausted Well can yield no more. *Cowl. Perf.*

To-morrow I will live, the Fool does say,

To-Day it self's too late ; the Wise liv'd Yesterday. *Cowl. Mart.*

Life for Delays and Doubts no Time does give ;

None ever yet made too much Haste to live. *Cowl. Mart.*

MOUNTAINS. See Atlas, Creation, Parting,
Teneriff, Vesuvius.

His proud Heart the airy Mountain hides

Among the Clouds ; his Shoulders and his Sides

A shady Mantle clothes ; his curled Brows

Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows :

While Winds and Storms his lofty Forehead beat,

The common Fate of all the high and great. *Denh.*

As

As *Alpine Hills*, which o'er the Clouds arise,
 And rear their Heads amidst contiguous Skies,
 Enjoy serene, uninterrupted Day,
 And floating Tempests all beneath survey :
 Their lofty Peaks no threat'ning Meteors wear,
 Nor pond'rous Fogs, which cloud inferiour Air :
 The stedfast Heaps the raging Winds defy,
 So deep they fix their Roots, and raise their Heads so high. *Blac.*

Nigh the dull Shore a shapeless Mountain stood,
 That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood :
 Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on ;
 No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone. *Gar.*

Ridges of high contiguous Hills arise,
 Divide the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies. *Blac.*

Like *Erix*, or like *Athos* great he shows,
 Or Father *Appenine*, when white with Snows,
 His Head divine, obscure in Clouds he hides,
 And shakes the sounding Forest on his Sides. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Fragment from a Mountain torn,
 By raging Tempests, or by Torrents borne ;
 Or sapp'd by Time, or loosen'd from the Roots,
 Prone thro the Void, the rocky Ruin shoots,
 Rolling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep ;
 Down sink at once the Shepherds and their Sheep ;
 Involv'd alike, they rush to nether Ground ; *(Dryd. Virg.)*
 Stunn'd with the Shock they fall, and stunn'd from Earth rebound.

Not with less Ruin than the *Baian* Mole,
 Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to controul,
 At once comes rumbling down the rocky Wall ;
 Prone to the Deep the Stones disjointed fall
 Off the vast Pile : The scatter'd Ocean flies. *(Virg.)*
 Black Sands, discolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud arise. *Dryd.*

M U R R A I N.

Here from the vicious Air, and sickly Skies,
 A Plague did on the dumb Creation rise.
 During th'autumnal Heats th'Infection grew,
 Tame Cattel, and the Beasts of Nature flew :
 Pois'ning the standing Lakes, and Pools impure,
 Nor was the foodful Grass in Fields secure :
 Strange Death ! For when the thirsty Fire had drunk
 Their vital Blood, and their dry Nerves were shrunk ;
 When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, e'en then
 A waterish Humour swell'd, and ooz'd agen ;

Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,
 Ordain'd by Nature for a better Use.
 The Victim Ox, that was for Altars press'd,
 Trimm'd with white Ribbands, and with Garlands dress'd,
 Sunk of himself, without the God's Command,
 Preventing the slow Sacrificer's Hand :
 Or, by the holy Butcher if he fell,
 Th' inspected Entrails could no Fates foretel :
 Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames arise,
 But Clouds of smould'ring Smoak forbad the Sacrifice.
 Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,
 Or the black Poison stain'd the sandy Floor.
 The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forsake,
 And render their sweet Souls before the plenteous Rack :
 The fawning Dog runs mad : The wheas'ing Swine
 With Coughs is choak'd, and labours from the Chine.
 The Victor Horse, forgetful of his Food,
 The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood :
 He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
 A doubtful Sweat in clammy Drops appears,
 Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.
 Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease ;
 But in Time's Process, when his Pains increase,
 He rolls his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans,
 With patient Sobblings, and with manly Moans :
 He heaves for Breath, which, from his Lungs supply'd,
 And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring Side :
 To his rough Palate his dry Tongue succeeds,
 And ropy Gore he from his Nostrils bleeds.
 Fir'd into Rage, at length he grinds his Teeth
 In his own Flesh, and feeds approaching Death.
 The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow
 (Studious of Tillage and the crooked Plow)
 Falls down and dies ; and dying spews a Flood
 Of foamy Madness mix'd with clotted Blood.
 The Clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
 His mournful Fellow from the Team disjoins ;
 With many a Groan forsakes his fruitless Care,
 And in th'unfinish'd Furrow leaves the Share.
 The pining Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,
 Nor flow'ry Meads can ease, nor chrystal Floods
 Roll'd from the Rocks : His flabby Flanks decrease,
 His Eyes are settled in a stupid Peace :

His Bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown,
 And his unweildy Neck hangs drooping down.
 The nightly Wolf that round th' Enclosure proll'd,
 To leap the Fence, now plots not on the Fold,
 Tam'd with a sharper Pain. The fearful Doe,
 And flying Stag, amidst the Greyhounds go ;
 And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer Foe. }
 The scaly Nations of the Sea profound,
 Like shipwreck'd Carcases, are driv'n aground ;
 And mighty *Phoca*, never seen before
 In shallow Streams, are stranded on the Shore.
 The Viper dead within her Hole is found ;
 Defenceless was the Shelter of the Ground.
 The Water-Snake, whom Fish and Paddocks fed,
 With staring Scales lies poison'd in his Bed.
 To Birds their native Heav'ns contagious prove,
 From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above.
 The Rivers, and their Banks, and Hills around
 With Lowings, and with dying Bleats resound :
 At length, Fate strikes a universal Blow,
 To Death at once whole Herds of Cattel go :
 Sheep, Oxen, Horses fall ; and, heap'd on high,
 The differing Species in Confusion lie.

Dryd. H. g.

From pois'nous Stars a mortal Influence came,
 (The mingled Malice of their Flame)

A skilful Angel did th' Ingredients take,
 And with just Hands the sad Composure make ;
 And over all the Land did a full Vial shake : }
 Thirst, Giddiness, Faintness, and putrid Heats,
 And pining Pains, and shiv'ring Sweats,
 On all the Cattel, all the Beasts did fall :
 The lab'ring Ox drops down before the Plow ;
 And the crown'd Victims, to the Altar led,
 Sink, and prevent the lifted Blow.
 The gen'rous Horse from the full Manger turns his Head,
 Does his lov'd Floods, and Pastures scorn,
 Hates the shrill Trumpet and the Horn,
 Nor can his lifeless Nostrils please,
 With the once ravishing Smell of all his dappled Mistresses.
 The starving Sheep refuse to feed,
 They bleat their innocent Souls out into Air ;
 The faithful Dogs lie gasping by them there :
 Th'astonish'd Shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful Reed.

M U S E.

Go, the rich Chariot instantly prepare ;
 The Queen, my Muse, will take the Airs
 Unruly *Fancy* with strong *Judgment* trace,
 Put in the nimble-footed *Wit*,
 Smooth-pac'd *Eloquence* join with it :
 Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,
 Harness all the winged Race :
 Let the Postilion *Nature* mount,
 The Coachman *Art* be set ;
 And let the airy Footmen, running all beside,
 Make a long Row of goodly Pride.
 Figures, Conceits, Raptures and Sentences,
 In a well-worded Dress ;
 And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and artful Lyes,
 In all their gaudy Liveries.
 Mount, glorious Queen ! thy trav'ling Throne,
 And bid put on ;
 For long, tho chearful is the way,
 And Life, alas ! allows but one ill Winter's Day :
 Where never Foot of Man, nor Hoof of Beast
 The Passage press'd ;
 Where never Fish did fly,
 And with short silver Wings cut the low liquid Sky ;
 Where Bird, with painted Oar, did ne'er
 Row thro the trackless Ocean of the Air.
 Where never yet did pry
 The busy Morning's curious Eye,
 The Wheels of thy bold Coach pass quick and free,
 And all's an open Road to thee :
 Whatever God did say,
 Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way.
 Nay, e'en beyond his Works thy Voyages are known,
 Thou hast Ten thousand Worlds too of thy own.
 Thou speak'st, great Queen, in the same Stile as he ;
 And a new World leaps forth when thou say'st, *Let it be.*
 Thou fathom'st the deep Gulph of Ages past,
 And canst pluck up with ease
 The Years which thou dost please ;
 Like shipwreck'd Treasures, by rude Tempests cast
 Long since into the Sea,
 Brought up again to Light and publick Use by thee.

Nor dost thou only dive so low ;

But fly,

With an unweari'd Wing, the other way as high :

Where Fates among the Stars do grow,

There into the close Nests of Time dost peep,

And there with piercing Eye,

Thro the firm Shell, and the thick White dost spy

Times to come a forming lie,

Close in their sacred Secundine asleep ;

Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital Heat,

Which o'er them yet does brooding sit ;

They Life and Motion get :

And ripe at last with vig'rous Might

Break thro the Shell, and take their everlasting Flight :

And sure we may

The same too of the Present say,

If Past and Future Times do thee obey :

Thou stop'st this Current, and dost make

The running River settle, like a Lake ;

Thy certain Hand holds fast this slipp'ry Snake.

The Fruit which does so quickly waste,

Men scarce can see it, much less taste,

Thou comfitest in Sweets to make it last.

This shining Piece of Ice,

Which melts so soon away,

With the Sun's Ray ;

Thy Verse does solidate and crystallize,

Till it a lasting Mirrour be :

Nay, thy immortal Rhyme

Makes this one short Point of Time

To fill up half the Orb of round Eternity.

Cowl:

Invocations of the Muses.

Now e'er we venture to unfold

Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,

We should, as learned Poets use,

Invoke th' Assistance of some Muse :

We think 'tis no great matter which ;

They're all alike ; yet we shall pitch

On one that fits our purpose most,

Whom therefore thus we do accost.

Hud.

Queen of all harmonious Things !

Dancing Words, and speaking Strings ;

What God, what Hero wilt thou sing ?

What happy Man to equal Glories bring ?

Begin, begin thy noble Choice;

Pind.

And let the Hills around reflect the Image of thy Voice. (*Cowl.*)

Now, *Erato*, thy Poet's Mind inspire,

And fill his Soul with thy celestial Fire.

Dryd. Virg.

And now the mighty Labour is begun,

Ye Muses, open all your *Helicon* ;

For well you know, and can record alone,

(*Virg.*)

What Fame to future Times conveys but darkly down.

Dryd.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,

Assist my Numbers, and inspire my Song :

For you in singing martial Facts excel ;

You best remember, and alone can tell.

Dryd. Virg.

Descend from Heav'n, *Urania* ! by that Name

If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine

Foll'wing, above th'*Olympian* Hill I soar ;

Above the Flight of *Pegasean* Wing :

The Meaning, not the Name I call ; for thou

Nor of the Muses Nine, nor on the Top

Of old *Olympus* dwell'st ; but heav'nly-born,

Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountains flow'd,

Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse ;

Wisdom, thy Sister ; and with her didst play

In Presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd

With thy celestial Song : Up-led by thee

into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,

An earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean-Air,

Thy Temp'ring : With like Safety guided down,

Return me to my native Element :

Lest from this flying Steed unrein'd (as once

Bellerophon, tho from a lower Clime)

Dismounted, on th'*Aleian* Field I fall,

Erroneous, there to wander, and forlorn.

Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound

Within the visible diurnal Sphere ;

Standing on Earth, not wrapt above the Pole,

More safe I sing with mortal Voice, unchang'd

To hoarse or mute ; tho fall'n on evil Days,

On evil Days tho fall'n and evil Tongues ;

In Darkness, and with Dangers compass'd round,

And Solitude : Yet not alone, while thou

Visit'st my Slumbers nightly, or when Morn

Purples the East ; still govern thou my Song,

Urania, and fit Audience find, tho few :

But drive far off the barb'rous Dissonance

Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race
 Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
 In *Rhodope* ; where Woods and Rocks had Ears
 To Rapture, till the savage Clamour drown'd
 Both Harp and Voice ; nor could the Muse defend
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty Dream.

Milt.

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,
 Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*,
 And force them, tho it were in spite
 Of Nature and their Stars, to write ;
 Who, as we find in fullen Writs,
 And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
 With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
 The Wonder of the Ignorant,
 The Praises of the Author, pen'd
 B'himself, or Wit-insuring Friend,
 The Itch of Picture in the Front,
 With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't ;
 All that is left o'th' forked Hill,
 To make Men scribble without Skill :
 Canst make a Poet spite of Fate,
 And teach all People to translate ;
 Tho out of Languages in which
 They understand no Part of Speech :
 Assist me but this once I implore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

Hud.

MUSICK. See Lute, Lyre, Poetry, Singing.

Tell me, O Muse ! (for thou, or none, canst tell)
 The mystick Pow'rs, that in blest Numbers dwell.
 At first a various unform'd Hint we find
 Rise in some Godlike Poet's fertile Mind,
 Till all the Parts and Words their places take ;
 And with just Marches Verse and Musick make.
 Such was God's Poem, this World's new Essay ;
 So wild and rude in its first Draught it lay :
 Th' ungovern'd Parts no Correspondence knew,
 And artless War from thwarting Motions grew,
 Till they to Number and fix'd Rules were brought
 By the eternal Mind's poetick Thought :
 Water and Air he for the Tenour chose,
 Earth made the Base, the Treble Flame arose :
 To th' active *Moon* a quick brisk Stroke he gave,
 To *Saturn's* String a Touch more soft and grave :

The Motions streight, and round, and swift, and slow,
 And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so,
 Did in such artful Figures smoothly fall,
 As made this decent measur'd Dance of All.
 And this is Musick.

Cowl.

From Harmony, from Heav'nly Harmony,

This univerfal Frame began :

From Harmony to Harmony

Thro all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
 The *Diapason* closing full in Man.

Dryd.

But Man may justly tuneful Strains admire,
 His Soul is Musick, and his Breast a Lyre :

A Lyre, which while its various Notes agree,
 Enjoys the Sweet of its own Harmony.

In us rough Hatred with soft Love is join'd,
 And sprightly Hope with grov'ling Fear combin'd,
 To form the Parts of our harmonious Mind.

What ravishes the Soul, what charms the Ear,
 Is Musick, tho a various Dress it wear.

Beauty is Musick too, tho in disguise ;
 Too fine to touch the Ear, it strikes the Eyes,
 And thro 'em to the Soul the silent Stroke conveys.

'Tis Musick Heavenly, such as in a Sphere
 We only can admire, but cannot hear.

Nor is the Pow'r of Numbers less below,
 By them all Humours yield, all Passions bow,
 And stubborn Crouds are chang'd, yet know not how.

Let other Arts in senseless Matter reign,
 Mimick in Brass, or with mix'd Juices stain ;
 Musick, the mighty Artist, Man, can rule,
 As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul,
 As much as Man can those mean Arts controul.

If Musick be the Food of Love, play on :
 That Strain again : It had a dying Fall :
 Oh ! it came o'er my Ear like a sweet Sound,
 That breathes upon a Bank of Violets,
 Stealing and giving Odour.

Shak. Twelfth Night.

Musick has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
 To soften Rocks, and bend a knotty Oak :
 I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
 And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd
 By magick Numbers, and persuasive Sound. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

Let there be Musick, let the Master touch
 The sprightly String, and softly-breathing Flute ;

Till

Till Harmony rouse ev'ry gentle Passion!
 Teach the cold Maid to lose her Fears in Love,
 And the fierce Youth to languish at her feet.
 Begin! Ev'n Age it self is cheer'd with Musick,
 It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,
 Calls back past Joys, and warms us into Transport. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

'Twas at the Royal Feast for *Persia* won,

By *Philip's* warlike Son;

Aloft, in awful State,

The God-like Hero sate

On his Imperial Throne.

His valiant Peers were plac'd around,

Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound,

(So should Desert in Arms be crown'd)

The lovely *Thais* by his side

Sate like a blooming eastern Bride,

In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair,

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful Quire,

With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;

The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,

And heav'nly Joy inspire.

The Song began from *Jove*,

Who left his blissful Seats above,

(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love;)

A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:

Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,

When he to fair *Olympia* press'd,

And while he sought her snowy Breast;

Then round her slender Waste he curl'd,

And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the World.

The list'ning Croud admire the lofty Sound,

A present Deity, they shout around,

A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.

With ravish'd Ears

The Monarch hears,

Assumes the God,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the Spheres.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then the sweet Mus'cian sung,

Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young.

The jolly God in Triumph comes ;
 Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums.
 Flush'd with a purple Grace,
 He shews his honest Face.

Now give the Hautboys Breath ; he comes ! he comes !

Bacchus ever fair and young,
 Drinking Joys did first ordain :
Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
 Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure ;
 Rich the Treasure,
 Sweet the Pleasure,

Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain,
 Fought all his Battels o'er again,

And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the Slain.

The Master saw the Madness rise,
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes ;
 And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride :

He chose a mournful Muse
 Soft Pity to infuse ;

He sung *Darius* great and good,
 By too severe a Fate

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high Estate,
 And welk'ring in his Blood ;

Deserted at his utmost Need

By those his former Bounty fed :

On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,

With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below,

And now and then a Sigh she stole,

And Tears began to flow.

The mighty Master smil'd to see

That Love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,

For Pity melts the Soul to Love.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,

Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures :

War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,

Honour but an empty Bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning ;

Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the World be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !
 Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee ;
 Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applause,
 So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.
 The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

Now strike the golden Lyre again,
 A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain ;
 Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,

And rouse him like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound

Has rais'd up his Head ;

As awak'd from the Dead,

And amaz'd, he stares round.

Revenge, Revenge, *Timotheus* cries,

See the *Furies* arise !

See the Snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their Hair,

And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !

Behold a ghastly Band,

Each a Torch in his Hand !

These are *Grecian* Ghosts that in Battel were slain,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the Plain ;

Give the Vengeance due

To the valiant Crew :

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,

How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,

And glitt'ring Temples of their hostile Gods.

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,

And the King seiz'd a Flambeau with Zeal to destroy :

Thais led the way,

To light him to his Prey ;

And like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

Thus long ago,

E'er heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,

While Organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
 And founding Lyre,

Could swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire. *Dryd.*

Thus *David's* Lyre did *Saul's* wild Rage controul,
 And tune the harsh Disorders of his Soul.

His Sheep would scorn their Food to hear his Lay,
 And savage Beasts stand by as tame as they.

Rivers whose Waves roll'd down aloud before,
 Mute as their Fish, wou'd listen tow'rds the Shore. *Cowl.*

The Groves rejoic'd the *Thracian* Verse to hear,
 In vain did Nature bid them stay :

When *Orpheus* had his Song begun,

They call'd their wond'ring Roots away,

And bade them silent to him run. *Cowl.*

For *Orpheus'* Lute could soften Steel and Stone,
 Make Tygers tame, and huge Leviathans

Forfake unfounded Deeps, and dance on Sands. *Shak. The two*
(Gent. of Verona.

Th' unhappy Husband, Husband now no more,

Did on his tuneful Harp his Loss deplore,

And sought his mournful Mind with Musick to restore.

On thee, dear Wife, in Desarts all alone,

He call'd, sigh'd, sung : His Griefs with Day begun,

Nor were they finish'd with the setting Sun.

Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night

He took his way, thro Forests void of Light ;

And dar'd amidst the trembling Ghosts to sing,

And stood before th' inexorable King.

Th' infernal Mansions nodding seem to dance ;

The gaping three-mouth'd Dog forgets to snarl,

The *Furies* hearken, and their Snakes uncurl :

Ixion seems no more his Pains to feel,

But leans attentive on his standing Wheel.

Dryd. Virg.

M Y R R H A.

Mean while (*) the mis-begotten Infant grows,

And ripe for Birth, distends with deadly Throws

The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,

To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes into Life.

The Mother-Tree, as if oppress'd with Pain,

Writhes here and there to break the Bark in vain ;

(*) *The Poets feign that Myrrha was got with Child by her*
Father, and deliver'd after she was chang'd into a Tree.

And,

And, like a lab'ring Woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a Voice to call *Lucina's* Aid.

The bending Bole sends out a hollow Sound,
And trickling Tears fall thick upon the Ground.

The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and stood

Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood;

Then reach'd her Midwife-Hand to speed the Throws,
And spoke the pow'ful Spells that Babes to Birth disclose.

The Bark divides, the living Load to free,

And safe delivers the convulsive Tree.

Dryd. Ovid.

NATURE and ART. See Painting.

Let *Art* use Method and good Husbandry :

Art lives on *Nature's* Alms, is weak and poor ;

Nature her self has unexhausted Store ;

Wallows in Wealth, and runs a turning Maze,

That no vulgar Eye can trace :

Art instead of mounting high,

About her humble Food does hov'ring fly ;

Like the ignoble Crow, Rapine and Noise does love ;

While *Nature*, like the sacred Bird of *Jove*,

Now bears loud Thunder, and anon with silent Joy,

The beauteous *Phrygian* Boy :

Defeats the strong, o'er-takes the flying Prey ;

And sometimes basks in th' open Flames of Day,

And sometimes too he shrouds

His soaring Wings among the Clouds.

Cowh.

NECROMANCER. See Witch.

Him have I seen (on *Ister's* Banks he stood,

Where last we winter'd) bind the headlong Flood

In sudden Ice ; and where most swift it flows,

In crystal Nets the wondring Fishes close :

Then, with a Moment's Thaw, the Stream enlarge,

And from the Mesh the twinkling Guests discharge.

In a deep Vale, or near some ruin'd Wall,

He would the Ghosts of slaughter'd Soldiers call ;

Who slow to wounded Bodies did repair,

And loth to enter, shiver'd in the Air :

These his dread Wand did to short Life compel,

And forc'd the Fates of Battels to foretel.

In a lone Tent, all hung with Black, I saw

Where in a Square he did a Circle draw :

Four Angels, made by that Circumference,

Bore holy Words inscrib'd of mystick Sense :

When first a hollow Wind began to blow,
 The Sky grew black, and belly'd down more low ;
 Around the Field did nimble Lightning play,
 Which offer'd us by fits, and snatch'd the Day.
 'Midst this was heard the shrill, and tender Cry
 Of well-pleas'd Ghosts, which in the Storm did fly ;
 Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the Ground,
 Till to the magick Circle they were bound. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

By my rough Magick I have oft bedim'd
 The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds ;
 And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
 Set roaring War : To the dread rattling Thunder
 Have I giv'n Fire ; and risted *Jove's* stout Oak
 With his own Bolt. Graves at my Command
 Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd and let them forth
 By my so potent Art. *Shak. Temp.*

- Let the dark Mysteries of Hell begin.

Chuse the darkest part o' th' Grove,

Such as Ghosts at Noon-day love :

Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh

Where the Bones of *Laius* lie :

Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,

Will th' infernal Pow'rs have none.

Is the Sacrifice made fit ?

Draw her backward to the Pit :

Draw the barren Heifer back ;

Barren let her be, and black.

Cut the curled Hair that grows

Full between her Horns and Brows :

Pour in Blood, and blood-like Wine,

To *Mother-Earth* and *Proserpine*.

Mingle Milk into the Stream,

Feast the Ghosts that loye the Steam.

Snatch a Brand from fun'ral Pile,

Toss it in, to make 'em boil.

And turn your Faces from the Sun.

Answer me, if all be done ?

Dryd. Oedip.

N E P T U N E.

His finny Train *Saturnian Neptune* joins ;
 Then adds the foamy Bridles to their Jaws,
 And to the loosen'd Reins permits the Laws.
 High on the Waves his azure Car he guides,
 Its Axles thunder, and the Sea subsides,
 And the smooth Ocean rolls her silent Tides.

The Tempests fly before their Father's Face,
 Trains of inferior Gods his Triumph grace;
 And Monster-Whales before their Master play,
 And Quires of Tritons croud the watry Way.
 The marshal'd Pow'rs in equal Troops divide
 To Right and Left; the Gods his better Side
 Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs and Nereids ride. *(Virg. Dryd.)*

When thus the Father of the Flood appears,
 And o'er the Seas his sov'reign Trident rears,
 Their Fury falls; he skims the liquid Plains,
 High on his Chariot, and with loosen'd Reins
 Majestick moves along, and awful Peace maintains. *Dryd. Virg.*

N I G H T.

Darkness now rose, and brought in louring Night,
 Her shadowy Offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of Light, and absent Day. *Milt.*

The Night descends
 With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World. *Lee L. J. Brut.*

And now from End to End
 Night's Hemisphere had veil'd th' Horizon round. *Milt.*

Now Night advancing, draws her sable Train
 Along the Air, and shades th' ethereal Plain. *Blac.*

The Night began to spread her gloomy Veil,
 And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale:
 The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,
 And to prevailing Shades the murm'ring World resign'd. *(Virg. Rosc.)*

Soon as with gentle Sighs the ev'ning Breeze
 Begun to whisper thro the murm'ring Trees;
 And Night had wrapt in Shades the Mountains Heads,
 While Winds lay hush'd in subterranean Beds. *Gar.*

Now Night had shed her silver Dews around,
 And with her sable Wings embrac'd the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,
 And Hills were hid in dusky Shades of Night. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now dewy Night
 New decks the Face of Heav'n with starry Light. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now her brown Wings the silent Night displays,
 Night, sprinkled o'er with Cynthia's silver Rays:
 Silence and Darkness all to Rest invite,
 And Sleep's soft Chains make fast the Gates of Light. *Blac.*

Mean while the rapid Heav'ns roll'd down the Light,
 And on the shaded Ocean rush'd the Night. *Dryd. Virg.*

'Twas at an Hour when busy Nature lay
 Dissolv'd in Slumbers from the noisy Day:

When

When gloomy Shades and dusky Atoms spread
A Darknefs o'er the univerfal Bed ;
And all the gaudy Beams of Light were fled.

Dorf. }

And now the Night does her black Throne ascend,
And dusky Shades her silent Srate attend :
While pale-fac'd *Cynthia*, with her starry Train,
Dart down their trembling Lustre on the Main ;
The weary Lab'ers their stiff Limbs repose,
And Sleep's soft Hands their drowsy Eyelids close.

Blac.

When the still Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
Had spread her shady Pinions o'er the Ground ;
And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme ;
The Surges gently dash against the Shore,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Galley-Slaves the Oar :
Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes.

Gar.

'Tis Night ; the Season when the Happy take
Repose, and only Wretches are awake :

Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings, and unwholesom Grounds ;
Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait,

To frighten them with some sad Tale of Fate. *Otw. Don Carb.*

The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down, some say, by Ladies Eyes ;
The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,
That hides her Face by Day from Sight :
(Mysterious Veil, of Brightness made,
That's both her Lustre and her Shade)
And in the Night as freely shone,
As if her Rays had been her own :
For Darknefs is the proper Sphere,
Where all false Glories use t' appear.
The twinkling Stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd Lustre :
While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,
By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.
For Night's the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind.

Hud.

Midnight.

The Night proceeding on with silent Pace,
Stood in her Noon, and view'd with equal Face
Her steepy Rise and her declining Race.

Dryd. Virg. }

The Steeds of Night had travel'd half the Sky.

Dryd. Virg.

Now

Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy Cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar Vault.

Milt.

It was a time when the still Moon
Was mounted softly to her Noon.

Cowl.

Now all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual Motion standing still ;
So much she from her Work appears to cease,
And ev'ry warring Element's at peace :
All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd,
The Fishes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
And to the Murmurs of the Waters sleep :
The feeling Air's at rest, and feels no noise,
Except of some short Breaths upon the Trees,
Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon them.

Orw. Orph.

'Twas still low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere ;
But all around in horrid Darknefs mourn'd,
As if old *Chaos* were again return'd ;
When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
Shot thro the solid Darknefs of the Night :
In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,
And all the Winds were bury'd in the Deep :
No whisp'ring *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below :
No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purld,
But all conspir'd to hush the droufy World.

Dors.

'Twas in the dead of Night, when Sleep repairs
Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares. *Dryd. Virg.*
Dogs cease to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
And roll themselves asleep upon the Shore. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

'Twas Night, when Nature was in Sables dress'd ;
Tempestuous Winds in hollow Caves did rest.
Impending Rocks with Slumber seem'd to bow,
And droufy Mountains hung their heavy Brow :
The weary Waves roll'd nodding on the Deep,
Or stretch'd on oozy Beds, they murmur'd in their Sleep. *Blac.*

'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies
So fast, as if she never were to rise :
No Breath of Wind now whispers thro the Trees,
No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas :
Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon,
No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon ;
Nor bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie :

The

The Ravens perch, and no Prefages give,
 Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave :
 The Owls forget to scream, no Midnight Sound
 Calls drousy Echo from the hollow Ground.
 In Vaults the waking Fires extinguish'd lie ;
 The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink, and seem to die. *Lee Theod.*

'Twas dead of Night, when weary Bodies close
 Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and soft Repose.
 The Winds no longer whisper thro the Woods,
 Nor murm'ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods :
 The Stars, in silent Order, mov'd around,
 And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the Ground.
 The Flocks, and Herds, and party-colour'd Fowl,
 Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool,
 Stretch'd on the quiet Earth, securely lay,
 Forgetting the past Labours of the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead ;
 The Mountains seem to nod their drousy Head :
 The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
 And sleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-Dew sweat :
 Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

All things are hush'd, as when the Drawers tread
 Softly to steal the Key from Master's Head ;
 The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,
 As 'twere the Socket, not the Candle, burns :
 The little Foot-boy snores upon the Stair ;
 And greasy Cook-maid sweats in Elbow-Chair :
 No Coach nor Link was heard. *Ratt.*

NIGHTINGALE. *See Creation, Light.*

The Night-warbling Bird
 Tunes sweetest her Love-labour'd Song. *Milt.*

She all Night long her am'rous Descant sings,
 Trills her thick-warbled Notes the Summer long. *Milt.*

So, close in poplar Shades, her Children gone,
 The Mother Nightingale laments alone :
 Whose Nest some prying Churl had found, and thence
 By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
 But she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,
 And melancholy Musick fills the Plains. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus in some poplar Shade, the Nightingale
 With piercing Moans does her lost Young bewail :
 Which the rough Hind observing as they lay
 Warm in their downy Nest, had stol'n away :

But she in mournful Sound does still complain,
Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable Strain.

Lee Theod. }

NOBILITY of BLOOD. See *Bastard.*

Nobility of Blood

Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious Good :
The Nobleman is he, whose noble Mind
Is fill'd with in-born Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind.
The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid,
And took his Earth but from an humble Maid :
Then what can Birth on mortal Men bestow,
Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow ?
We, who for Name and empty Honour strive,
Our true Nobility from him derive.

Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,
And vast Estates, to mighty Titles ty'd,
Did not your Honour, but their own advance ;
For Virtue comes not by Inheritance :

If you tralineate from your Father's Mind,
What are you else, but of a Bastard Kind ?
Do as your great Progenitors have done,
And by your Virtue prove your self their Son.

*(Bath's Tale.
Dryd. Wife of*

Virtue alone is true Nobility :

Let your own Acts immortalize your Name ;
'Tis poor relying on another's Fame :

For take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superstructure must in Ruins fall :

As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd,
From the Embraces of the Elm she lov'd.

Step. Juv.

Search we the Springs,

And backward trace the Principles of Things :
There shall we find, that when the World began,
One common Mass compos'd the Mould of Man ;
One Paste of Flesh on all Degrees bestow'd ;
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning Blood.

The same Almighty Power inspir'd the Frame
With kindled Life, and form'd the Souls the same.

The Faculties of Intellect and Will,
Dispens'd with equal Hand, dispos'd with equal Skill :

Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good or Ill.
Thus born alike, from Virtue first began

The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from Man.

He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,
But that which made him noble, made him Good.

Warm'd

Warm'd with more Particles of heav'nly Flame,
 He wing'd his upward Flight, and soar'd to Fame;
 The rest remain'd below, a Tribe without a Name.
 This Law, tho' Custom now diverts the Course,
 As Nature's Institute is yet in force:
 Uncancel'd, tho' diffus'd: And he, whose Mind
 Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
 Tho' poor in Fortune, of celestial Race:
 And he commits the Crime, who calls him base.

Ev'n mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,
 And Kings by Birth to lowest Rank return:
 All subject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance;
 For Fortune can depress, and can advance.
 But true Nobility is of the Mind,
 Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance resign'd. *(Guisc. Dryd. Sig. &)*

No Father can infuse or Wit or Grace;
 A Mother comes across and marring the Race:
 A Grandfire or a Grandame taints the Blood;
 And seldom three Descents continue good.
 Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name
 Could never villanize his Father's Fame:
 But as the first, the last of all the Line
 Would, like the Sun, ev'n in descending, shine.

Nobility of Blood is but Renown
 Of thy great Fathers, by their Virtue known,
 And a long Trail of Light to thee descending down.
 If in thy Smoke it ends, their Glories shine,
 But Infamy and Villanage are thine. *Dryd. Wife of Bath's Tale.*

And still more publick Scandal Vice extends,
 As he is Great and Noble who offends. *Step. Juv.*

Fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,
 Urge not thus your haughty Birth.
 The Pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
 Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
 The Sap which at the Root is bred
 In Trees, thro' all the Boughs is spread;
 But Virtues which in Parents shine,
 Make not like progress thro' the Line.
 'Tis Art and Knowledg which draw forth
 The hidden Seeds of native Worth:
 They blow those Sparks, and make 'em rise
 Into such Flames, as touch the Skies.
 To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
 A Pedegree that reach'd to Heav'n.

Of mortal Seed they were not held,
 Who other Mortals so excell'd :
 And Beauty too in such excess
 As yours, *Zelinda*, claims no less.
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
 Henceforth to be of Princes born.
 I can describe the shady Grove,
 Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove* ;
 And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
 Caught with her Spouse's Shape and Name.
 Thy matchless Form will Credit bring
 To all the Wonders I shall sing.

Wall.

N O O N.

The fiery Sun has finish'd half his Race.

Dryd. Virg.

The fouthing Sun inflames the Day,

And the dry Herbage thirsts for Dew's in vain ;
 And Sheep in Shades avoid the parching Plain.

Dryd. Virg.

The full blazing Sun

Does now sit high in his meridian Tow'r ;
 Shoots down direct his fervid Rays, to warm
 Earth's inmost Womb.

Milt.

At Noon of Day

The Sun with sultry Beams began to play.

Not *Syrius* shoots a fiercer Flame from high,

When with his pois'nous Breath he blasts the Sky.

Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs, their Beauty fled,

They clos'd their sickly Eyes, and hung the Head,

And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in the Bed.

The Ladies gasp'd and scarcely could respire,

The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire.

The fainty Knights were scorch'd. *Dryd. Flower and the Leaf.*

N O T H I N G.

Nothing, thou elder Brother ev'n to Shade !

Thou had'st a Being e'er the World was made,

And, well-fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid.

E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not ;

When primitive Nothing Something strait begot :

Then all proceeded from the great united——What ?

Something, the gen'ral Attribute of all,

Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,

Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'r command,

And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand

Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.

Matter,

Matter, the wicked'st Offspring of thy Race,
 By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
 And Rebel Light obscur'd thy rev'rend dusky Face.
 With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
 Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
 To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.
 Yet turn-coat Time assists the Foe in vain,
 But brib'd by thee assists thy short-liv'd Reign;
 And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.
 Tho Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
 And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
 Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lies;
 Yet this of thee the Wise may freely say,
 Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away,
 And to be part of thee the Wicked wisely pray.
 Great Negative! how vainly would the Wise
 Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
 Did'st thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies.
 Is, or is not! the two great Ends of Fate;
 And true or false, the Subject of Debate,
 That perfect or destroy the vast Designs of Fate;
 When they have rack'd the Politician's Breast,
 Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
 And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.
 Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
 For whom they rev'rend Shapes and Forms devise,
 Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they, like thee,
 (look wise.)

French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy,
Hibernian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, Danes Wit, are mainly seen in thee.
 The Great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
 King's Promises, Whores Vows, to thee they tend,
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Roch.

NOVELTY.

All Novelties must this Success expect,
 When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect. *Gar.*
 Actions of the last Age, are like Almanacks of the last Year.
 And when remote in Time, like Objects
 Remote in Place, are not beheld at half their Greatness:
 And what is new, finds better Acceptation
 Than what is good and great. *Denh. Sophy.*

NUNNERY.

Some solitary Cloister will I chuse,
 And there with holy Virgins live immur'd :
 Coarse my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep,
 Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell :
 There hoard up ev'ry Moment of my Life,
 To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears.
 Fasting, and Tears, and Penitence, and Pray'r,
 Shall do dead *Sancho* justice ev'ry Hour :
 Till ev'n fierce *Raymond* at the last shall say,
 Now let her die, for she has griev'd enough. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Oh ! shut me in a Cloister : There well-pleas'd,
 Religious Hardships I will learn to bear,
 To fast and freeze at midnight Hours of Pray'r :
 Nor think it hard, within a lonely Cell,
 With melancholy speechless Saints to dwell ;
 But bless the Day I to that Refuge ran, *(Rowe Fair Pen.*
 Free from the Marriage-Chain, and from that Tyrant, Man.

O A K. See Fighting at Sea, Trees.

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of Trees,
 Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees :
 Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays
 Supreme in State ; and in three more decays. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Jove's own Tree,

That holds the Woods in awful Sov'reignty,
 Requires a Depth of Lodging in the Ground,
 And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound :
 High as his topmost Boughs to Heav'n ascend,
 So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend :
 Therefore nor Winds, nor Winter's Rage o'erthrows
 His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows :
 For length of Ages lasts his happy Reign,
 And Lives of mortal Man contend with his in vain.
 Full in the midst of his own Strength he stands,
 Stretching his brawny Arms and leafy Hands, *(Dryd. Virg. }*
 His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands.

As a tall Oak, that young and verdant stood
 Above the Grove, it self a nobler Wood :
 His wide extended Limbs the Forest drown'd,
 Shading its Trees, as much as they the Ground.
 Young murm'ring Tempests in his Boughs are bred,
 And gath'ring Clouds frown round his lofty Head :
 Outrageous Thunder, stormy Winds, and Rain
 Discharge their Fury on his Head in vain :

Earthquakes below, and Lightning from above
 Rend not his Trunk, nor his fix'd Root remove.
 But then his Strength worn by destructive Age,
 He can no more his angry Foes engage :
 He spreads to Heav'n his naked wither'd Arms,
 As Aid imploring from invading Harms :
 From his dishonour'd Head the lightest Storm
 Can tear his Beauties, and his Limbs deform ;
 He rocks with every Wind, while on the Ground
 Dry Leaves and broken Arms lie scatter'd round.

Blac.

As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try,
 Juffling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
 This way and that the Mountain Oak they bend ;
 His Boughs they shatter, and his Branches rend :
 With Leaves and falling Mast they spread the Ground,
 The hollow Valleys echo to the Sound :
 Unmov'd, the royal Plant their Fury mocks,
 Or shaken, clings more closely to the Rocks.
 For as he shoots his tow'ring Head on high,
 So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus two tall Oaks, that *Padus'* Banks adorn,
 Lift up to Heav'n their leafy Heads unshorn ;
 And over-press'd with Nature's heavy Load,
 Dance to the whistling Winds, and at each other nod.

Dryd. Virg.

As the stout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine
 Does in soft Wreaths and am'rous Foldings twine,
 Easy and slight appears : The Winds from far
 Summon their noisy Forces to the War.

But tho' so gentle seems his outward Form,
 His hidden Strength out-braves the loudest Storm :
 Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the Field ;
 Showing stout Minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.

Hal.

So when a noble Oak, that long has stood
 High in the Air, the Beauty of the Wood,
 Is shock'd by stormy Winds, he either way
 Bends to the Earth his Head with mighty Sway.
 His lab'ring Roots disturb the neighb'ring Ground,
 And make a heaving Earthquake all around ;
 Yet fast he stands, and the loud Storm defies,
 His Roots still keep the Earth, his Head the Skies.

Blac.

O A T H.

Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind ;
 Too feeble Implements to bind :

And

And Saints, whom Oaths or Vows oblige,
 Know little of their Privilege.
 For, if the Devil, to serve his turn,
 Can tell Truth ; why the Saints should scorn,
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lye,
 I think there's little reason why.

Hud.

We're not commanded to forbear
 Indefinitely at all to swear ;
 But to swear idly and in vain,
 Without Self-Interest or Gain :
 For breaking of an Oath, and Lying,
 Is but a kind of Self-denying.

Hud.

Oaths were not purpos'd more than Law,
 To keep the Just and Good in awe ;
 But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
 Like moral Cattel in a Pinfold.

Hud.

If Oaths can do a Man no Good
 In his own Bus'ness, why they should
 In other Matters do him hurt,
 I think there's little Reason for't.

Hud.

He that imposes an Oath, makes it,
 Not he that for Convenience takes it :
 Then how can any Man be said
 To break an Oath he never made ?

Hud.

O B S T I N A T E.

So fullenly addicted still
 To's only Principle, his Will ;
 That whatsoever it chanc'd to prove,
 No Force of Argument could move ;
 Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of *Holborn*,
 Could render half a Grain less stubborn :
 For he at any time would hang,
 For th' Opportunity t'harangue ;
 And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear Delight, to wrangle :
 In which his Parts were so accomplish'd,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plus'd ;
 But still his Tongue ran on, the less
 Of Weight it bore, with greater ease ;
 And with its everlasting Clack,
 Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack.
 No sooner could a Hint appear,
 But up he started to pickeer ;

And made the stoutest yield to Mercy,
 When he engag'd in Controversy :
 Not by the Force of Carnal Reason,
 But indefatigable Teazing ;
 With Volleys of eternal Babble,
 And Clamour more unanswerable :
 For tho his Topicks, frail and weak,
 Could ne'er amount above a Freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
 Against the desperat'st Assaults ;
 And back'd their feeble want of Sense
 With greater Heat and Confidence :
 As Bones of Hectors, when they differ,
 The more they're culdgel'd, grow the stiffer.

Hud.

He still resolv'd, to 'mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater :
 And still the skittisher and looser
 His Freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.

Hud.

For Fools are stubborn in their way,
 As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay :
 And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

Hud.

O E D I P U S tearing out his Eyes.

Thrice he struck

With all his Force his hollow groaning Breast,
 And thus with Outcries to himself complain'd :
 But thou canst weep then ? and thou think'st 'tis well !
 These Bubbles of the shallow'st emptiest Sorrow,
 Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain
 For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on :
 Yet these, thou think'st, are ample Satisfaction
 For bloodiest Murder and for burning Lust !
 No, Parricide ! if thou must weep, weep Blood,
 Weep Eyes instead of Tears ! O, by the Gods !
 'Tis greatly thought, he cries, and fits my Woes.
 With that he smil'd revengefully, and leap'd
 Upon the Floor ; thence gazing on the Skies,
 His Eye-balls fiery red, and glowing Vengeance :
 Gods ! I accuse you not, tho I no more
 Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glasses,
 The mighty Soul's immortal Perspectives,
 I find your dazzling Beings. Take, he cry'd,
 Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal farewell View ;
 Then with a Groan that seem'd the Call of Death,

With

With horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,
 He snatch'd, he tore from out their bloody Orbs
 The Balls of Sight, and dash'd 'em on the Ground. *Lee Oedip.*

OLD AGE. *See* Death, Dying of Old Age, Youth.

Some few, by Temp'rance taught, approaching slow
 To distant Fate, by easy Journeys go.
 Gently they lay them down, as Evening Sheep
 On their own woolly Fleeces softly sleep.
 So noiseless would I live, such Death to find ;
 Like timely Fruit, not shaken by the Wind,
 But ripely dropping from the sapless Bough,
 And dying, nothing to my self would owe.
 Thus daily changing, with a duller Taste
 Of less'ning Joys, I by degrees would waste :
 Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,
 And steal my self from Life, and melt away. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

How happy is the evening Tide of Life !
 When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions, trifling out
 The feeble Remnant of our silly Days
 In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with :
 Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
 That tofs the thoughtful, active, busy Mind ! *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

The Soul, with nobler Resolutions deck'd,
 The Body stooping, does herself erect.
 Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes,
 Conceal that Happiness which Age descries.
 The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new Light thro Chinks that Time has made.
 Stronger by Weakness, wiser Men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal Home.
 Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the Threshold of the new. *Wall.*

We yet may see the Old Man in a Morning,
 Lusty as Health, come ruddy to the Field,
 And there pursue the Chace, as if he meant
 To o'er-take Time, and bring back Youth again. *Otw. Orph.*
 As in a green old Age his Hair just griesled. *Dryd. Oedip.*

While yet few Furrows on my Face are seen,
 While I walk upright, and Old Age is green,
 And *Lachesis* has somewhat left to spin. *Dryd. Juv.*

Inconveniencies of Old Age.

Jove! grant me Length of Life, and Years good store
 Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more :

Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young, conspire
In this one silly mischievous Desire.

Mistaken Blessing, which Old Age they call !

'Tis a long, nasty, darksom Hospital !

A ropy Chain of Rheums ! a Visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff !

A stich-fall'n Cheek that hangs below the Jaw,
Such Wrinkles as a skilful Hand would draw
For an old grandame Ape, when with a Grace
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern Face.

In Youth Distinctions infinite abound ;

No Shape, no Feature just alike is found :

The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong.

But the same Foulness does to Age belong ;

The self-same Palsy both in Limbs and Tongue.

The Skull and Forehead an old barren Plain,

And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain.

Dryd. Juv.

These are th' Effects of doating Age,
Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-caution ;
The second Nonage of a Soul more wise,
But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,
Peeping by fits, and giving feeble Light.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Now my chill'd Blood is curdl'd in my Veins,
And scarce the Shadow of a Man remains.

Dryd. Virg.

I am left behind,

To drink the Dregs of Life, by Fate assign'd :

Beyond the Goal of Nature I have gone.

Dryd. Virg.

Dodder'd with Age, the Winter of Man's Life !

The gloomy Eve of endless Night.

Dryd.

Prop'd on a Staff, she takes a trembling Mein,

Her Face is furrow'd, and her Front obscene :

Deep dinted Wrinkles on her Cheeks she draws,

Sunk are her Eyes, and toothless are her Jaws ;

Hoary her Hair.

Dryd. Virg.

Time has plow'd that Face with many Furrows.

Dryd. Oedip.

His blear Eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin,

His Beard was stubble, and his Cheeks were thin.

Dryd. Juv.

Decrepid Bodies, worn to Ruin,

Just ready of themselves to fall asunder,

And to let drop the Soul.

Dry. Mar. A-la-mode.

When my Blood was warm,

This languish'd Frame when better Spirits fed,

E'er Age unstrung my Nerves, or Time o'er-snow'd my Head.

(Dryd. Virg.

Of

Oft am I by the Women told,
 Poor *Anacreon* ! thou grow'st old :
 Look how thy Hairs are falling all !
 Poor *Anacreon*, how they fall !
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' Effects I do not know :
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis time to live if I grow old :
 'Tis time short Pleasures now to take,
 Of little Life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last Stake.

Cowl. }

O P P R E S S I O N.

It is not hard for one that feels no Wrong,
 For patient Duty to employ his Tongue.
 Oppression makes Men mad, and from their Breasts
 All Reason, and all Sense of Duty wrefts.
 The Gods are safe when under Wrongs we groan,
 Only because we cannot reach their Throne.
 Shall Princes then, who are but Gods of Clay,
 Think they may safely with our Honour play ?

Wall...

Be careful to with-hold

Your Talons from the Wretched and the Bold :
 Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Despair ;
 For tho' your Violence should leave them bare
 Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
 And will revenge the Wrongs which they sustain.
 The Plunder'd still have Arms.

Step. Juv.

O R P H E U S. See Musick.

O W L.

The boding Bird,
 Which haunts the ruin'd Piles and hallow'd Urns,
 And beats about the Tombs with nightly Wings,
 Where Songs obscene on Sepulchres she sings.

Dryd. Virg.

With boding Note

The solitary Screech-Owl strains her Throat :
 Or on a Chimney's Top, or Turret's Height,
 With Songs obscene disturbs the Silence of the Night.

Dryd. Virg.

As an Owl that in a Barn
 Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue Eyes
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little Beast within his reach,
 Then starts, and seizes on the Wretch.

Hud.

P A I N.

What avail

Valour or Strength, tho matchless, quell'd with Pain,
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the Hands
Of mightiest Men? Sense of Pleasure we may well
Spare out of Life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest Life :
But Pain is perfect Misery, the worst
Of Evils ; and excessive, overturns
All Patience.

P A I N T E R *and* P A I N T I N G.

Rare Artisan ! whose Pencil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves :
From thy Shop of Beauty we
Slaves return that enter'd free.
Strange, that thy Hand should not inspire
The Beauty only, but the Fire ;
Not the Form alone and Grace,
But Act and Power of a Face.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so :
But confounded with thy Art,
Inquires her Name that has his Heart.

*Milt.**(Dyke.**Wall. to Van-*

Once I beheld the fairest of her Kind,
(And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind)
True, she was dumb, for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue ;
But smiling said, she still shall gain the Prize,
I only have transfer'd it to her Eyes :
Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller* ! such thy Skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy Will !
Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the Draught,
Lives there, and wants but Words to speak her Thought.
At least thy Pictures look a Voice ; and we
Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.
Shadows are but Privations of the Light,
Yet when we walk, they shoot before the Sight ;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall,
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all :
Such are thy Pieces ! imitating Life
So near, they almost conquer'd in the Strife ;
And from their animated Canvas came
Demanding Souls, and loosen'd from the Frame.

Pro-

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay;
And either would thy noble Work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeness raise;
This is the least Attendant on thy Praise:
From hence the Rudiments of Art began,
A Coal, or Chalk first imitated Man:
Perhaps the Shadow taken on a Wall,
Gave Out-Lines to the rude Original;
E'er Canvas yet was strain'd; before the Grace
Of blended Colours found their Use and Place;
Or *Cypress* Tablets first receiv'd a Face.
By slow degrees the God-like Art advanc'd,
As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inhand'd:
Greece added Posture, Shade, and Perspective,
And then the Mimick-Piece began to live.
Yet Perspective was lame; no Distance true,
But all came forward in one common View:
No Point of Light was known, no Bounds of Art;
When Light was there, it knew not to depart;
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd,
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.
Long time the Sister-Arts, in iron Sleep,
A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep:
At length, in *Raphael's* Age at once they rise,
Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.
Thence rose the *Roman* and the *Lombard* Line,
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like *Homer's*, was the nobler Part,
But *Titian's* Painting look'd like *Virgil's* Art.
Thy Genius gives thee both; where true Design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours join.
Likeness is ever there, but still the best;
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language dress'd:
Where Light, to Shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought;
Thy Pictures think, and we divine their Thought.
Our Arts are Sisters, tho' not Twins in Birth;
For Hymns were sung in *Eden's* happy Earth
By the first Pair.
But Oh! the Painter Muse, tho' last in place,
Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's* Race.

Apelles' Art an *Alexander* found ;
 And *Raphael* did with *Leo's* Gold abound :
 But *Homer* was with barren Laurel crown'd.
 Thou hadst thy *Charles* awhile, and so had I ;
 But pass we that unpleasing Image by.
 Thou paint'st as we describe ; improving still,
 When on wild Nature we engraft our Skill :
 But not creating Beauties at our Will.
 But Poets are confin'd in narrow Space,
 To speak the Language of their native Place :
 The Painter widely stretches his Command ;
 Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.
 But we who Life bestow, our selves must live,
 Kings cannot reign unless their Subjects give.
 And they who pay the Taxes bear the Rule :
 Thus thou sometimes art forc'd to draw a Fool ;
 But so his Follies in thy Postures sink,
 The senseless Ideot seems at least to think.
 Rich in thy self, and of thy self Divine,
 All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine :
 A graceful Truth thy Pencil can command,
 The Fair themselves go mended from thy Hand :
 Likeness appears in ev'ry Lineament ;
 But Likeness in thy Work is eloquent.
 Tho Nature there her true Resemblance bears,
 A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.
 So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous Frame,
 Flesh looks less living in the lovely Dame.
 More cannot be by mortal Art express'd ;
 But venerable Age shall add the rest.
 For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand,
 Re-touch your Fingers with his ripening Hand ;
 Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint,
 Add ev'ry Grace which Time alone can grant :
 To future Ages shall your Fame convey,
 And give more Beauties than he takes away. *Dry.* To *Sir G. Kneller.*

Men thought so much a Flame by Art was shown,
 The Picture's self would fall in Ashes down.

Cowl.

The Painter, who so long had vex'd his Cloth,
 Of his Hound's Mouth to feign the raging Froth,
 His desp'rate Pencil at the Work did dart ;
 His Anger reach'd that Rage which pass'd his Art.
 Chance finish'd that which Art could not begin ;
 And he sat smiling how his Dog did grin.

Marv.
 P R O -

PROMETHEUS ill Painted.

How wretched doth *Prometheus*' State appear,
 While he his second Misery suffers here !
 Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great *Jove*'s less than the Painter's Hands.
 It would the Vulture's Cruelty out-go,
 If once again his Liver thus should grow.
 Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow;
 The Flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

Cowl.

Under a Lady's Picture.

Such *Helen* was, and who can blame the Boy
 That in so bright a Flame consum'd his *Troy* ?
 But had like Virtue shin'd in that fair *Greek*,
 The amorous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
 Or hope for Pity ; but with silent Moan,
 And better Fate, had perished alone.

Wall.

WOMEN's Painting.

As Pirates all false Colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unweary Mariner ;
 So Women, to surprize us, spread
 The borrow'd Flags of White and Red :
 Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues
 In Tow'rs, and Curls, and Periwigs ;
 With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
 Than *Philip Nye*'s thanksgiving Beard.
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
 Those to adore them they disdain.

Hud.

Quoth she, if you're impos'd upon,
 'Tis by your own Temptation done ;
 That with your Ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the Slight :
 For when we find you're still more taken
 With false Attracts of your own making ;
 Swear that's a Rose, and that's a Stone,
 Like Sots, to us that laid it on ;
 And what we did but slightly prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in Rhyme :
 You force us, in our own Defences,
 To copy Beams and Influences ;
 To lay Perfections on the Graces,
 And draw Attracts upon our Faces :
 And in Compliance to your Wit,
 Your own false Jewels counterfeit ;

Which

Which when they're nobly done and well,
 The simple natural excel.
 How fair and sweet the planted Rose,
 Beyond the wild in Hedges, grows!
 For without Art the noblest Seeds
 Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds.
 How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground
 And polish'd, looks a Diamond!
 Tho' Paradise was e'er so fair,
 It was not kept so without Care.
 The whole World, without Art and Dress,
 Would be but one great Wilderness;
 And Mankind but a savage Herd,
 For all that Nature has confer'd:
 This does but rough-hew and design,
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.

Hud.

P A R A D I S E.

So on he fares, and to the Border comes
 Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her Enclosure green,
 As with a rural Mound, the Champain Head
 Of a steep Wilderness; whose hairy Sides,
 With Thicket over-grown, grotesque and wild,
 Access deny'd: And over-head up-grew
 Insuperable Height of loftiest Shade;
 Cedar, and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm;
 A sylvan Scene: And as the Ranks ascend
 Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre,
 Of stateliest View; and higher than their Tops
 The verd'rous Wall of Paradise up-sprung;
 And higher than that Wall a circling Row
 Of goodliest Trees, loaden with fairest Fruit,
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden Hew,
 Appear'd with gay enamel'd Colours mix'd:
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams,
 Than on fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God has show'r'd the Earth: So lovely seem'd
 That Landscape. And of pure, now purer Air
 Meets his Approach, and to the Heart inspires
 Vernal Delight and Joy, able to drive
 All Sadness, but Despair: Now gentle Gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous Wings, dispense
 Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy Spoils. As when to them who sail

Beyond

Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past
Mozambick ; off at Sea North-East Winds blow
Sabaan Odours from the spicy Shore
Of *Arabie* the *Blest* : with such Delay
Well-pleas'd, they slack their Course ; and many a League,
Chear'd with the grateful Smell, old *Ocean* smiles.
So entertain'd those od'rous Sweets the Fiend.

Garden of E D E N.

A blifsful Field, circled with Groves of Myrrh,
And flowing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balm ;
A Wilderness of Sweets ! for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her Prime ; and play'd at Will
Her Virgin Fancies ; pouring forth more Sweet,
Wild, above Rule or Art, enormous Blifs !
Out of this fertile Ground God caus'd to grow
All Trees of noblest Kind for Sight, Smell, Taste ;
And all amidst them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming *Ambrosial* Fruit
Of vegetable Gold ; and next to Life,
Our Death, the Tree of Knowledg grew fast by.
Southward thro *Eden* went a River large,
Nor chang'd his Course, but thro the shaggy Hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd ; and thence thro Veins
Of porous Earth, with kindly Thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a Rill
Water'd the Garden : Thence united fell
Down the steep Glade, and met the nether Flood.

But oh ! what Art can tell
How from that Saphir Fount, the crisped Brook,
Rolling on Orient Pearls, and Sands of Gold,
With many Error, under pendant Shades,
Ran Nectar ; visiting each Plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise : Which not nice Art
In Beds, and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse, on Hill, and Dale, and Plain ;
Both where the Morning Sun first warmly smote
The open Field, and where the unpierc'd Shade
Imbrown'd the Noon-tide Bow'rs. Thus was this Place
A happy rural Seat of various View.
Groves, whose rich Trees wept odorous Gums and Balm ;
Others, whose Fruit, burnish'd with golden Rind,
Hung amiable ; *Hesperian* Fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious Taste :
Betwixt them Lawns, or level'd Downs, and Flocks

Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd ;
 Or palmy Hillock, or the flow'ry Lap
 Of some irriguous Valley spread her Store ;
 Flow'rs of all Hew, and without Thorn the Rose :
 Another Side, umbrageous Grotts and Caves
 Of cool Recess, o'er which the mantling Vine
 Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant. Mean while murm'ring Waters fall
 Down the slope Hills, dispers'd or in a Lake,
 That to the fringed Bank, with Myrtle crown'd,
 Her crystal Mirrour holds, unite their Streams.
 The Birds their Choir apply : Airs, vernal Airs,
 Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove, attune
 The trembling Leaves ; while universal Pan,
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in Dance,
 Led on th' eternal Spring.

A D A M and E V E in Paradise.

His large fair Front, and Eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute Rule, his Hyacinthin Looks
 Down from his parted Forelock manly hung,
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
 She, as a Veil, down to her slender Waste
 Her unadorned golden Tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd,
 As the Vine curls her Tendrils.
 Under a Tuft of Shade, that on the Green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain Side
 They sat them down.

There to their Supper Fruits they fell,
 Nectarine Fruits, which the compliant Boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they fate recline
 On the soft downy Bank, damask'd with Flow'rs.
 The favoury Pulp they chew, and in the Rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming Stream.

About them frisking play'd
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wild, and of all Chase
 In Woods or Wilderness, Forest or Den :
 Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his Paw
 Dandled the Kid ; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,
 Gambol'd before 'em : Th' unwieldy Elephant,
 To make them Mirth, us'd all his Might, and wreath'd
 His lithe Proboscis : Close the Serpent fly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian Twine
 His breded Train, and of his fatal Guile

Gave Proof unheeded : Others on the Grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with Pasture, gazing fate.

Milt.

P A R D O N.

Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong ;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the Wrong.

*(of Gran.
Dryd. Conq.*

The Laws that are inanimate,
And feel no Sense of Love or Hate,
That have no Passions of their own,
Nor Pity to be wrought upon ;
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on Criminals, as strict.
But to have Power to forgive,
Is Empire and Prerogative :
And 'tis in Crowns a nobler Gem,
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.

Hud.

P A R T I N G.

Parting is worse than Death ; 'tis Death of Love !
The Soul and Body part not with such Pain,
As I from you.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

Now I would speak the last Farewel, but cannot ;
It would be still Farewel, a thousand times ;
And multiplied in Echoes still Farewel.

I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand :
And be thou silent too, my lost *Sebastian* !

So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Adieu then, O my Soul's far better Bart !

Thy Image sticks so close,

That the Blood follows from my rending Heart.

A last Farewel.

For since a last must come, the rest are vain,

Like Gasps in Death, which but prolong our Pain.

*(of Gran.**Dryd. Conq.*

I cannot, cannot tell her, we must part ;

I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go ;

And th' other should not weep : But oh !

How many Deaths are in this Word Depart ! *Dryd. All for Love.*

Death is parting :

'Tis the last sad Adieu 'twixt Soul and Body.

But this is somewhat worse ! My Joy, my Comfort !

All that was left in Life fleets after thee :

My aking Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties.

So sinks the setting Sun beneath the Waves,

And leaves the Traveller in pathless Woods

Benighted and forlorn : Thus with sad Eyes

Westward he turns to mark the Light's Decay,
Till having lost the last faint Glimpse of Day,
Cheerless in Darkness he pursues his Way. *Rowe Tamerl.* }

Like one who wanders thro' long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour Hunger ; eats his Fill
Before his painful March :

So would I feed a while my famish'd Eyes
Before we part : For I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never must return. *Dryd. All for Love.*

There's such sweet Pain in Parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my Life into thy Eyes. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

What have we gain'd by this one Minute more ?
Only to wish another and another,
A longer Struggling with the Pangs of Death.
Oh ! those that do not know what Parting is,
Can never learn to die.

When I but think this Sight may be our last,
If *Jove* should set me in the Place of *Atlas*,
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,
He could not press 'me more.

Oh ! let me go, that I may know my Grief :
Grief is but guess'd, while thou art standing by :
But I too soon shall know what Absence is.

Why 'tis to be no more ; another Name for Death ;
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North,
And I, methinks, stand on some icy Cliff,
To watch the last low Circles that he makes,
Till he sink down from Heav'n ! O only *Cressida* !
If thou depart from me I cannot live.

I have not Soul enough to last for Grief,
But thou shalt hear what Grief has done with me.

If I could live to hear it, I were false :
But as a fearful Traveller, who, fearing
Assaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind ;
I trust my Heart with thee, and carry with me
Only an empty Casket.

Then I will live that I may keep that Treasure ;
And arm'd with this Assurance, let thee go
Loose, yet secure, as is the gentle Hawk,
When, whistled off, she mounts into the Wind.
Our Loves, like Mountains, hid above the Clouds,
Tho' Winds and Tempests beat their aged Fleet,

Their peaceful Heads, nor Storms, nor Thunder know, (*Cress.*
But scorn the threatning Rack that rolls below. *Dryd. Troil.* &

Since Fate divides us then, since I must lose thee,
For Pity's Sake, for Love's, oh! suffer me,
Thus languishing, thus dying to approach thee,
And sigh my last Adieu upon thy Bosom:
Permit me thus to fold thee in my Arms,
To press thee to my Heart, to taste thy Sweets;
Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight;
Thus for my last of Moments, gaze upon thee,
Thou best, thou only Joy, thou lost *Semanthe*.

For ever I could listen, but the Gods,
The cruel Gods forbid, and thus they part us.
Remember, oh! remember me, *Telemachus!*
Perhaps thou wilt forget me; but no matter:
I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever,
The sad Companion of this faithful Breast,
While Life and Thought remain: And when at last
I feel the icy Hand of Death prevail,
My Heart-strings break, and all my Senses fail,
I'll fix thy Image in my closing Eye,
Sigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die.

Rowe Ulyss.

P A S S I O N S.

They fate them down to weep, nor only Tears
Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worse within,
Began to rise; high Passions, Anger, Hate,
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord; and shook sore
Their inward State of Mind; calm Region once,
And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her Lore, both in Subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath,
Usurping over Sov'reign Reason, claim'd
Superior Sway.

Milt.

Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief to Madness wrought
Despair and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress'd,
Roll'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast.

Dryd. Virg.

Stupid he fate, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,
And various Care revolving in his Mind.
Rage boiling from the bottom of his Breast,
And Sorrow, mix'd with Shame, his Soul oppress'd;
And conscious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought;
And Love, by Jealousy, to Madness wrought.

By

By slow degrees his Reason drove away
The Mists of Passion, and resum'd her Sway. *Dryd. Virg.*

Love, Justice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge,
Have kindled up a Wildfire in my Breast,
And I am all a Civil War within.
And, like a Vessel, struggling in a Storm, *(Fry.)*
Require more Hands than one to steer me upright. *Dryd. Span.*

Thus while he spoke, each Passion dimm'd his Face,
Thrice chang'd with Pale, Ire, Envy, and Despair,
Which marr'd his Visage. *Milt.*

Passions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows. *Lee Alex.*

P A T I E N C E.

Patience in Cowards is tame hopeless Fear,
But in brave Minds, a Scorn of what they bear. *How. Ind. Queen.*

Come what come may,
Patience and Time run thro the roughest Day. *Shak. Macb.*

Men counsel, and give Comfort to that Grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their Counsel turns to Passion, which before
Would give instructful Med'cine unto Rage,
Fetter strong Madnefs in a silken Thred,
Charm Ache with Air, and Agony with Words:
Thus it is all Mens Office to speak Patience,
To those that wring under the Load of Sorrow;
But no Man's Virtue nor Sufficiency
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself.

My Griefs cry louder than Advertisement;
And there was never yet Philosopher
That could endure the Tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the Stile of Gods,
And made a Pish at Chance and Sufferance. *(about Nothing.)*
Shak. Much Ado

P E A C E. *See War.*

Our Armours now may rust, our idle Scimetars
Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not Use:
Children shall beat our Atabals and Drums;
And all the noisy Trades of War no more
Shall wake the peaceful Morn:
Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable Name
Be longer us'd to lull the crying Babe. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Again the Hinds may sing and plow,
And fear no Harm but from the Weather now;
Again may Tradesmen love their Pain,
By knowing now from whom they gain:

The Armour now may be hung up to Sight,
And only in the Halls the Children fright.

*Cowl.*P E A C O C K. *See* Creation.

P E R S E C U T I O N.

A Fury crawl'd from out her Cell,
The bloodiest Minister of Death and Hell.
Huge full-gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders hung,
And Death's dark Courts with their loud Hissing rung,
Her Teeth and Claws were Iron, and her Breath,
Like subterranean Damps, gave present Death.
Flames worse than Hell's shot from her bloody Eyes,
And Fire and Sword eternally she cries.
No certain Shape, no Feature regular,
No Limbs distinct in th' odious Fiend appear.
Her squallid bloated Belly did arise,
Swoln with black Gore to a prodigious Size.
Distended vastly by a mighty Flood
Of slaughter'd Saints, and constant Martyrs Blood.
Part stood out prominent, but Part fell down,
And in a swagging Heap lay wall'wing on the Ground.
Horror, till now the ugliest Shape esteem'd,
So much out-done, a harmless Figure seem'd.
Envy, and *Hate*, and *Malice* blush'd to see
Themselves eclips'd by such Deformity.
Her sev'rish Thirst drinks down a Sea of Blood,
Not of the Impious, but the Just and Good ;
'Gainst whom she burns with unextinguish'd Rage,
Nor can th' exhausted World her Wrath assuage.

Blac.

To subdue th' unconquerable Mind,

To make one Reason have the same Effect
Upon all Apprehensions ; to force this
Or this Man just to think as thou and I do ;
Impossible ! unless Souls, which differ
Like human Faces, were alike in all.

*Rowe Tamerl.*P H I L O S O P H E R *and* P H I L O S O P H Y.

Happy the Man ! alone thrice happy he,
Who can thro gross Effects their Causes see ;
Whose Courage from the Deeps of Knowledg springs,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things :
But does his Walk of Virtue calmly go,
Thro all th' Alarms of Death and Hell below.

Cowl. Virg.

He his Study bent

To cultivate his Mind ; to learn the Laws
Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cause.

*Dryd. Ovid.**He,*

He, tho from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n could move
 With Strength of Mind, and tread th'Abyfs above ;
 And penetrate with his interior Light
 Those upper Depths which Nature hid from Sight.
 And what he had observ'd and learnt from thence,
 Lov'd in familiar Language to dispense.
 The Cloud with silent Admiration stand,
 And heard him as they heard their God's Command.
 When he discours'd of Heav'n's mysterious Laws,
 The World's Original and Nature's Cause ;
 And what was God, and why the fleecy Snows
 In Silence fell, and rattling Winds arose :
 What shook the stedfast Earth, and whence begun
 The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun :
 If Thunder was the Voice of angry *Jove* ;
 Or Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burst above. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Some few, whose Lamps shone brighter, have been led
 From Cause to Cause to Nature's fetret Head :
 And found that one first Principle must be,
 But What; or Who that universal He ;
 Whether some Soul, incompassing this Ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all ;
 Or various Atoms interfering Dance
 Leap'd into Form, the noble Work of Chance ;
 Or this great All was from Eternity :
 Not ev'n the *Stagyrite* himself could see,
 And *Epicurus* guess'd as well as he.
 As blindly grop'd they for a future State,
 As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
 But least of all could their Endeavours find
 What most concern'd the Good of human Kind ;
 For Happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted Ground.
 One thought Content the Good to be enjoy'd ;
 This ev'ry little Accident destroy'd :
 The wiser Madmen did for Virtue toil ;
 A thorny, or at best a barren Soil :
 In Pleasure some their glutton Souls would steep,
 But found their Line too short, the Well too deep,
 And leaky Vessels, which no Bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious Thoughts in endless Circles roll,
 Without a Center where to fix the Soul.
 In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end,
 How can the Less the Greater comprehend ?

Or finite Reason reach Infinity ?

For what could fathom God, were more than he.

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from Shore

The rolling Ship, and hear the Tempest roar :

Not that another's Pain is our Delight,

But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.

'Tis pleasant also to behold from far

The moving Legions mingled in the War :

But much more sweet thy lab'ring Steps to guide

To Virtue's Heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,

And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd ;

From thence to look below on human Kind,

Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind.

O wretched Man ! in what a Mist of Life,

Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noisy Strife,

He spends his little Span ; and overfeeds

His cramm'd Desires with more than Nature needs !

For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,

And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight ;

Which Minds unmix'd with Cares and Fears obtain,

A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.

But just as Children are surpriz'd with Dread,

And tremble in the Dark ; so riper Years,

Ev'n in broad Day-light, are possess'd with Fears ;

And shake at Shadows, fanciful and vain

As those which in the Breasts of Children reign.

These Bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,

No Rays of outward Sun-shine can dispel ;

But Nature and right Reason must display

Their Beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul to Day. *(Lucr. Dryd.)*

Oh ! if the foolish Race of Man, who find

A Weight of Cares still pressing on their Mind,

Could find as well the Cause of this Unrest,

And all this Burden lodg'd within the Breast ;

Sure they would change their Course, not live as now,

Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.

Uneasy both in Country and in Town,

They search a Place to lay their Burden down.

One restless in his Palace walks abroad,

And vainly thinks to leave behind the Load :

But straight returns ; for he's as restless there,

And finds there's no Relief in open Air :

Another to his *Villa* would retire,

And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;

*(Laici.
Dryd. Rel.)*

3

*(Lucr.
Dryd.)*

No sooner enter'd at his Country Door,
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore,
 Or seeks the City which he left before.
 Thus every Man o'er-works his weary Will,
 To shun himself, and to shake off his Ill ;
 The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
 No Prospect of Repose, nor Hope of Ease ;
 The Wretch is ignorant of his Disease ;
 Which known, would all his fruitless Trouble spare,
 For he would know the World not worth his Care :
 Then would he search more deeply for the Cause,
 And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws.

Dryd. Lucr.

Natural Philosophy. See Country Life.

In all her Mazes Nature's Face they view'd,
 And as she disappear'd they still pursu'd :
 Wrapt in the Shades of Night the Goddess lies,
 Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Disguise,
 But shuns the gross Access of vulgar Eyes.
 They find her dubious now, and then as plain ;
 Here she's too sparing, there profusely vain.
 How she unfolds the faint and dawning Strife
 Of infant Atoms kindling into Life ;
 How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
 And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes ;
 And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone,
 By just Degrees to harden into Bone ;
 Whilst the more loose flow from the vital Urn,
 And in full Tides of purple Streams return.
 How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise,
 And dart in Emanations thro the Eyes ;
 How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
 To slake a sev'rish Heat with ambient Show'rs ;
 Whence their mechanick Pow'rs the Spirits claim ;
 How great their Force, how delicate their Frame ;
 How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
 The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain ;
 Why bileous Juice a golden Light puts on,
 And Floods of Chyle in silver Currents run.
 How the dim Speck of Entity began
 To work its brittle Being up to Man ;
 To how minute an Origin we owe
 Young *Ammon*, *Cesar*, and the great *Nassau*.
 Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
 And why chill Virgins redden into Flame ;

Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.
 All Ice why *Lucrece*; or *Sempronia* Fire;
 Why *S——* rages to survive Desire;
 Whence *Milo's* Vigour at th' *Olympicks* shown;
 Whence Tropes to *F——ch* or Impudence to *S——n*;
 Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe;
 Why *Me——n* muddy, *M——gue* why clear.
 Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,
 How Body acts upon impassive Mind;
 How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
 Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire;
 Why our Complexions oft our Souls declare,
 And how the Passions in the Features are;
 How Touch and Harmony arise between
 Corporeal Substances and things unseen.
 With mighty Truths mysterious to descry,
 Which in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

Gar.

He sung

The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon,
 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun;
 Th' Original of Man and Beasts; and whence
 The Rains arise, and Fires their Warmth dispense,
 And fixt and erring Stars dispose their Influence:
 What shakes the solid Earth; what Cause delays
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.

Dryd. Virg.

His noble Verse thro Nature's Secrets leads:
 He sung how Earth blots the Moon's gilded Wane,
 While foolish Men beat sounding Brass in vain:
 Why the great Waters her slight Horns obey;
 Her changing Horns not constanter than they.
 He sung how griesly Comets hang in Air;
 Why Sword and Plagues attend their fatal Hair:
 Why Contraries feed Thunder in the Cloud,
 What Motions vex it till it roar so loud;
 How lambent Fires become so wond'rous tame,
 And bear such shining Winter in their Flame:
 What radiant Pencil draws the wat'ry Bow;
 What ties up Hail, and picks the fleecy Snow;
 What Palsy of the Earth here shakes fix'd Hills
 From off her Brows, and here whole Rivers spills.

Cowl.

With Wonder he surveys the upper Air,
 And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there;

And

And lambent Jellies, kindling in the Night,
 Shoot thro' the *Æther* in a Trail of Light :
 How rising Steams in th' azure Fluid blend,
 Or fleet in Clouds, or in soft Show'rs descend ;
 Or if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
 In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
 How Honey-Dews imbalm the fragrant Morn,
 And the fair Oak with luscious Sweets adorn.
 How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass,
 Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.
 Why nimble Coruscations strike the Eye,
 Or bold *Tornado's* bluster in the Sky.
 Why a prolifick *Aura* upward tends,
 Ferments, and in a living Show'r descends.
 How Vapours, hanging on the tow'ring Hills,
 In Breezes sigh, or weep in warbling Rills.
 Whence infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
 And River Gods their thirsty Urns supply.

Gar.

How in the Moon such Change of Shapes is found,
 The Moon, the changing World's eternal Bound :
 What shakes the solid Earth, what strong Disease
 Dares trouble the fair Center's antient Ease :
 What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance :
 Varieties too regular for Chance !
 What drives the Chariot on of Winter's Light,
 And stops the lazy Waggon of the Night.

Cowl. Virg.

Then sung the Bard, how the light Vapours rise
 From the warm Earth, and cloud the smiling Skies.
 He sung, how some, chill'd in their airy Flight,
 Fall scatter'd down in pearly Dew by Night ;
 How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret Steams
 On the reflected Points of bounding Beams ;
 Till, chill'd with Cold, they shade th' ethereal Plain,
 Then on the thirsty Earth descend in Rain.
 How some, whose Parts a slight Contexture show,
 Sink, hov'ring thro' the Air in fleecy Snow.
 How Part is strung in silken Threds, and clings
 Entangled in the Grass in glewy Strings :
 How others, stamp'd to Stones, with rushing Sound
 Fall from their crystal Quarries to the Ground.
 How some are laid in Trains, that kindled fly
 In harmless Fires by Night about the Sky.
 How some on Winds blow with impetuous Force,
 And carry Ruin where they bend their Course ;

While

While some conspire to form a gentle Breeze,
 To fan the Air, and play among the Trees.
 How some enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,
 Pent in the Bowels of a frowning Cloud,
 That cracks as if the Axis of the World
 Was broke, and Heav'n's bright Tow'rs were downwards hurl'd. (Blac.

He was a shreud Philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over.
 Whatever Sceptick could enquire for,
 For ev'ry Why he had a Wherefore.
 He could reduce all Things to Acts,
 And knew their Nature by Abstracts :
 Where Entity and Quiddity,
 The Ghosts of defunct Bodies fly :
 Where Truth in Person does appear,
 Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysick Wit can fly. Hud.

P H O E N I X.

Thus all receive their Birth from other things,
 But from himself the Phoenix only springs :
 Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame,
 In which he burn'd, another and the same :
 Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life sustains,
 But the sweet Effence of Ammomum drains ;
 And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,
 While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.
 He (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
 His Nest on Oaken Boughs begins to build,
 Or trembling Tops of Palm : And first he draws
 The Plan with his broad Bill and crooked Claws,
 Nature's Artificers ; on this the Pile
 Is form'd, and rises round : Then with the Spoil
 Of Cassia, Cinnamon, and Stems of Nard,
 For Softness strew'd beneath, his Funeral Bed is rear'd :
 Funeral and Bridal both ; and all around
 The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd.
 On this incumbent, till ethereal Flame
 First catches, then consumes the costly Frame ;
 Consumes him too, as on the Pile he lies ;
 He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.
 An Infant Phoenix from the former springs,
 His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings

Shakes off his Parent Dust : His Method he pursues,
 And the same Lease of Life on the same Terms renews.
 When grown to Manhood he begins to reign,
 And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain :
 He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore
 His Father's Royal Sepulchre before,
 And his own Cradle ; this, with pious Care
 Plac'd on his Back, he cuts the buxom Air,
 Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,
 And decently lays down his Burden in the Porch. *Dryd. Ovid.*

P H Y S I C K.

Physick can but mend our crazy State ;
 Patch an old Building, not a new create. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The first Physicians by Debauch were made ;
 Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.

By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food ;
 Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood :
 But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
 Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten ;
 Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
 Than see the Doctor for a pois'nous Draught.
 The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend ;
 God never made his Work for Man to mend. *Dryd.*

He 'scapes the best, who Nature to repair,
 Draws Physick from the Fields in Draughts of vital Air. *Dryd.*

P I T Y.

As softest Metals are not slow to melt,
 So Pity soonest runs in gentle Minds. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Pity on fresh Objects only stays,
 But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Rocks were mov'd to Pity with his Moan,
 Trees bent their Heads to hear him sing his Wrongs, (*Dryd. Virg.*
 Fierce Tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning Tongues.

The Brave and Wise we pity in Misfortunes ;
 But when Ingratitude and Folly suffer,
 'Tis Weakness to be touch'd. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

P L A G U E.

The rising Vapours choak the wholesom Air,
 And Blasts of noisom Winds corrupt the Year.
 The Trees devouring Caterpillars burn,
 Parch'd with the Grass, and blighted with the Corn :
 Nor 'scape the Beasts, for *Sirius* from on high
 With pestilential Heats infests the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*

The raw Damps

With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
 Scatt'ring their pestilential Colds and Rheums
 Thro all the lazy Air : Hence Murrains follow
 On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds.
 At last the Malady
 Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog
 Dy'd at his Master's Feet ; and next his Master.
 For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
 First on inferiour Creatures try their Force,
 And last they seiz'd on Man :

And then a thousand Deaths at once advanc'd,
 And ev'ry Dart took place. All was so sudden,
 That scarce a first Man fell : One but began
 To wonder, and straight fell a Wonder too ;
 A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,
 Drop'd in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan ?
 A Troop of Ghosts took Flight together there.
 Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
 For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes.
 With dead and dying Men our Streets lie cover'd ;
 And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements
 More than she hides in Graves.

Between the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen
 The nuptial Torch do common Offices
 Of Marriage and of Death. Cast round your Eyes,
 Where late the Streets were so thick-sown with Men,
 Like *Cadmus'* Brood they juttled for their Passage ;
 Now look for those erected Heads, and see 'em,
 Like Pebbles, paving all our publick Ways.

Dryd. Oedip.

O'er *Ethiopia*, and the Southern Sands,
 A mortal Influence came,
 Kindled by Heav'n's angry Beam :
 Who all the Stores of Poison sent,
 Threat'ning at once a gen'ral Doom,
 Lavish'd out all their Hate, and meant
 In future Ages to be innocent.

Those *Africk* Desarts straight were double Desarts grown,
 The rav'nous Beasts were left alone.
 The rav'nous Beasts then first began,
 To pity their old En'my Man,
 And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves have done.
 Nor staid the cruel Evil there ;

Plagues presently forsake
 The Wilderness which they themselves do make ;
 Away the deadly Breaths their Journey take,
 Driv'n by a mighty Wind :
 The loaded Wind went swiftly on,
 And as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan :
 Thence it did *Persia* over-run ;
 In every Limb a dreadful Pain they felt ;
 Tortur'd with secret Coals they melt.
 The *Persians* call'd their Sun in vain,
 Their God increas'd their Pain :
 They look'd up to their God no more,
 But curse the Beams they worshipp'd before.
 Glutted with Ruins of the *East*,
 She took her Wings, and down to *Athens* past :
 Just Plague ! which dost no Parties take,
 But *Greece* as well as *Persia* sack :
 Without the Wall the *Spartan* Army sat,
 The *Spartan* Army came too late,
 For now there was no further Work for Fate.
 They saw the City open lay,
 An easy and a bootless Prey ;
 They saw the Ramparts empty stand,
 The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unmann'd :
 No Need of Cruelty or Slaughter now,
 The Plague had finish'd what they came to do.
 They now might unresisted enter there,
 Did they not the very Air
 More than th' *Athenians* fear ;
 The Air it self to them was Wall and Bulwarks too.
 The Air no more was vital now,
 But did a mortal Poison grow.
 The Lungs, which us'd to fan the Heart,
 Serv'd only now to fire each Part ;
 What should refresh, increas'd the Smart.
 And now their very Breath,
 The chiefest Sign of Life, became the Cause of Death.
 Upon the Head first the Disease,
 As a bold Conqu'ror does seize ;
 Blood started thro each Eye,
 The Redness of that Sky
 Foretold a Tempest nigh.
 The Tongue did flow all o'er
 With clotted Filth and Gore :

Hoarseness and Sores the Throat did fill,
 And stop't the Passages of Speech and Life :
 Too cruel and imperious Ill !
 Which not content to kill,
 With tyrannous and dreadful Pain,
 Dost take from Men the very Power to complain.
 Then down it went into the Breast,
 There all the Seats and Shops of Life possess'd :
 Such noisom Smells from thence did come,
 As if the Stomach were a Tomb.
 No Food would there abide,
 Or if it did, turn'd to the Enemy's Side ;
 The very Meat new Poisons to the Plague supply'd.
 Next to the Heart the Fires came,
 The tainted Blood its Course began,
 And carry'd Death where-e'er it ran :
 That which before was Nature's noblest Art,
 The Circulation from the Heart,
 Was more destructful now,
 And Nature speedier did undo.
 The Belly felt at last its Share,
 And all the subtle Labyrinths there
 Of winding Bowels, did new Monsters bear.
 Here sev'n Days it rul'd and sway'd,
 And oftner kill'd, because it Death so long delay'd :
 But if thro Strength and Heat of Age,
 The Body overcame its Rage,
 The vanquish'd Evil took from them
 Who conquer'd it, some Part, some Limb ;
 Some all their Lives before forgot,
 Their Minds were but one darker Blot :
 Those various Pictures in the Head,
 And all the num'rous Shapes were fled ;
 They pass'd the *Lethe* Lake altho they did not die.
 Whatever lesser Maladies Men had,
 Those petty Tyrants fled,
 And at this mighty Conqu'ror shrunk their Head.
 Fevers, Agues, Palsies, Stone,
 Gout, Cholick, and Consumption,
 And all the milder Generation,
 By which Mankind is by degrees undone,
 Were quickly routed out and gone.
 Physicians now could nought prevail,

No Aid of Herbs, or Juices Pow'r ;
 None of *Apollo's* Art could cure ;
 But help'd the Plague the speedier to devour.
 Some cast into the Pit the Urn,
 And drank it dry at its Return :
 Again they drew, again they drank ;
 They drank, and found they flam'd the more,
 And only added to the burning Store.
 So strong the Heat, so strong the Torments were,
 They like some Burden bear
 The lightest Covering of Air :
 The Virgins blush not, yet uncloth'd appear ;
 The Pain and the Disease did now
 Unwillingly reduce Men to
 That Nakedness once more,
 Which perfect Health, and Innocence caus'd before.
 Their fiery Eyes, like Stars, wak'd all the Night,
 No Sleep, no Peace, no Rest,
 Their wandering and affrighted Minds possess'd.
 Upon their Souls, and Eyes,
 Hell, and eternal Horror lies.
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray,
 Sometimes they Cruelties and Fury breath,
 Not Sleep, but Waking now was Sister unto Death.
 Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay,
 The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take the Flesh away.
 In vain she call'd ; they came not nigh,
 Nor would their Food with their own Ruin buy :
 * *Whom Tyrant Hunger press'd,*
And forc'd to taste ; he prov'd a wretched Guest ;
The Price was Life : It was a costly Feast.
 Here lies a Mother and her Child,
 The Infant suck'd as yet, and smil'd,
 But straight by its own Food was kill'd.
 There Parents hugg'd their Children fast,
 Here parting Lovers last embrac'd ;
 But yet not parting neither,
 They both expir'd and went away together.
 Here Pris'ners in the Dungeon die,
 And gain a twofold Liberty :
 Here others, poison'd by the Scent,
 Which from corrupted Bodies went,

* *These three Lines are in Creech's Lucretius.*

Quickly return the Death they did receive,
 And Death to others give.
 And e'en after Death they all are Murd'ers here.
 Up starts the Soldier from his Bed,
 He, tho Death's Servant, is not freed.
 The learned too as fast as others die,
 They from Corruption are not free,
 Are mortal, tho they give an Immortality.
 They turn'd their Authors o'er to try,
 What Help, what Cure, what Remedy,
 All Nature's Stores against this Plague supply.
 And tho besides they shunn'd it every where,
 They search'd it in their Books, and fain would meet it there.
 There was no Number now of Death,
 The Sisters scarce stood still to breathe,
 But weary'd quite with cutting single Threads,
 Began at once to part whole Looms ;
 One Stroke did give whole Houses Dooms.
 But what, Great Gods ! was worst of all,
 Hell forth its Magazine of Lust did call,
 Into the upper World it went ;
 Such Guilt, such Wickedness,
 Such Irreligion did increase,
 That the few Good that did survive,
 Were angry with the Plague for suff'ring them to live,
 More for the Living than the Dead did grieve.
 Some robb'd the very Dead,
 Tho sure to be infected e'er they fled.
 Some nor the Shrines nor Temples spar'd,
 Nor Gods, nor Heavens fear'd,
 Tho such Examples of their Pow'r appear'd.
 Virtue was esteem'd an empty Name,
 And Honesty the foolish Voice of Fame.
 For having pass'd those tort'ring Flames before,
 They thought the Punishment already o'er ;
 Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.

(*Bishop of Rochester's Plague of Athens.*)
 P L A N E T.

Like some malignant Planet,
 Foe to the Harvest, and the healthy Year,
 That scouls adverse, and lours upon the World,
 When all the other Stars with gentle Aspect
 Propitious shine, and meaning Good to Man. . . *Rowe. Fair. Pen.*

Planet of Saturn.

Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place,
 Till Length of Time, and move with tardy Pace.
 Man feels me when I press th' ethereal Plains,
 My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.
 Mine is the Shipwreck in a war'y Sign,
 And in an earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.
 Cold shiv'ring Agues, melancholy Care,
 And bitter blasting Winds, and poison'd Air,
 And wilful Death resulting from Despair.
 The throttling Quinsey 'tis my Star appoints,
 And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints.
 When Churls rebel against their native Prince,
 I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence :
 And housing in the *Lion's* hateful Sign,
 Bought Senates, and deserting Troops are mine.
 Mine is the privy Pois'ning : I command
 Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.
 By me King's Palaces are push'd to Ground,
 And Miners crush'd beneath their Mines are found.
 'Twas I slew *Sampson*, when the pillar'd Hall
 Fell down, and crush'd the Many with the Fall.
 My Looking is the Sire of Pestilence,
 That sweeps at once the People and the Prince. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

P L A Y E R.

I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
 Speak, and look back, and pry on ev'ry Side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw,
 Intending deep Suspicion. Ghastly Looks
 Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles :
 And both are ready in their Offices,
 At any Time to grace my Stratagems.

Shak. Rich. 3.

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
 But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,
 Could force his Soul so to his whole Conceit,
 That from her Working all his Visage warm'd ;
 Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect,
 A broken Voice, and his whole Function firing
 With Forms to his Conceit? And all for Nothing !
 For *Hecuba* ! What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do
 Had he the Motive, and the Cue for Passion
 That I have? He would drown the Stage with Tears,
 And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech :

Make

Make mad the guilty, and apale the Free,
 Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears.

Shak. Haml.

Like a Player,
 Bellowing his Passion till he break the Spring,
 And his rack'd Voice jar to the Audience. *Shak. Troil. & Cress.*
 The purple Emp'rors, who in Buskins tread,
 And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread. *Gar.*

P L E A S U R E.

Pleasure never comes sincere to Man,
 But lent by Heav'n upon hard Usury :
 And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
 E'er it can reach our Lips, 'tis dash'd with Gall
 By some left-handed God. *Dryd. Oedip.*

The Gods will frown where-ever they do smile ;
 The Crocodile infests the fertile *Nile*.
 Lions and Tygers on the *Lybian* Plain,
 Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swain.
 Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,
 They fear their Ruin midst of their Delight. *Dorf.*

Delights, those beautiful Illusions, play
 Around us ; and when grasp'd, they glide away :
 They shew themselves, but will not with us dwell,
 But like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretel.
 Pure unmix'd Pleasures on us never flow'd,
 But stream, like watry Sun-beams, thro a Cloud. *Blac.*

And frequent Use does the Delight exclude :
 Pleasure's a Toil when constantly pursu'd.
 One Grain of Bad imbitters all the Best.

*Cong. Juv.
Dryd. Hom.*

P O E T A S T E R.

He Rhymes appropriate could make,
 To ev'ry Month in th' Almanack :
 When Terms begin and end, could tell,
 With their Returns, in Doggerel.
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
 And Sow-gelder with Safety cuts.
 When Men may eat and drink their Fill,
 And when be temp'rate, if they will.
 When use, and when abstain from Vice,
 Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
 In Lyricks he would write an Ode on
 His Mistrefs eating a Black-pudding.
 And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
 It puff'd him with poetick Rapture.

His Sonnets charm'd th' attentive Croud,
 By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,
 That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests,
 Like *Orpheus* look'd among the Beasts.
 A Carman's Horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to Poetry :
 Each Window like a Pill'ry 'ppears,
 With Heads thrust thro, nail'd by the Ears :
 All Trades run in as to the Sight
 Of Monsters, or their dear Delight
 'The Gallow-Tree, when cutting Purse
 Breeds Bus'ness for Heroick Verse :
 Which none does hear, but would have hung,
 T'have been the Theme of such a Song.

Hud.

POETRY and POETS. See Musick, River, Stile, Verse.

Sometimes of humble rural things,
 Thy Muse in middle Air with vary'd Numbers sings ;
 And sometimes her sonorous Flight
 To Heav'n sublimely wings.

But first takes time with Majesty to rise,
 Then without Pride divinely great,
 She mounts her native Skies,
 And Goddess-like retains her State,
 When down again she flies.

Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,
 Both to depress her Flight, and raise.

Thus *Mercury* from Heav'n descends,
 But still descending, Dignity maintains ;
 As much a God upon our humble Plains,
 As when he tow'ring re-ascends to Heav'n.

But when thy Goddess takes her flight,
 With such a Majesty, to such a Height,
 As can alone suffice to prove
 That she descends from mighty *Jove* ;

Gods ! how thy Thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine !
 Immortal Spirit animates each Line :

Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is crown'd,
 Each has Magnificence of Sound,
 And Harmony Divine.

Thus the first Orbs in their high Rounds,
 With shining Pomp advance,
 And to their own celestial Sounds
 Majestically dance.

Or with eternal Symphony they roll,

Each

Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,
 And each inform'd by the prodigious Force
 Of an Empyrean Soul.

Dennis to Dryd.

In your Lines let Energy be found,
 And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound :
 Slide without falling, without straining soar.
 Harsh Words, tho pertinent, uncooth appear ;
 None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
 In Sense and Numbers if you would excel,
 Read *Wycherly*, consider *Dryden* well.
 In one what vig'rous Turns of Fancy shine !
 In th' other, *Syrens* warble in each Line !
 If *Dorset's* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
 The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft Desire,
 And little *Loves* confess their am'rous Fire.
 The gentle *Isis* claims the ivy Crown,
 To bind th' immortal Brows of *Addison*.
 As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods; the list'ning Fawns the Plains,
 And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.
 When *Stepney* paints the God-like Acts of Kings,
 Or what *Apollo* dictates *Prior* sings,
 The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,
 And silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

}

}

Gar.

}

Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
 That can with a resistless Charm impart
 The loofest Wishes to the chastest Heart ;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
 Between declining Virtue and Desire,
 That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

Roch.

Such were the Numbers, which could call
 The Stones into the *Theban* Wall.

Cowl.

As there is Musick uninform'd by Art,
 In those wild Notes, which with a merry Heart.
 The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,
 Who better taught at home, yet please us less :
 So in your Verse a native Sweetness dwells,
 Which shames Composure, and its Art excels.
 Singing no more can your soft Numbers grace,
 Than Paint add Charms unto a beauteous Face.
 Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
 Their even Calmness does suppose them deep ;
 Such is your Muse :

So firm a Strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in *Sampson's* Riddle meet. *Dryd. to Sir Rob. Howard.*

The Colours there so artfully are laid,
They fear no Lustre, and they want no Shade. *Stepn. to L. Hallifax.*

Not fierce, but awful in his manly Page;
Bold is his Strength, but sober is his Rage. *Dryd. Persf.*

We must admire to see thy well-knit Sense,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Those as thy Forehead smooth, these sparkling as thy Eye.

'Tis solid and 'tis manly all,

Or rather, 'tis angelical.

For, as in Angels, we

Do in thy Verses see

Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet; *(Cowl. to Orinda.)*

They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.

With conceal'd Design

Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join;

And with a sly insinuating Grace

Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the face:

Would raise a Blush where secret Vice he found,

And tickle while he gently prob'd the Wound.

With seeming Innocence the Croud beguil'd,

And made the desperate Passes when he finil'd. *Dryd. Persf.*

Pindar's unnavigable Song

Like a swoln Flood from some steep Mountain pours along;

The Ocean meets with such a Voice

From his enlarged Mouth, as drowns the Ocean's Noise.

So *Pindar* does new Words and Figures roll

Down his impetuous *Dithyrambick* Tide,

Which in no Channel deigns t' abide;

Which neither Banks nor Dikes controul.

Whether th' immortal Gods he sings

In no less immortal Strain,

Or the great Acts of God-descended Kings,

Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.

Whether 'at *Pisa's* Race he please

To carve in polish'd Verse the Conqu'rors Images:

Whether the Swift, the Skilful, or the Strong

Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vig'rous Song;

Whether some brave young Man's untimely Fate,

In Words worth dying for he celebrate.

He bids him live and grow in Fame,

Among the Stars he sticks his Name:

The Grave can but the Drofs of him devour ;
 So fmall is Death's, fo great's the Poet's Power.
 Lo ! how th' obfequious Wind and fwelling Air

The *Theban* Swan does upwards bear
 Into the Walks of Clouds, where he does play,
 And with extended Wings opens his liquid Way.

While alas ! my tim'rous Mufe
 Unambitious Tracks purfues ;
 Does with weak unballast'd Wings
 About the moffy Brooks and Springs,
 About the Trees new-bloffom'd Heads,
 About the Gardens painted Beds,
 About the Fields and flow'ry Meads ;
 And all inferiour beauteous things,

Like the laborious Bee,

For little Drops of Honey flee,

And there with humble Sweets content her Industry. *Cowl. Hor.*

Mean as I am, yet have the *Mufes* made
 Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade :
 I could have once fung down a Summer's Sun,
 But now the Chime of Poetry is done ;
 My Voice grows hoarfe, I feel the Notes decay :

For Cares and Time

Change all things, and untune my Soul for Rhyme. *Dryd. Virg.*

POLYPHEMUS and his Den.

The Cave, tho large, was dark : The difmal Floor
 Was pav'd with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.
 The monftrous Hoft, of more than human fize,
 Erects his Head, and ftares within the Skies.
 Bellowing his Voice, and horrid is his Hiew.
 The Joints of flaughter'd Wretches is his Food,
 And for his Wine he quaffs the ftreaming Blood.
 Thefe Eyes beheld, when with his fpacious Hand
 He feiz'd two Captives of the *Grecian* Band ;
 Stretch'd on his Back, he dafh'd againft the Stones
 Their broken Bodies, and their crackling Bones :
 With fputing Blood the purple Pavement fwims,
 While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.

Thus gorg'd with Flefh, and drunk with human Wine,
 While faft afleep the Giant lay fupine,
 Snoring aloud, and belching from his Maw
 His indigefted Foam and Morsels raw :

We furround

The monftrous Body stretch'd along the Ground :

Each, as he could approach him, lends a Hand
 To bore his Eye-ball with a flaming Brand.
 Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye :
 For only one did the vast Frame supply ;
 But that a Globe so large, his Front it fill'd,
 Like the Sun's Disk, or like a *Grecian* Shield.
 The Stroke succeeds, and down the Pupil bends.
 Such, and so vast as *Polypheme* appears,
 A hundred more this hated Island bears :
 Like him, in Caves they shut their woolly Sheep,
 Like him their Herds on Tops of Mountains keep,
 Like him with mighty Strides they stalk from Steep to Steep. }
 I oft from Rocks a dreadful Prospect see
 Of the huge *Cyclops*, like a walking Tree :
 From far I hear his thund'ring Voice resound,
 And trampling Feet that shake the solid Ground.
 Scarce had he said, when on the Mountain's Brow
 We saw the Giant-Shepherd stalk before
 His foll'wing Flock, and leading to the Shore.
 A monstrous Bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight :
 His Staff a Trunk of Pine, to guide his Steps aright.
 His pond'rous Whistle from his Neck descends ; }
 His woolly Care their pensive Lord attends ;
 This only Solace his hard Fortune sends.
 Soon as he reach'd the Shore, and touch'd the Waves ;
 From his gor'd Eye the gutt'ring Blood he laves :
 He gnash'd his Teeth, and groan'd ; thro Seas he strides,
 And scarce the topmost Billows touch'd his Sides.
 Seiz'd with a sudden Fear, we run to Sea ;
 And buckling to the Work, our Oars divide the Main.
 The Giant hearken'd to the dashing Sound ;
 But when our Vessel out of reach he found,
 He strided downward, and in vain essay'd
 Th' *Ionian* Deep, and durst no farther wade.
 With that, he roar'd aloud ; the dreadful Cry
 Shakes Earth, and Air, and Seas : the Billows fly }
 Before the bell'wing Noise to distant *Italy*.
 The neighb'ring *Ætna* trembling all around,
 The winding Caverns echo to the Sound.
 His Brother *Cyclops* hear the yelling Roar ;
 And, rushing down the Mountains, croud the Shoar.
 We saw their stern distorted Looks from far,
 And one-ey'd Glance, that vainly threaten'd War.

A dreadful Council, with their Heads on high,
The misty Clouds about their Foreheads fly ;
Not yielding to the tow'ring Tree of *Jove*,
Or tallest Cypress of *Diana's* Grove.

Dryd. Virg.

POPULACE.

The Vulgar, a scarce-animated Clod,
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God. *Dryd. Auren.*

That hot-mouth'd Beast that bears against the Curb :
Hard to be broken ev'n by lawful Kings,
But harder by Usurpers.

Almighty Croud ! thou shorten'st all Dispute,
Pow'r is thy Essence, Wit thy Attribute :
Nor Faith nor Reason makes thee at a stay, *(Med.*
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal Truths in thy Pindarick Way. *Dryd.*

Base mongril Souls ! flesh 'em but once with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to death :
But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
They'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails, *(Guise.*
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy. *Lee D. of*

Diffensious Rogues,

That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinions,
Make your selves Scabs.
That like not Peace nor War : the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.

Who deserves Greatness,

Deserves your Hate. Your Affections are
A sick Man's Appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his Evil. He that depends
Upon your Favours, swims with Fins of Lead. *Shak. Coriol.*

The Scum

That rises upmost when the Nation boils. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And listen with their Mouths.

Some tell, some hear, some judg of News, some make it,
And he that lyes most loud, is most believ'd. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night
Than at the Mid-day Sun : A drousy Horrour
Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake :
All croud in heaps, as at a Night Alarm,
The Bees drive out upon each other's backs,
T' imboss their Hives in Clusters : All ask News ;
Their busy Captain runs the weary Round,
To whisper Orders ; and commanding Silence, *(Seb.*
Makes not Noise cease, but deafens it to Murmurs. *Dryd. Don*
The

The Commonwealth is sick of their own Choice,
 Their over-greedy Love has surfeited :
 A Habitation giddy and unsure
 Has he that builds upon the vulgar Hearts.
 O thou fond Many ! with what loud Applause,
 Did'st thou beat Heav'n with blessing *Bullingbrook*,
 Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?
 But being trim'd up in thy own Desires,
 Thou beastly Feeder art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.
 So, so thou common Dog, did'st thou disgorge
 Thy glutton Bosom of the Royal *Richard*,
 And now thou would'st eat thy dead Vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What Trust is in these Times ?
 They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd of his Grave :
 Thou that threw'st Dust upon his goodly Head,
 When thro' proud *London* he came fighting on,
 After th' admir'd Heels of *Bullingbrook*,
 Cry'st now, O Earth ! yield us that King again,
 And take thou this.

Shak. 2 Part Hen. 4.

The Genius of your *Moors* is Mutiny :
 They scarcely want a Guide to move their Madness :
 Prompt to rebel on ev'ry weak Pretence,
 Blust'ring when courted, crouching when oppress'd ;
 Wise to themselves, and Fools to all the World :
 Restless in Change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
 They love Religion sweeten'd to the Sense ;
 A good luxurious palatable Faith.
 Thus Vice and Godliness, preposterous Pair,
 Ride Cheek by Jowl ! but Churchmen hold the Reins :
 And when'er Kings would lower Clergy Greatness,
 They'll learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,
 And whose the Subjects are.

Dryd. Don Seb.

By Heav'n, 'twas never well since saucy Priests
 Grew to be Masters of the list'ning Herd,
 And into Mitres cleft the Regal Crown.

Shak. Troil. & Cress.

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,
 When such as these unmake or make a King !

(Gran.

Dryd. Conq. of

Observe the Mountain Billows of the Main,
 Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm :
 Brush off those Winds, and the high Waves return
 Into their quiet first created Calm :
 Such is the Rage of busy blust'ring Crouds,

Tormented by th' Ambition of the Great :
Cut off the Causes, and th' Effects will cease,
And all the moving Madness fall in Peace.

Dryd. Cleom.

I have no Taste
Of popular Applause, the noisy Praise
Of giddy Crouds, as changeable as Winds ;
Still vehement, and still without a Cause :
Servants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide
Of swoln Success, but veering with its Ebb,
It leaves the Channel dry.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

As when in Tumults rise th' ignoble Croud,
Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud ;
And Stones and Brands in rattling Volumes fly,
And all the rustick Arms that Fury can supply :
If then some grave and pious Man appear,
They hush their Noise, and lend a list'ning Ear ;
He sooths with sober Words their angry Mood,
And quenches their innate Desire of Blood.

Dryd. Virg.

The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,
With Noise say nothing, and in Parts divide.

Dryd. Virg.

In Tumults People reign, and Kings obey. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

The People like a headlong Torrent go,
And ev'ry Dam they break or overflow :
But unoppos'd they either lose their Force,
Or wind in Volumes to their former Course.

*(Gran.
Dryd. Conq. of*

Their Fright to no Persuasions will give ear,
There's a deaf Madness in a People's Fear.

*(Gran.
Dryd. Conq. of*

P O P U L A R.

Th' admiring Croud are dazzled with Surprise,
And on his goodly Person feed their Eyes ;
His Joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
On each side bowing popularly low :
His Looks, his Gestures, and his Words he frames,
And with familiar Ease repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret Hearts ;
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star,
And Shouts of Joy salute him from afar.
Each House receives him as a Guardian-God,
And consecrates the Place of his Abode.

Dryd. Abs. & Achir.

The People rend the Skies with loud Applause,
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours ;
The thronging Crouds press on you as you pass,
And with their eager Joy make Triumph slow.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.
Thou*

Thou art thy longing Country's Darling and Desire,
 Their cloudy Pillar, and their Guardian Fire :
 Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
 Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land :
 Whose dawning Day, in ev'ry distant Age,
 Has exercis'd the sacred Prophet's Rage ;
 The People's Pray'r, the glad Diviners Theme,
 The young Mens Vision, and the old Mens Dream.
 Thee Saviour, thee the Nation's Vows confess ;
 And, never satisfy'd with seeing, blest.

(*☉ Achiit.*
Dryd. Abf.

Swift, unbefpoken Poms thy Steps proclaim,
 And stamm'ring Babes are taught to lisp thy Name.
 All Tongues speak of him, and the bleared Sights
 Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prating Nurse

Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
 While she chats him. The Kitchin Malkin pins
 Her richest Lockram 'bout her reeky Neck,
 Clamb'ring the Walls to see him :
 Stalls, Bulks, Windows are smother'd up,
 Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd.
 I've seen the Dumb Men throng to see him,
 And the Blind to hear him speak. The Nobles bended
 As to *Jove's* Statue ; and the Commons made
 A Show'r and Thunder with their Caps and Shouts.

Shak. Coriol.

P O I S O N.

Observe in this small Phial certain Death,
 It holds a Poison of such deadly Force,
 Should *Æsculapius* drink it, in five hours,
 For then it works, the God himself were mortal :
 I drew it from *Nonacris'* horrid Spring.

It scatters Pains,

All forts, and thro all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
 Ev'n with Extremity of Frost it burns :
 Drives the distracted Soul about her House,
 Who runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
 Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.

Lee Alex.

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, search my wounded Reins :
 Pull, draw it out :

Oh ! I am shot, a forked burning Arrow
 Sticks cross my Shoulders, the sad Venom flies
 Like Lightning thro my Flesh, my Blood, my Marrow.
 Ha ! what a Change of Torments I endure ?
 A Bolt of Ice runs hissing thro my Bowels,
 'Tis sure the Arm of Death ;

Cover me, for I freeze, my Teeth chatter,
And my Knees knock together.

Perd. Heav'n blefs the King!

Alex. Ha! who talks of Heav'n?

I am all Hell, I burn, I burn agen.

My vital Spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.

Lee Alex.

Nothing in vain the Gods create ;
This Bough was made to hasten Fate.

'Twas in Compassion of our Woe,
That Nature first made Poisons grow ;

For hopeless Wretches, such as I,
Kindly providing Means to die.

As Mothers do their Children keep,
So Nature feeds, and makes us sleep :

The Indispos'd she does invite,
To go to bed before 'tis Night.

Dead I shall be, as when unborn ;

And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn.

Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free
From Passion and from Injury.

The Living, chain'd to Fortune's Wheel,
In Triumph led, her Changes feel :

And Conquerors kept Poisons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.

Bays against Thunder might defend their Brow ;

But against Love and Fortune here's the Bough.

Wall.

Quick Shootings thro' my Limbs, and pricking Pains,

Qualms at my Heart, Convulsions in my Nerves,

Shiv'rings of Cold, and burning of my Entrails,

Within my little World make medley War,

Lose and regain, beat and are beaten back,

As momentary Victors quit their Ground ;

Some deadly Draught, some Enemy to Life

Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul.

Dryd. Don Seb.

PREDESTINATION and FREE-WILL. *See Fate.*

But here the Doctors eagerly dispute,

Some hold Predestination absolute :

Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first foresees,

And in the Virtue of Foresight decrees.

If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will ;

And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill :

For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,

Or his eternal Prescience may be vain.

As

As bad for us if Prescience had not been :
 For first, or last, he's Author of the Sin.
 And who says that, let the blaspheming Man
 Say worse, ev'n of the Devil, if he can.
 For how can that eternal Pow'r be just
 To punish Man, who sins because he must ?
 Or, how can he reward a virtuous Deed,
 Which is not done by us, but first decreed ?
 I cannot boult this Matter to the Bran,
 As *Bradwardin* and holy *Austin* can :
 If Prescience can determine Actions so,
 That we must do, because he did foreknow ;
 Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,
 Not forc'd to sin by strict Necessity.
 This strict Necessity they simple call,
 Another sort there is conditional.
 The first so binds the Will, that things foreknown,
 By Spontaneity, not Choice, are done.
 Thus Galley-Slaves tug willing at their Oar,
 Content to work in prospect of the Shore ;
 But would not work at all, if not constrain'd before. }
 The other does not Liberty restrain ;
 But Man may either act, or may refrain :
 Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,
 And forc'd it not, tho he foresaw the Will.
 Freedom was first bestow'd on human Race,
 And Prescience only held the second Place.
 If he could make such Agents wholly free,
 I'll not dispute, the Point's too high for me :
 For Heav'n's unfathom'd Pow'r what Man can sound,
 Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound ?
 He made us to his Image, all agree,
 That Image is the Soul, and that must be, }
 Or not the Maker's Image, or 'be free.
 But whether it had better Man had been
 By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin,
 I wave, for fear of splitting on a Rock. - *Dryd. The Cock and*
 The Priesthood grossly cheat us with Free-will ;
 Will to do what ? But what Heav'n first decreed.
 Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
 Since from eternal Causes they proceed.
 Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
 Mere senseless Engines that are mov'd by Fate :

(the Fox.

Dryd. The Cock and

Like Ships on stormy Seas without a Guide,
Toft by the Winds, and driven by the Tide. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Hard State of Life ! ſince Heav'n foreknows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing ill ?
Why am I truſted with my ſelf at large,
When he's more able to ſuſtain the Charge ?
Since Angels fell, whoſe Strength was more than mine,
'Twould ſhew more Grace my Frailty to confine.
For knowing the Succes, to leave me free,
Excuses him, and yet ſupports not me. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

P R I E S T.

A Pariſh Prieſt was of the Pilgrim-Train :
An awful, rev'rend, and religious Man.
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,
And Charity it ſelf was in his Face.
Rich was his Soul, tho his Attire was poor,
As God had cloth'd his own Ambaſſador ;
For ſuch, on Earth, his bleſt Redeemer bore.
Refin'd himſelf to Soul, to curb the Senſe,
And made almoſt a Sin of Abſtinance.
Yet had his Aſpect nothing of ſevere,
But ſuch a Face as promis'd him ſincere.
Nothing reſerv'd, or fullen was to ſee ;
But ſweet Regards, and pleaſing Sanctity :
Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.
With Eloquence innate his Soul was arm'd ;
Tho harſh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd.
He bore his great Commiſſion in his Look :
But ſweetly temper'd Awe, and ſofter'd all he ſpoke.
He taught the Goſpel rather than the Law ;
And forc'd himſelf to drive ; but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes Minds ; but Love, like Heat,
Exhales the Soul ſublime to ſeek her native Seat.
The Tithes, his Pariſh freely paid, he took ;
But never ſu'd, or curs'd with Bell and Book.
With Patience bearing Wrong, but off'ring none,
Since ev'ry Man is free to loſe his own.
Yet of his Little he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the Famish'd, and to clothe the Bare.
And ſtill he was at hand, without Requeſt,
To ſerve the Sick, to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
He duly watch'd his Flock by Night and Day ;
And from the proling Wolf redeem'd the Prey,
But hungry ſent the wily Fox away.

The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd,
 Nor to reprove the rich Offender fear'd :
 His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
 (A living Sermon of the Truth he taught.)
 Thus all might see the Doctrine which they heard :
 For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest,
 The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God impress'd :
 If they be foul, on whom the People trust,
 Well may the baser Brass contract a Rust.
 With what he begg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd,
 And gave the Charities himself receiv'd :
 Gave, while he taught, and edify'd the more,
 Because he shew'd by Proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

Dryd.

Quoth *Ralpho*, you mistake the Matter,
 For in all Scruples of this nature,
 No Man includes himself, nor turns
 The Point upon his own Concerns.
 As no Man of his own self catches
 The Itch, or amorous *French* Aches ;
 So no Man does himself convince
 By his own Doctrine of his Sins.
 And 'tis not what we do, but say,
 In Love and Preaching that must sway.

Hud.

Briesthood that makes a Merchandize of Heav'n :
 Priesthood that sells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Blessings,
 And forces us to pay for our own Coz'nage :
 Nay, cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offals,
 Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,
 And keeps the best for private Luxury.

Dryd. Troil. & Cress.

The Gods are theirs, not ours ; and when we pray
 For happy Omens, we their Price must pay :
 In vain at Shrines th' ungiving Suppliant stands ;
 In vain we make our Vows with empty Hands.
 Fat Off'rings are the Priesthood's only Care ;
 They take the Mony, and Heav'n hears the Pray'r :
 Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
 And their instructed Gods refuse the Suit.

Dryd. Cleom.

The pious Priesthood the fat Goose receive,
 And they once brib'd, the Godhead must forgive.

Dryd. Juv.

For Gain has wonderful Effects,
 T' improve the Factory of Sects ;
 The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
 And Great *Diana* of th' *Ephesians*.

Hud.

For Priests of all Religions are the same ;
 Of whatso'er Descent their Godhead be,
 Stone, Stock, or other homely Pedegree ;
 In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten Gold :
 For 'tis their Duty, all the Learned think,
 T' espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink. *(C Achit. Dryd. Abs.)*

I tell thee, *Musti*, if the World were wise,
 They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels :
 Your Heav'n you promise, but our Earth you covet ;
 The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World,
 Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

For whether King or People seek Extremes,
 Still Conscience and Religion are the Themes.
 And whatsoever Change the State invades,
 The Pulpit either forces, or persuades.
 Others may give the Fuel or the Fire,
 But Priests, the Breath, that makes the Flame, inspire. *Den. Soph.*

We know their Thoughts of us ; that Laymen are
 Lag Souls, and Rubbish of remaining Clay,
 Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
 Set upward with a little Puff of Breath,
 And bid us pass for Men. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

We know their holy Jugglings,
 Things that would startle Faith, and make us deem
 Not this, or that, but all Religions false. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

You want to lead
 My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion,
 Check'd of its noble Vigour : then when baited
 Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch,
 And shew strange Tricks, which you call Signs of Faith :
 So silly Souls are gull'd, and you get Mony. *Otw. Ven. Pref.*

If we must pray,
 Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
 Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice ;
 And not a Grey-beard forging Priest come there,
 To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
 And with their Dotage mad the gaping World. *Lee Oedip.*

Why seek we Truth from Priests ?
 The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
 The Tradesmens Oath, and Mourning of an Heir,
 Are Truths to what Priests tell :
 Oh why has Priesthood Privilege to lye,
 And yet to be believ'd ? *Lee Oedip.*

Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient?
 Are not your holy Stipends paid for this?
 Were you not bred apart from worldly Noise,
 To study Souls, their Cures, and their Diseases?
 The Province of the Soul is large enough
 To fill up ev'ry Cranny of your Time,
 And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch
 Be damn'd by your Neglect.
 Why then these foreign Thoughts of State-Employments,
 Abhorrent to your Function, and your Breeding?
 Poor droning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
 Bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys;
 What wonder is it if you know not Men?
 Yet there you live demure with down-cast Eyes,
 And humble as your Discipline requires:
 But when let loose from thence to live at large,
 Your little Tincture of Devotion dies:
 Then Luxury succeeds, and set agog
 With a new Scene of yet untasted Joys,
 You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast;
 Of all your College-Virtues, nothing now
 But your original Ignorance remains.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Triumphant Plenty, with a cheerful Grace,
 Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face:
 How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
 When big they strut behind a double Chin?
 Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
 Aspiring to be venerably dull.
 No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
 Or discompose their pompous Ignorance.
 But undisturb'd they loiter Life away,
 So wither green, and blossom in Decay.
 Deep sunk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care,
 Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air;
 And leave to tatter'd Crape, the Drudgery of Pray'r.

Gar. }

But bloated with Ambition, Pride and Avarice,
 You swell to counsel Kings and govern Kingdoms.
 Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
 And let this little hanging Ball alone;
 For give you but a Foot of Conscience there,
 And you, like *Archimedes*, tosse the Globe.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Your Saviour came not with a gaudy Show,
 Nor was his Kingdom of the World below:

Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,
 These Marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.
 The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn,
 In Purple he was crucify'd, not born :
 They who contend for Place and high Degree,
 Are not his Sons, but those of *Zebedee*.

} Dryd.

Yet Churchmen, tho they itch to govern all,
 Are silly, woful, aukard Politicians :
 They make lame Mischief, tho they meant it well.
 Their Int'rest is not finely drawn and hid,
 But Seams are coarsly bungled up and seen.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,
 That Grace is founded in Dominion.
 Great Piety consists in Pride ;
 To rule, is to be sanctify'd.
 To domineer and to controul,
 Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
 Is the most perfect Discipline
 Of Church-Rule, and by Right Divine,
Bel and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far ;
 For they, poor Knaves, were glad to cheat,
 To get their Wives and Children Meat :
 But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 They must have Wealth and Power too ;
 Or else with Blood and Desolation,
 They'll tear it out o'th' Heart o'th' Nation.
 Sure these themselves from Primitive
 And Heathen Priesthood do derive :
 When Butchers were the only Clerks,
 Elders and Presbyters of Kirks :
 Whose Directory was to kill,
 And some believe that 'tis so still.
 The only diff'rence is, that then
 They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men.
 For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
 Or now and then a Child to *Moloch*,
 They count a vile Abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole Nation.

Hud.

C H A P L A I N.

My Time is spent pleasantly ;

My Lord is neither haughty nor imperious,
 Nor I gravely whimsical : He has good Nature,

And I have good Manners.

His Sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are ;
I meddle with no Man's Business but my own.
I rise in a Morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent Pleasures freely ;

Otw. Orph.

So meet with Respect, and am not the Jest of the Family.

P R O M I S E.

Promises once made are past Debate ;
And Truth's of more Necessity than Fate.

Dryd. Riv. Lad.

It is no Scandal nor Aspersion
Upon a great and noble Person,
To say, he nat'rally abhor'd
Th' old-fashion'd Trick to keep his Word :
Tho 'tis Perfidioufness, and Shame,
In meaner Men to do the same :
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the Great,
Than Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.

Hud.

P R O T E U S.

In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes abode
The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God :
High o'er the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,
His Azure Car, and finny Coursers guides :
Protens his Name.

Him, not alone the River-Gods adore,
But aged *Nereus* hearkens to his Lore.
With sure Foresight, and with unerring Doom
He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep
His scaly Flocks, that graze the warty Deep.
When weary with his Toil and scorch'd with Heat,
The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat,
His Eyes with heavy Slumber overcast,
With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him fast :
For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for nought,
Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought.
The slipp'ry God will try to loose his Hold,
And various Forms assume to cheat thy Sight,
And with vain Images of Beasts affright.
With foamy Tusks will seem a bristly Boar,
Or imitate the Lion's angry Roar ;

Breal

Break out in crackling Flames to shun thy Snares,
 Or hiss a Dragon, or a Tyger stares.
 Or with a Wile thy Caution to betray,
 In fleeting Streams attempt to slide away.
 Will weary all his Miracles of Lyes,
 Till having shifted ev'ry Form to 'scape,
 Convinc'd of Conquest he resumes his Shape.

Proteus's Cave.

Within a Mountain's hollow Womb, there lies
 A large Recess, conceal'd from human Eyes :
 Where Heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,
 In Form of War their watry Ranks divide,
 And there, like Centries set, without the Mouth abide.
 A Station safe for Ships, when Tempests roar,
 A silent Harbour, and a cover'd Shore.
 Secure within resides the various God,
 And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode.
 His finny Flocks about their Shepherd play,
 And rolling round him spirt the bitter Sea.
 Unwieldily they wallow first in Ooze,
 Then in the shady Covert seek Repose.
 Himself their Herdsman, on the middle Mount,
 Takes of his muster'd Flocks a just Account :
 So, seated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom,
 Surveys his Evening Flocks returning home ;
 When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs from far,
 Provoke the proling Wolf to nightly War.

Dryd. Virg.

P R O V I D E N C E.

The holy Pow'r, that clothes the senseless Earth
 With Woods, with Fruits, with Flow'rs, and verdant Grass,
 Whose bounteous Hand feeds the whole brute Creation,
 Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

P R U D E N C E. *See Wisdom.*

Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought,
 And with Age purchas'd, art too dearly bought :
 We're past the use of Wit, for which we toil :
 Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.

Dryd. Auren.

P Y G M Y.

So when the *Pygmys* marshal'd on the Plains,
 Wage puny War against th' invading Cranes,
 The Poppets to their Bodkin-Spears repair,
 And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.
 But soon as e'er th' imperial Bird of *Jove*,
 Steops on his sounding Pinions from above :

Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crouds,
And the *Strymonean* Squadron seeks the Clouds.

Gar.

When Cranes invade, his little Sword and Shield
The *Pigmy* takes, and strait attends the Field ;
And not one Soldier is a Foot in Height :
The Fight's soon o'er ; the Cranes descend, and bear
The sprauling Warriors thro the liquid Air.

Cre. Juv.

PYTHAGOREAN Philosophy. See Transmigration of Souls.

Know first, that Heav'n, and Earth's compacted Frame,
And flowing Waters, and the starry Flame,
And both the radiant Lights, one common Soul
Inspires ; and feeds, and animates the Whole.
This active Mind, infus'd thro all the Space,
Unites, and mingles with the mighty Mass :
Hence Men and Beasts the Breath of Life obtain ;
And Birds of Air, and Monsters of the Main.
Th' ethereal Vigour is in' all the same,
And ev'ry Soul is fill'd with equal Flame :
As much as earthy Limbs, and gross Alloy
Of mortal Members, subject to Decay,
Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n, and Edge of Day.
From this coarse Mixture of terrestrial Parts,
Desire, and Fear, by turns, possess their Hearts ;
And Grief and Joy : Nor can the grov'ling Mind,
In the dark Dungeon of the Limbs confin'd,
Assert the native Skies, or own its heav'nly kind.
Nor Death it self can wholly wash their Stains ;
But long-contracted Filth, ev'n in the Soul, remains.
The Reliques of inver'trate Vice they wear ;
And Spots of Sin obscene in ev'ry Face appear.
For this are various Penances enjoin'd ;
And some are hung to bleach upon the Wind ;
Some plung'd in Waters, others purg'd in Fires,
Till all the Dregs are drain'd, and all the Rust expires :
All have their *Manes*, and those *Manes* bear ;
The few, so cleans'd, to bless'd Abodes repair,
And breathe in ample Fields the soft *Elysian* Air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time,
The Scurf is worn away of each committed Crime.
No Speck is left of their habitual Stains ;
But the pure Æther of the Soul remains.
But when a thousand rolling Years are past,
(So long their Punishments and Penance last)

Whole Drowes of Minds are, by the driving God,
 Compell'd to drink the deep *Lethæan* Flood :
 In large forgetful Draughts to steep the Cares
 Of their past Labours, and their irksom Years ;
 That unrememb'ring of its former Pain,
 The Soul may suffer mortal Flesh again.

Dryd. Virg.

The first the Taste of Flesh from Tables drove,
 And argu'd well, if Arguments could move.
 O Mortals ! from your Fellows Blood abstain,
 Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane :
 While Corn and Pulse by Nature are bestow'd,
 And planted Orchards bend their willing Load ;
 While labour'd Gardens wholesom Herbs produce,
 And teeming Vines afford their gen'rous Juice ;
 Nor tardier Fruits of cruder kind are lost,
 But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the Frost :
 While Kine to Pails distended Udders bring,
 And Bees their Honey, redolent of Spring ;
 While Earth not only can your Needs supply,
 But lavish of her Store, provides for Luxury :
 A guiltless Feast administers with Ease,
 And without Blood is prodigal to please.
 Wild Beasts their Maws with their slain Brethren fill ;
 And yet not all ; for some refuse to kill :
 Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed
 On Browze, and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows feed.
 Bears, Tygers, Wolves, the Lions angry Brood,
 Whom Heav'n endu'd with Principles of Blood,
 He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
 In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell,
 Where stronger Beasts oppress the Weak by Might,
 And all in Prey, and purple Feasts delight.
 O Impious Use ! to Nature's Laws oppos'd,
 Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd :
 Where fatten'd by their Fellows Fat they thrive,
 Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they live.
 'Tis then for nought that Mother Earth provides
 The Stores of all she shews, and all she hides,
 If Men with fleshly Morsels must be fed,
 And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread.
 What else is this, but to devour our Guests,
 And barb'rously renew *Cyclopean* Feasts ?
 We, by destroying Life, our Life sustain,
 And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meats obscene.

Not so the Golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
 Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute:
 Then Birds in airy Space might safely move,
 And tim'rous Hares on Heaths securely rove:
 Nor needed Fish the guileful Hooks to fear,
 For all was peaceful ; and that Peace sincere.
 Whoever was the Wretch, (and curs'd be he)
 That envy'd first our Food's Simplicity ;
 Th' Essay of bloody Feasts on Brutes began,
 And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man ;
 Had he the sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd
 On Beasts of Prey, that other Beasts destroy'd,
 Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws ;
 This had been justify'd by Nature's Laws,
 And Self-Defence : But who did Feasts begin
 Of Flesh, he stretch'd Necessity to Sin
 To kill Man-Killers, Man has lawful Pow'r ;
 But not th' extended Licence to devour.

The Sow, with her broad Snout for rooting up
 Th' intrusted Seed, was judg'd to spoil the Crop,
 And intercept the sweating Farmer's Hope.
 The cov'tous Churl of unforgiving Kind,
 Th' Offender to the bloody Priest resign'd ;
 Her Hunger was no Plea ; for that she dy'd.
 The Goat came next in order to be try'd :
 The Goat had cropt the Tendrils of the Vine :
 In Vengeance, Laity and Clergy join,
 Where one had lost his Profit, one his Wine.
 Here was at least some shadow of Offence :
 The Sheep was sacrific'd on no Pretence,
 But meek, and unresisting Innocence.
 A patient, useful Creature, born to bear
 The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloth'd her Murderer ;
 And daily to give down the Milk she bred,
 A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed.
 Living, both Food and Raiment she supplies,
 And is of least Advantage when she dies.
 How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve,
 A downright simple Drudg, and born to serve ?
 O Tyrant ! with what Justice canst thou hope
 The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop ;
 When thou destroy'd thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd
 And plough'd with Pains thy else ungrateful Field ?

From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
 That Neck, with which the surly Clods he broke ;
 And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
 Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began,
 From whence, O mortal Men, this Gust of Blood
 Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food ?
 Be taught by me this dire Delight to shun,
 Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice won :
 And when you eat the well-deserving Beast,
 Think, on the Lab'rer of your Field you feast.

Besides ; whatever lies

In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
 All suffer Change ; and we, that are of Soul
 And Body mix'd, are Members of the Whole :
 Then, when our Sires or Grandfires shall forsake
 The Forms of Men, and Brutal Figures take ;
 Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,
 Nor violate thy Father in the Beast ;
 Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin ;
 If none of those, yet there's a Man within :
 O spare to make a *Thyestaan* Meal,
 T' inclose his Body, and his Soul expel.
 And let not Piety be put to flight,
 To please the Taste of Glutton-Appetite ;
 But suffer Inmate Souls secure to dwell,
 Lest from your Seats your Parents you expel :
 With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
 Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin,
 So near Perfection, who with Blood begin ?
 Deaf to the Calf, that lies beneath the Knife,
 Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life :
 Deaf to the harmless Kid, that e'er he dies,
 All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
 And imitates, in vain, thy Children's Cries. }
 Where will he stop, who feeds with Household Bread,
 Then eats the Poultry, which before he fed ?
 Let plough thy Steers ; that when they lose their Breath,
 To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their Death.
 Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,
 And Sheep from Winter-Cold thy Sides defend ;
 But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares employ,
 And be no more ingenious to destroy.

Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,
 Nor let insidious Glue their Wings constrain;
 Nor opening Hounds the trembling Stag affright,
 Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight:
 Nor Hooks, conceal'd in Baits, for Fish prepare,
 Nor Lines to heave them twinkling up in Air.
 Take not away the Life you cannot give;
 For all things have an equal Right to live.
 Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to save,
 This only just Prerogative we have:
 But nourish Life with vegetable Food,
 And shun the sacrilegious Taste of Blood.

Dryd. Ovid.

Q U I E T.

In Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
 And no kind Stars the Pilot guide:
 Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
 That does not wish for Quiet here.
 For Quiet, Friend! the Soldier fights,
 Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights;
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
 Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Otw. Hor.

R A C E.

To their appointed Base the Rival Runners went;
 With beating Hearts th' expected Sign receive,
 And starting all at once, the Barrier leave.
 Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds, they flew,
 And seiz'd the distant Goal with greedy View.
 Shot from the Croud, swift *Nisus* all o'erpass'd,
 Nor Storms, nor Thunder equal half his Haste.
 The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
 Came *Salius*, and *Euryalus* behind;
 Then *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
 Step after Step, and almost Side by Side:
 His Shoulders pressing, and in longer Space
 Had won, or left at least a dubious Race.
 Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,
 When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his Haste,
 Slipt first, and slipping, fell upon the Plain,
 Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen newly slain.
 The careless Victor had not mark'd his Way,
 But treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
 His Heels flew up, and on the grassy Floor
 He fell, besmear'd with Filth and holy Gore.

Not mindless then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
 Nor of the sacred Bonds of Amity,
 He strove th' immediate Rival's Hope to cross,
 And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he rose.
 So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain,
Euryalus springs out the Prize to gain,
 And leaves the Croud: Applauding Peals attend
 The Victor to the Goal, who vanquish'd by his Friend.

(Virg.
 Dryd.

R A G E. See Anger.

Rage is the shortest Passion of our Souls:
 Like narrow Brooks, that rise with sudden Showr's,
 It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.
 Still as it ebbs, the softer Thoughts flow in,
 And the Deceiver Love supplies its Place.

Row. Fair Pen.

His Breast with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire,
 Mad with Despair, impatient with Desire.

Dryd.

Restless his Feet, distracted was his Walk,
 Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk;
 Mad as the vanquish'd Bull when forc'd to yield
 His lovely Mistress, and forsake the Field.

Dryd. Ovid.

He found his Veins with Indignation swell,
 And felt within the Fire and Rage of Hell.
 Legions of spleenful Spirits fill'd his Breast,
 And dire Revenge his troubled Soul possess'd.
 As the vast Rage of vanquish'd *Lucifer*,
 When dreadful Thunder charg'd his flying Rear:
 When by th' Almighty's conqu'ring Squadrons driv'n
 O'er the blue Plains and from the Brow of Heav'n,
 Rush'd into Hell, he saw his ruin'd Host
 Plung'd in hot Vengeance, and for ever lost.

Blac.

Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' his Bosom move,
 Heave up, and madly mount the Soul above
 The Reach of Pity, or the Bounds of Love.

Dryd. Cleom.

At first her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words;
 But when the Storm found way, 'twas wild and loud:
 Mad as the Priestess of the *Delphick* God,
 Enthusiastick Passion swell'd her Breast,
 Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form.

Rowe Fair Pen.

Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
 Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps,
 Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
 Of burning Fury.

Otw. Orph.

My Mind, and its Intents are savage, wild,
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,

Thom

Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

Oh give me Daggers, Fire, or Water !

How I could bleed ! how burn ! how drown ! the Waves
Hissing and booming round my sinking Head,
Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom.

Oh there all's quiet ; here all Rage and Fury :
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain,
I long for thick substantial Sleep : Hell ! Hell !
Burst from the Center, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

Patience ! Oh I've none !

Go bid the moving Plains of Sand lie still,
And stir not when the stormy South blows high :
From Top to Bottom thou hast tost my Soul,
And now 'tis in the Madness of the Whirl,
Requir'st a sudden Stop.

Dryd. Dan Seb.

Patience ! Preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires : The Knaves,
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.

Otw. Orph.

Madness ! Confusion ! let the Storm come on :
Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me,
Dash my devoted Bark, ye Surges break it ;
'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempest rises.

Rowe Fair Pen.

Away ! be gone ! and give a Whirlwind room !

Or I will blow you up like Dust ! Avaunt !
Madness but meanly represents my Toil !

Eternal Discord,
Fury, Revenge, Disdain and Indignation
Tear my swol'n Breast ; make way for Fire and Tempest :
My Brain is burst ; Debate and Reason quench'd.
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack ; while Passions, like the Winds,
Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.

Lee Alex.

Rage has no Bounds in slighted Womankind.

Dryd. Cleom.

Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its Force ;
But give it way awhile, and let it waste :

The rising Deluge is not stop'd with Dams,
Those it o'erbears, and drowns the Hope of Harvest :
But wisely manag'd, its divided Strength
Is sluic'd in Channels, and securely drain'd.
And when its Force is spent and unsupply'd,
The Residue with Mounds may be restrain'd,
And dry-shod we may pass the naked Ford.

Shak. Troil. & Cress.

R A I N B O W.

Thus oft the Lord of Nature, in the Air
Hangs Evening Clouds, his sable Canvass, where
His Pencil, dip'd in heav'nly Colours, made
Of intercepted Sun-beams, mix'd with Shade
Of temper'd Æther, and refracted Light,
Paints his fair Rainbow charming to the Sight.

Blac.

R A P E.

Force is the last Relief which Lovers find ;
And 'tis the best Excuse of Womankind :
It is Resistance that inflames Desire,
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire :
Loye is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease,
He languishes, and does not care to please :
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard
With so much Care, - to make Possession hard.

Dryd. Auren.

Who'd be that sordid, foolish Thing, call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him ?
The lusty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.

It shall be so ! I'll yet possess my Love ;
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded Hours ;
That when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart,
I'th' very Minute when her Vertue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a Storm of Love,
Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
And surfeit upon Joys, till ev'n Desire grows sick.

Otw. Orpis.

'Tis nobler, like a Lion, to invade,
Where Appetite directs, and seize my Prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,
I'll tear up Pleasure by the Roots ;
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame.

Roch. Val.

To what a Height did Infant Rome,

By ravishing of Women come ?

When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,
And freely marry'd whete they pleas'd.
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the Minds they were in, dy'd ;

Nor took the pains t'address and sue ;
 Nor plaid the Masquerade to woo.
 Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,
 Nor juggl'd about Settlements :
 Did need no Licence, nor no Priest,
 Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist ;
 Nor Lawyers to join Land and Mony,
 In th'holy State of Matrimony ;
 Nor would endure to stay until
 They'd got the very Bride's Good-will :
 But took a wife, and shorter Course
 To win the Ladies, down-right Force :
 And when they had 'em at their Pleasure,
 They talk'd of Love and Flames at Leisure.
 For which the Dames, in Contemplation
 Of that best Way of Application,
 Prov'd nobler Wives than e'er were known
 By Suit or Treaty to be won :
 And such as all Posterity
 Could never equal, or come nigh.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras* ; soft Fire,
 They say, does make sweet Malt, Good Squire :
 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon Mistake.

Hud.

Force never yet a gen'rous Heart did gain,
 We yield on Parley, but are storm'd in vain.
 Constraint in all things makes the Pleasure less ;
 Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness.

Dryd. Auren.

R E A S O N. See Man.

Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
 Is Reason to the Soul : And as on high,
 Those rolling Fires discover but the Sky,
 Not light us here ; so Reason's glimm'ring Ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful Way,
 But guide us upward to a better Day.
 And as those nightly Tapers disappear,
 When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere,
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight ;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral Light.

Dryd. Rel. Laici.

For Reason is a Guide we must resign,
 When the Authority is Divine.

Cowl.

Reason, the Power to guess at Right and Wrong !
 The twinkling Lamp

Of

Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by turns ; *(Bride*
 Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining. *Cong. Mourn.*

Reason was given to curb our headstrong Will,
 And yet but shews a weak Physician's Skill ;
 Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last,
 But stays to cure it when the worst is past :
 Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone ;
 But Youth is strong enough to walk alone. *Dryd. Conq. of Gra.*

Our Passions gone, and Reason in her Throne,
 Amaz'd we see the Mischiefs we have done :
 After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
 The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made. *Wall.*

Oh why did Heaven leave Man so weak Defence,
 To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense ?
 'Tis overpois'd, and kick'd up in the Air ;
 While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there :
 Or, like a captive King, 'tis borne away,
 And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels Sway.

O no ! our Reason was not vainly lent,
 Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent :
 If Reason on his Subjects Triumph wait,
 An easy King deserves no better Fate. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

RELIGION.

The common Cry is ever Religion's Test ;
 The Turk's is at *Constantinople* best ;
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome* ;
 And our own Worship only true at home :
 And true but for the time ; 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This Side To-day, and that To-morrow burns ;
 So all are God-A'mighty in their turns. *Dryd.*

Turning of Religion's made
 The means to turn and wind a Trade :
 And tho some change it for a worse,
 They put themselves into a Course.
 For all Religions flock together,
 Like tame and wild Fowl of a Feather.
 Hence 'tis, Hypocrisy as well
 Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal :
 As Persecution or Promotion
 Do equally advance Devotion. *Hud.*

To prove Religion true,
 If either Wit or Suff'rings could suffice,
 All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise ;

And

And yet, ev'n they, by Education sway'd,
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

All Faiths are to their own Believers just,
For none believe, because they will; but must. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

By Education most have been misled,
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The Priest continues what the Nurse began,
And thus the Child imposes on the Man. *Dryd. Hind and Panth.*

Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sun-shine and Rain, to bless the fruitful Year,
On diff'rent Nations, all of diff'rent Faiths :
And (tho by several Names and Titles worship'd)
Heav'n takes the various Tribute of their Praise ;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of All. *Rowe Tamerl.*

All under various Names adore and love
One Power Immense, which ever rules above. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

If you've Religion, keep it to your self ;
Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
And laugh you out on't. Never shew Religion,
Unless you mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,
And cheat believing Fools that think you honest. *Ottw. Orph.*

REPENTANCE. *See Nunnery.*

These Books teach holy Sorrow and Contrition
And Penitence. Is it become an Art then ?
A Trick that lazy, dull, luxurious Gown-Men
Can teach us to do over ? I'll no more on't.
I have more real Anguish in my Heart,
Than all their Pedant Discipline e'er knew. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Thoughts cannot form themselves in Words so horrid,
As can express my Guilt. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Let that Night,
That guilty Night be blotted from the Year ;
Let not the Voice of Mirth or Musick know't.
Let it be dark and desolate ; no Stars
To glitter o'er it : Let it wish for Light,
Yet-want it still, and vainly wait the Dawn :
For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

This fatal Form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting and Tears and Hardship shall destroy ;
Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated Life.
Then when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,

Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,
 On that cold Earth I mean shall be my Grave,
 Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
 At length her Tears have wash'd her Stains away ;
 At length 'tis time her Punishment should cease : (Pen.
 Die then, poor suff'ring Wretch, and be at peace. Rowe Fair

Let Wretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
 Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burden,
 Creep with the Remnant of the Strength they've left, (Prof.
 Before the Footstool of the Heav'n they've injur'd. Otw. Ven.

Oh my Offence is rank ! it smells to Heav'n ;
 It has the primal eldest Curse upon it,
 A Brother's Murder ! Pray I cannot ;
 Tho Inclination be as sharp as Will,
 My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent ;
 And like a Man to double Business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed Hand
 Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood,
 Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heav'ns
 To wash it white-as Snow ? Whereto serves Mercy,
 But to confront the Visage of Offence ?
 And what's in Prayer but this twofold Force,
 To be forestalled e'er we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;
 My Fault is past : But O ! what Form of Prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul Murder !
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those Effects for which I did the Murder !
 My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence ? Shak. Haml.

No ! while our former Flames remain within,
 Repentance is but want of Pow'r to sin. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

In the corrupted Currents of this World,
 Offence's gilded Hand may shove by Justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked Prize it self
 Buys out the Law : But 'tis not so above ;
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lies
 In its true nature ; and we our selves compel'd
 Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,
 To give in Evidence. What then ? What rests ?
 Try what Repentance can ! What can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched State ! O Bosom black as Death !

O limed Soul ! that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd. Help, Angels ! make essay !
 Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart with Strings of Steel,
 Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe :
 All may be well.

Shak. Hamlet.

For true Repentance never comes too late ;
 As soon as born, she makes her self a Shroud,
 The weeping Mantle of a fleecy Cloud :
 And swift as Thought her airy Journy takes,
 Her Hand Heav'n's azure Gate with trembling strikes ;
 The Stars do with amazement on her look,
 She tells her Story in so sad a Tone,
 That Angels start from Blifs, and give a Groan. *Lee Mass. of Par.*

So cheers some pious Saint a dying Sinner,
 Who trembled at the thoughts of Pains to come,
 With Heav'n's Forgiveness, and the Hopes of Mercy.
 At length the Tumult of his Soul appeas'd,
 And every Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,
 Boldly he proves the dark uncertain Road ;
 The Peace his holy Comforter bestow'd,
 Guides and protects him like a Guardian God. *Rowe Tamerl.*

R E P U T A T I O N .

Good Name in Man or Woman,
 Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls.
 Who steals my Purse, steals Trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to thousands :
 But he that filches from me my good Name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Shak. Othel.

R E S U R R E C T I O N .

Th' Arch-Angel's Trumpet shakes the trembling Ground ;
 The startled Dead awaken at the Sound :
 The Grave resigns her antient Spoils, and all
 Death's adamantine Prisons burst and fall :
 The Souls that did their forc'd Departure mourn,
 To the same Bodies with swift flight return.
 The crouding Atoms re-unite apace,
 All without tumult know and take their place.
 Th' assembled Bones leap quick into their Frame,
 And the warm Blood renews a brighter Flame.
 The quicken'd Dust feels fresh and youthful Heats,
 While its old Task the beating Heart repeats.
 The Eyes, enliven'd with new vital Light,
 Open, admiring whence they had their Sight.

The Veins too twine their bloody Arms around
 The Limbs, and with red leaping Life abound.
 Hard-twisted Nerves new-brace, and faster bind
 The close-knit Joints, no more to be disjoin'd.
 Strong new-spun Threds immortal Muscles make,
 That justly fix'd, their antient Figure take.
 Brisk Spirits take their upper Seats, and dart
 Thro their known Channels thence to ev'ry Part.
 The Men now draw their long-forgotten Breath,
 And striving, break th' unwieldy Chains of Death.
 Victorious Life to ev'ry Grave resorts,
 And rifles Death's inhospitable Courts :
 Its Vigour thro those dark Dominions spread,
 From all their gloomy Mansions frees the Dead.
 Now ripe Conceptions thro the Earth abound,
 And new-sprung Men stand thick on all the Ground.
 The Sepulchres are quick, and ev'ry Tomb
 Labours with Life, and grows a fruitful Womb.

Whom Thunder's dismal Noise,
 And all that Prophets and Apostles louder spake,
 And all the Creatures plain conspiring Voice,
 Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake ;
 This mightier Sound shall make,
 When dead, arise :

And open Tombs, and open Eyes,
 To the long Sluggards of five thousand Years ;
 This mightier Sound shall make its Hearers Ears.
 Then shall the scatter'd Atoms crowding come
 Back to their antient Home ;
 Some from Birds, from Fishes some,
 Some from Earth, and some from Seas,
 Some from Beasts, and some from Trees ;
 Some descend from Clouds on high,
 Some from Metals upward fly ;
 And where th' attending Soul naked and shiv'ring stands,
 Meet, salute, and join their hands ;
 As dispers'd Soldiers at the Trumpet's Call,
 Haste to their Colours all ;
 Unhappy most, like tortur'd Men,
 Their Joints new-set, to be new-rack'd agen.

To Mountains they for shelter pray,
 The Mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd than they.

(Cowl.

R E T R E A T.

As compass'd with a Wood of Spears around,
The lordly Lion still maintains his Ground ;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again,
Threats his distended Paws, and shakes his Mane ;
He loses, while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his Courage let him dare to run :
So *Turnus* fares ; and unresolv'd of Flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from Fight :

Disdains to yield,

And with slow Paces measures back the Field,
And inches to the Walls.

Dryd. Virg.

R E V E N G E.

Exalted *Socrates!* divinely brave !
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave :
He drank the pois'nous Draught
With Mind serene, and could not wish to see
His vile Accuser drink as deep as he.
Too noble for Revenge ! which still we find
The weakest Frailty of a feeble Mind.
Degenerous Passion, and for Man too base,
It seats its Empire in the Female Race ;
There rages, and to make its Blow secure,
Puts Flatt'ry on until its Aim be sure.

Cree. Juv.

What tho his mighty Soul his Grief contains,
He meditates Revenge, who least complains ;
And like a Lion, slumb'ring in his way,
Or Sleep dissembling while he waits his Prey,
His fearless Foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws ;
Till at the last, his Time for Fury found,
He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground ;
The prostrate Vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly Rage his Hunters tears. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

Revenge is but a Frailty incident
To craz'd and sickly Minds ; the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to surmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront.

Old.

Now might I do it, now he is praying ;
And now I'll do it, and so he goes to Heav'n !
And so I am reveng'd : That would be scann'd.
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his foul Son do this same Villain send
To Heav'n ! O this is Hire and Salary, not Revenge.

He

He took my Father grossly, full of Bread,
 With all his Crimes broad blown, and fresh as *May* ;
 And how his Audit stands, who knows, save Heav'n ?
 But in our Circumstance and Course of Thought,
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the Purging of his Soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his Passage ?
 No ! up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent :
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his Rage,
 Or in th' incestuous Pleasure of his Bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some Act
 That has no Relish of Salvation in it ;
 Then trip him that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
 And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
 As Hell, whereto it goes. Then I with Wings as swift
 As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
 Will sweep to my Revenge.

A base Revenge is Vengeance on my self.

Shak. Hamlet.
Dryd. Don Seb.

Revenge, at first tho sweet,
 Bitter e'er long, back on it self recoils.

Milt.

R H E T O R I C I A N.

For Rhetorick, he cou'd not ope
 His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope :
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
 He had Words ready to shew why,
 And tell what Rules he did it by.
 Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
 For all a Rhetorician's Rules
 Teach nothing but to name his Tools.

Hud.

R H Y M E.

Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
 With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses.
 And those who write in Rhyme, still make
 The one Verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for Sense, and one for Rhyme,
 I think's sufficient for one time.

Hud.

Hud.

R I C H E S.

Greatness of Mind and Fortune too,
 Both their several Parts must do
 In the noble Chace of Fame ;
 This without that is blind, that without this is lame.

Nor is fair Virtue's Picture seen aright,
 But in Fortune's golden Light.
 Riches alone are of uncertain Date ;
 And on short Man long cannot wait.
 The Virtuous make of them the best,
 And put them out to Fame for Interest ;
 With a frail Good they wisely buy
 The solid Purchase of Eternity.

Cowl. Pind.

'Tis Madnes sure Treasures to hoard,
 And make them usefess as in Mines remain,
 To lose th' Occasion Fortune does afford,
 Fame and publick Love to gain.

Cowl. Pind.

Of all the Vows the first and chief Request
 Of each, is to be richer than the rest :
 And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controul,
 He dreads no Poison in his homely Bowl :
 Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems divine
 Enchafe the Cup, and sparkle in the Wine.
 The fearful Passenger who travels late,
 Charg'd with the Carriage of a paltry Plate,
 Shakes at the moon-shine Shadow of a Rush,
 And sees a Red-coat rise from ev'ry Bush.
 The Beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the Place
 Beset with Thieves, and never mends his Pace.

Dryd. Juvs

Fond Men, by Passions wilfully betray'd,
 Adore those Idols which their Fancy made ;
 Purchasing Riches with our Time and Care,
 We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare :
 And having all, all to our selves refuse,
 Oppress'd with Blessings which we fear to lose.
 In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
 If our Abundance makes us wish for more.

Rosc

A R I D I N G.

First, he that led the Cavalcade,
 Wore a Sow-Gelder's Flagellet,
 On which he blew as strong a Levet,
 As well-fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate,
 When over one another's heads
 They charge, three Ranks at once, like *Swedes*.
 Next, Pans and Kettles of all Keys,
 From Trebles down to double Base :
 And after them, upon a Nag
 That might pass for a fore-hand Stag,

A Cornet rode, and on a Staff
 A Smock display'd did proudly wave.
 Then Bag-pipes of the loudest Drones,
 With snuffling broken-winded Tones,
 Whose Blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
 Look filthier than that from Gut ;
 And make a viler Noise than Swine,
 In windy Weather when they whine.
 Next, one upon a Pair of Panniers,
 Full fraught with that which for good Manners
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with Grains,
 Which he dispens'd among the Swains :
 Then mounted on a horned Horse,
 One bore a Gauntlet and gilt Spurs,
 Ty'd to the Pummel of a long Sword,
 He held revers'd, the Point turn'd downward.
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed
 The Conqu'ror's Standard-bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the Champion
 A Petticoat display'd and rampant.
 Next whom, the *Amazon* Triumphant
 Bestrid her Beast, and on the Rump on't
 Sate Face to Tail, and Bum to Bum,
 The Warriour whilom overcome ;
 Arm'd with a Spindle and a Distaff,
 Which as he rode she made him twist off ;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
 Chastis'd the Reformado Soldier.
 Before the Dame, and round about,
 March'd Whifflers and Staffiers on foot,
 With Lacqueys, Grooms, Valets, and Pages,
 In fit and proper Equipages ;
 Of whom some Torches bore, some Links,
 Before the proud Virago Minx,
 That was both Madam and a Don,
 Like *Nero's Sporus*, or Pope *Joan* :
 And at fit periods the whole Rout
 Set up their Throats with clam'rous Shout.

Hud.

But *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
 On such Sights with judicious Wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His Animadversions, for his Heart :
 Quoth he, in all my Life till now
 I ne'er saw so profane a Show :

It is a paganish Invention,
Which heathen Writers often mention ;
And he who made it, had read *Goodwin*,
I warrant him, and understood him ;
With all the *Grecian Speeds* and *Stows*,
That best describe those antient Shows.

Hud.

R I V A L S.

O Love ! thou sternly dost thy Pow'r maintain,
And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign ;
Tyrants and thou all Fellowship disdain. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Love and a Crown no Rivalship can bear ;
All precious things are still possess'd with Fear. *Dryd. Auren.*

Lovers, like Misers, cannot bear the Stealth
Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth. *Sed. Ant. & Cle.*

Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd ;
Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in Hand,
But when they met they made a surly stand ;
And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that ev'ry Look might be their last. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd Love !
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms !
Doats on my Conqu'ror, my dear Lord, my King !
Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses !
She grasps him all ! She, the curs'd happy She !
By Heav'n, I cannot bear it ; 'tis too much !
I'll die, or rid me of this burning Torture.
I will have Remedy, I will, I will,
Or grow distracted : Madness may throw off
This mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion. *Lee Alex.*

O ! I shall find *Roxana* in his Arms,
And taste her Kisses left upon his Lips :
Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd his Body,
Nor shall I meet the wonted Sweetness there,
But artificial Smells and aking Odours. *Lee Alex.*

My Life ! my Soul ! my All ! *Octavia* has him !
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love !
My Kisses, my Embraces now are hers. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Methinks I see her yonder ! O the Torment,
Busy for Bliss, and full of Expectation.
Sh' adorns her Head, and gives her Eyes new Lustre,
Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks ;
Steps to the Door, and listens for his Coming ;
Runs to the bed, and kneels, and weeps, and wishes ;

Then

Then lays the Pillow easy for his Head,
 Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kisses,
 O I am lost ! torn with Imagination !
 Kill me, *Cassander*, kill me instantly,
 That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils.

Lee Alex.

R I V E R. See Creation, Garden of *Eden*.

Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
 By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs;
 Hastening to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
 Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
 Tho' with those Streams he no Resemblance hold,
 Whose Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
 His genuine, and less guilty Wealth t' explore,
 Search not the Bottom, but survey his Shore:
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious Wing,
 And hatches Plenty for th' ensuing Spring;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a Stay,
 Like Mothers who their Children overlay:
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous Wave,
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the Wealth he gave:
 No unexpected Inundations spoil
 The Mower's Hopes, nor mock the Ploughman's Toil;
 But, God-like, his unwearied Bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.
 Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,
 But free and common, as the Sea or Wind;
 When he to boast or to dispense his Stores,
 Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,
 Visits the World, and in his flying Tow'rs,
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
 My great Example, as it is my Theme!

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without Rage, without o'erflowing full.
 Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,
 Whose Fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost:
 Thy nobler Streams shall visit *Jove's* Abodes,
 To shine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods.

Denh.

The fair *Medvaga*, that with wanton Pride
 Forms silver Mazes with her crooked Tide.

Blac.

Its wanton Tide in wreathing Volumes flows,
 Still forming reedy Islands as it goes.

Blac.

The fair *Neella* rolls her noble Tide,
 And o'er the Meads unfolds her silver Pride.

Blac.
 Fair

Fair *Ligor*, the *Armorick* Region's Pride,
Does thro the Vale in smooth Meanders glide,
And rolls her silver Volumes by its Side.

Blac.

Then rolling down the Steep, *Timavus* raves,
And thro nine Channels difembogues his Waves.

Dryd. Virg.

And *Lycus* swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks at another Door.

Thus *Erasinus* dives, and blind in Earth,
Runs on, and gropes his way to second Birth ;
Starts up in *Argos*' Meads, and shakes his Locks
Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.

Dryd. Ovid.

Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands :
And here he threatens the drunken Fields to drown,
And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down.

Dry. Ovid.

There *Po* first issues from his dark Abodes,
And, awful in his Cradle, rules the Floods.
Two golden Horns on his large Front he wears,
And his grim Face a Bull's Resemblance bears.
With rapid Course he seeks the sacred Main,
And fattens as he runs the fruitful Plain.

Dryd. Virg.

Betwixt the Trees the *Tyber* took his Course ;
With Whirlpools dimpled, and with downward Force
That drove the Sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow Billows to the Sea.

About him, and above, and round the Wood,
The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus in Meanders to the neighb'ring Main,
The liquid Serpent drew its silver Train.

Blac.

When a calm River, rais'd with sudden Rains,
Or Snows dissolv'd, o'er-flows th' adjoining Plains,
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks secure
Their greedy Hopes ; and this he can endure :
But if with Bays and Dams they strive to force
His Channel to a new or narrow Course,
No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells :
Stronger and fiercer by Restraint he roars,
And knows no Bound, but makes his Pow'r his Shores.

Denh.

Thus rising in his Might, the King of Floods
Rush'd thro the Forests, tore the lofty Woods ;

And

And rolling onward with a sweepy Sway,
Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away. *Dryd. Virg.*

R O C K.

A pointed flinty Rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's back :
Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night,
Here built their Nests, and hither wing'd their Flight.
The leaning Head hung threaten'g o'er the Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*

Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shore,
There stands a Rock : The raging Billows roar
Above his head in Storms ; but when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle Waters run,
The Cormorants above lie basking in the Sun. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Rock that braves
The raging Tempests and the rising Waves :
Prop'd on himself he stands, his solid Sides
Wash off the Sea-weeds, and the sounding Tides. *Dryd. Virg.*

See, from afar, yon Rock that mates the Sky,
About whose feet such Heaps of Rubbish lie,
Such indigested Ruin : Bleak and bare,
How desart now it stands, expos'd in Air. *Dryd. Virg.*

He, like a solid Rock, by Seas inclos'd,
To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd,
From his proud Summit looking down, disdains
Their empty Menace, and unmov'd remains. *Dryd. Virg.*

R O S E. See Blush.

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In Desarts where no Men abide,
Thou must have uncondemned dy'd.

Then die, that she
The common Fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of Time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Wall.

R O W I N G.

Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shore,
 There stands a Rock :
 On this the Hero fix'd an Oak in sight,
 The Mark to guide the Mariners aright.
 To bear with this, the Seamen stretch their Oars,
 Then round the Rock they steer, and seek the former Shores.
 Four Gallies first which equal Rowers bear,
 Advancing in the watry Lifts appear ;
 Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar,
 The Banks in three degrees the Sailors bore ;
 Beneath their sturdy Strokes the Billows roar.
 The common Crew, with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs
 Their Temples crown, and shade their sweaty Brows.
 Besmear'd with Oil their naked Shoulders shine ;
 All rake their Seats, and wait the sounding Sign.
 They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breast
 Is rais'd by turns with Hope, by turns with Fear depress'd.
 The Clangor of the Trumpet gives the sign,
 At once they start, advancing in a Line :
 With Shouts the Sailors rend the starry Skies ;
 Lash'd with their Oars, the smoky Billows rise,
 Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.
 Exact in Time with equal Strokes they row ;
 At once the brushing Oars and brazen Prow
 Dash up the sandy Waves, and ope the Depths below.
Gyas out-strippt the rest, and sprung before ;
Cleanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast,
 But his o'er-master'd Galley check'd his haste.
 The *Centaur* and the *Dolphin* brush the Brine,
 With equal Oars advancing in a Line.
 And now the mighty *Centaur* seems to lead,
 And now the speedy *Dolphin* gets a-head :
 Now Board to Board the rival Vessels row ;
 The Billows lave the Skies, the Ocean groans below.
 They reach the Mark ; proud *Gyas* and his Train
 In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main.
 But steering round, he charg'd his Pilot stand
 More close to Shore, and skim along the Sand :
 Let others bear to Sea. The Pilot heard,
 But secret Shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
 And fearing, sought the Deep, and still aloof he steer'd.
 With louder Cries the Captain calls again,
 Bear to the rocky Shore, and shun the Main.

He spoke, and speaking, at his Stern he saw
 The bold *Cleanthus* near the Shelvings draw ;
 Betwixt the Mark and him the *Scylla* stood,
 And in a closer Compass plough'd the Flood.
 He pass'd the Mark, and wheeling got before ;
Gyas blasphem'd the Gods, devoutly swore ;
 The trembling Dotard over-board he threw,
 Then seiz'd the Helm himself, his Fellows cheer'd,
 Turn'd short upon the Shelves, and madly steer'd.
 The following *Centaur* and the *Dolphin's* Crew
 Their vanish'd Hopes of Victory renew ;
 While *Gyas* lags, they kindle in the Race
 To reach the Mark, *Sergesthus* takes the place :
Mnestheus pursues ; and while around they wind,
 Comes up not half his Galley's length behind.
 His Crew exert their Vigour, tug the Oar,
 Stretch to their Strokes.

Now one and all they tug amain, they row
 At the full stretch, and shake the brazen Prow.
 The Sea beneath 'em sinks, their lab'ring Sides
 Are swell'd, and Sweat runs gutt'ring down in Tides.
 Chance aids their Daring with unhop'd Success ;
Sergesthus, eager with his Beak to press
 Betwixt the rival Galley and the Rock,
 Shuts up th'unwieldy *Centaur* in the Lock.
 The Vessel struck, and with the dreadful Shock
 Her Oars she shiver'd, and her Head she broke ;
 The trembling Rowers from their Banks arise,
 And anxious for themselves, renounce the Prize.
 With iron Poles they heave her off the Shores,
 And gather from the Sea their floating Oars.
 The Crew of *Mnestheus* with elated Minds
 Urge their Success, and call the willing Winds :
 They ply their Oars, and cut their liquid Way
 In larger compass on the roomy Sea :
Sergesthus in the *Centaur* soon he pass'd,
 Wedg'd in the rocky Shoals, and sticking fast,
 In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,
 And practises to row with shatter'd Oars.
 Then *Mnestheus* bears with *Gyas*, and out-flies ;
 The Ship, without a Pilot, yields the Prize.
 Unvanquish'd *Scylla* now alone remains,
 Her he pursues, and all his Vigour strains.

Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
 All obstinate to die, or gain the Race.
 Rais'd with Success, the *Dolphin* swiftly ran ;
 (For they can conquer who believe they can :)
 Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both supplies,
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal Prize ;
 But old *Portunus*, with his Breadth of Hand,
 Push'd on, and sped the *Scylla* to the Land :
 Swift as a Shaft, or winged Wind she flies,
 And darting to the Port, obtains the Prize.

Dryd. Virg.

So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current stem,
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream ;
 But if they slack their Hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the Flood with headlong haste they drive.

*(Virg.
Dryd.*

RUMOUR.

Rumour is a Pipe

Blown by Surmises, Jealousies, Conjectures ;
 And of so easy and so plain a Stop,
 That the blind Monster with uncounted Heads,
 The still discordant wav'ring Multitude,
 Can play upon't.

Shak. Hen. 4. p. 3.

RUNAWAY.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
 We left our Champion on his flight ;
 In equal fear of Night and Day :
 He never was in greater need,
 Nor less capacity of Speed :
 Disabled both in Man and Beast,
 To fly, and run away his best :
 To keep th' Enemy and Fear
 From equal falling on his Rear.
 And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
 The farther and the nearer Side ;
 As Seamen ride with all their force,
 And tug, as if they row'd the Horse ;
 And when the Hackney sails most swift,
 Believe they lag or run adrift :
 So tho' he posted e'er so fast,
 His Fear was greater than his Haste.
 For Fear, tho' fleetier than the Wind,
 Believes 'tis always left behind.

Hud.

But timely Running's no small part
 Of Conduct in the martial Art.

But

But that some glorious Feats atchieve,
 As Citizens by breaking thrive.
 It saves th'Expence of Time and Pains,
 And dang'rous beating out of brains :
 For they that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain.
 And they who run from th'Enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly ;
 And when the Fight's become a Chace,
 They win the Day that win the Race.

Hud.

SACRIFICES. See Necromancer.

We, Heav'n it self to bribe,

Do recompense with Death their Creatures Toil,
 Then call the Bless'd above to share the Spoil ;
 The fairest Victim must the Pow'rs appease ;
 So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please !

A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
 With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns :
 He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Priest prefers,
 But understands not 'tis his Doom he hears ;
 Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast,
 (The Fruit and Product of his Labours past)
 And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
 Up-lifted, to deprive him of his Life ;
 Then broken up alive, his Entrails sees,
 Torn out for Priests t'inspect the Gods Decrees.

Dryd. Ovid.

So when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,
 Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,
 His Eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to ground,
 His Nose dismantled in his Mouth is found,
 His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound.

(Ovid.

Dryd.

The next with sober Grace,

Their Gifts around the well-built Altar place :
 Then wash'd, and took the Cakes ; while *Chryses* stood
 With Hands up-lifted, and invoc'd his God.
 And when the solemn Rites of Pray'r were past,
 Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast :
 Then turning back, the Sacrifice they sped,
 The fatted Oxen slew, and flea'd the Dead ;
 Chopt off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd
 T'involve the Lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.
 Sweet-breads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd
 About the sides, imbibing what they deck'd.

The Priest with holy Hands was seen to tine
 The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine.
 The first Libations to the Gods they pour,
 And then with Songs indulge the genial Hour
 Holy Debauch! till Day to Night they bring,
 With Songs and *Paans* to the bowyer King:

Dryd. Hom.

With perfect Hecatombs the God they grac'd,
 Whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast.
 Black Bulls and bearded Goats on Altars lie,
 And Clouds of fav'ry Stench involve the Sky.

Dryd. Hom.

A chosen Ewe of two Years old they pay
 To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of Day:
 The beauteous Queen before her Altar stands,
 And holds the golden Goblet in her Hands:
 A milk-white Heifer she with Flow'rs adorns,
 And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns;
 And while the Priests with Pray'r the God's invoke,
 She feeds their Altars with *Sabaan* Smoke:
 With hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,
 And anxiously the panting Entrails views.

Dryd. Virg.

He pour'd to *Facchus* on the hallow'd Ground
 Two Bowls of sparkling Wine, of Milk two more,
 And two from offer'd Bulls of purple Gore:
 With Roses then the Sepulchre he strew'd.
 Five Sheep according to the Rites he slew,
 As many Swine, and Steers of sable Hiew:
 New gen'rous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,
 And call'd his Father's Ghost, from Hell restor'd.
 The glad Attendants in long Order come,
 Off'ring their Gifts at great *Anchises'* Tomb:
 Some add more Oxen, some divide the Spoil,
 Some place the Chargers on the grassy Soil,
 Some blow the Fires, and offer'd Entrails broil.

Dryd. Virg.

Haste the Sacrifice;

Sev'n Bullocks, yet unyok'd, for *Phabus* chuse,
 And for *Diana* sev'n unspotted Ewes.

Dryd. Virg.

Thick Clouds of rolling Smoke involve the Skies,
 And Fat of Entrails on the Altar fries.

Dryd. Virg.

The Victim Beasts are slain before the Fire;
 The trembling Entrails from their Bodies torn,
 Are to the fatten'd Flames in Chargers borne.

Dryd. Virg.

S A I L I N G. See *Paradise*.

Our Anchors weigh'd, and Topails loos'd, a Gale
 Sprung up, and swell'd the Womb of ev'ry Sail;

Old

Old Ocean, pleas'd, our bounding Vessels laves,
Which with sharp Keels cut through the foaming Waves. *Blac.*

The Wind suffic'd the Sail;

The bellying Canvas strutted with the Gale:
The Waves indignant roar with surly Pride,
And press against the Sides, and, beaten off, divide.
They cut the foamy Way.

Dryd. Hom.

Ent'ring with chearful Shouts the watry Reign,
And ploughing frothy Furrows on the Main.

Dryd. Virg.

The howling Sailors all their Anchors weigh'd,
And the tall Ships their spacious Wings display'd:
They spoom'd away before the shoving Wind,
And left retreating Cliffs and Rocks behind.

Blac.

They stretch their Canvas, and they ply their Oars,
All Hands aloft, for *Creet*, for *Creet*, they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy Billows fly.

Dryd. Virg.

Now Seas and Skies their Prospect only bound,
An empty Space above, a floating Field around.

Dryd. Virg.

There rose a gentle Breeze,
That curl'd the Smoothness of the glassy Seas:
The rising Winds a ruffling Gale afford,
And call the merry Mariners aboard:
They slip their Haulsers.

Fresh Gales arise; with equal Strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom Seas, and o'er the Billows fly. *Dryd. Virg.*

The threaden Sails,
Borne with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottom thro' the furrow'd Seas,
Breasting the lofty Surge.

Shak. Hen. 5.

The floating Castles dance upon the Tide,
And on its foamy Ridge triumphant ride.

Blac.

Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and stretch your Oars,
Contract your swelling Sails, and luff to Wind.
Now shift your Sails:
Tack to the *Larboard*, and stand off to Sea:
Veer *Starboard* Sea and Land.

Before the Wind
They skud amain, and make the Port assign'd.

Dryd. Virg.

Their Anchors drop, his Crew the Vessel moor;
They turn their Heads to Sea, their Sterns to Shore.

Dryd. Virg.

Sure he who first the Passage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side:

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Or his at least in hollow Wood,
 Who tempted first the briny Flood :
 Nor fear'd the Winds contending Roar,
 Nor Billows beating on the Shore :
 Nor *Hyades*, portending Rain,
 Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
 What Form of Death could him affright,
 Who unconcern'd with stedfast Sight,
 Cou'd view the Surges Mountain-steep,
 And Monsters rolling in the Deep?
 Could through the Ranks of Ruin go,
 With Storms above, and Rocks below?
 In vain did Nature's wise Command
 Divide the Waters from the Land,
 If daring Ships, and Men profane,
 Invade th'inviolable Main,
 Th'eternal Fences over-leap,
 And pass at Will the boundless Deep.
 No Toil, no Hardships can restrain
 Ambitious Man inur'd to Pain ;
 The more confin'd, the more he tries,
 And at forbidden Quarry flies.

Dryd. Hor.

A Fleet under Sail.

The wanton Zephyrs with the Pendants play,
 Which loose in Air their waving Pride display.
 The Streamers gay Defiance spread on high,
 At once adorn and terrify the Sky,
 Th'unwieldy Ships were on the Billows tost,
 And all the Blasts the Winds could blow engross'd.
 The longest-breath'd, and the most vig'rous Gales,
 Are all employ'd to swell the spacious Sails :
 The lofty-Firs, which pregnant Canvas wear,
 Bear thro the floating Clouds, the floating War.
 Oaks which by Land did fiercest Winds disdain,
 Become obedient to them on the Main.
 The lab'ring Gales with Pain the Navy shove,
 And o'er the Billows heave the bounding Grov.
 Stript of their Boughs the naked Pines advance,
 And to the Musick of the Trumpet dance.
 They pass in long Procession o'er the Deep,
 And with their Flags contiguous Æther sweep.
 Their gilded Sides and Sterns improve the Day,
 And with augmented Glory Heav'n repay.

His Rays recoil'd so bright, th'astonish'd Sun
Started, unmindful that they were his own.

Blac.

S A L M O N E U S.

Salmoneus suff'ring cruel Pains I found,
For emulating *Jove*; the rattling Sound
Of mimic Thunder, and the glitt'ring Blaze
Of pointed Lightning, and their forked Rays:
Thro *Elis* and the *Grecian* Towns he flew,
Th'audacious Wretch four fiery Coursers drew:
He wav'd a Torch aloft, and madly vain,
Sought God-like Worship from a servile Train.
Ambitious Fool! with horny Hoofs to pass
O'er hollow Arches of resounding Brass;
To rival Thunder in its rapid Course,
And imitate inimitable Force.

But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,
Bar'd his right Arm, and lanching from the Sky
His writhen Bolt, not shaking empty Smoke,
Down to the deep Abyss the flaming Felon strook.

Dryd. Virg.

S C A N D A L.

There is a Lust in Man, no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame:
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born and die.

Harv. Juv.

Slander, the worst of Poisons, ever finds
An easy Entrance in ignoble Minds.

Harv. Juv.

S C H O O L - M E N.

In School-Divinity as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*:
Profound in all the nominal
And real Ways beyond them all;
And with as delicate a Hand
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand,
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
That's empty when the Moon's at full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head,
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice.
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with Doubts profound,

Only to shew with how small Pain
 The Sores of Faith are cur'd again ;
 Altho by woful Proof we find
 They always leave a Scar behind.
 He knew the Seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what Degree it lies ;
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
 Below the Moon, or else above it.
 What *Adam* dreamt of, when his Bride
 Came from her Closet in his Side :
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter.
 If either of them had a Navel,
 Who first made Musick malleable.
 Whether the Serpent at the Fall,
 Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
 All this without a Gloss or Comment
 He could unriddle in a Moment ;
 In proper Terms, such as Men smatter,
 When they throw out, and miss the Matter.

Hud.

S C O R N.

Who Pride and Scorn do undergo,
 In Tempests and rough Seas Love's Gallies row :
 They pant, and groan, and sigh, but find
 Their Sighs increase the angry Wind.
 As Water fluid is till it do grow
 Solid and fix'd by Snow ;
 So in warm Seasons Love does loosely flow :
 Frost only can it hold.
 A Woman's Rigour and Disdain
 Does its swift Course restrain ;
 But when kind Beams appear,
 It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,
 And loses it self there :
 So the Sun's am'rous Play
 Kisses the Ice away.

Coul.

Coul.

Thus some, the harsher and hide-bouder
 The Damsels prove, become the fonder ;
 For what mad Lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle Bride ?
 Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
 In purling Streams or Hemp departed ?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,
 The amorous Fly burnt in his Flame.

Hud.

S C U L P T U R E. See Statues.

Some carve the Trunks, and breathing Shapes bestow,
Giving the Trees more Life than when they grow.

Cowl.

In midst a Table of rich Iv'ry stands,
By three fierce Tygers and three Lions borne,
Which grin, and fearfully the Place adorn:
Widely they gape, and to the Eyes they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore.

Cowl.

S C Y L L A and C H A R I B D I S.

In the Straits,

Where proud *Pelorus* opes a wider Way,
Far on the right, her Dogs foul *Scylla* hides;
Charibdis roaring on the Left presides,
And in her greedy Whirlpool sucks the Tides:
Then spouts them from below; with Fury driv'n,
The Waves mount up, and wash the Face of Heav'n:
But *Scylla* from her Den, with open Jaws,
The sinking Vessels in her Eddy draws.
Then dashes on the Rocks: A human Face,
And Virgin's-Bosom hide her Tail's Disgrace;
Her Parts obscene below the Waves descend,
With Dogs inclos'd, and in a Dolphin end.

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Dryd. Virg.

S E A. See Creation, Jealousy, Rowing, Sailing,
Storm, Tempest.

Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the Bottom torn with furious Winds,
And surging Waves, as Mountains to assault
Heav'ns Height, and with the Centre mix the Pole.

Milt.

The Sea it self smooths his rough Face a while,
Flatt'ring the greedy Merchant with a Smile;
But he whose shipwreck'd Bark it drank before,
Sees the Deceit, and knows it would have more.

Cowl.

S E A, divided for a Passage to the Israelites.

Commanded by the Breath, th'obsequious Main
Stood still, and gather'd up its flowing Train.

Th'Almighty did the Sea divide,
And as he rends the Hills, he split the Tide:
Benumb'd with Fear, the Waves erected stood,
O'erlooking all the distant Flood.

Mountains of craggy Billows did arise,
And Rocks of stiffen'd Water reach'd the Skies.
Remoter Waves came rolling on to see

The strange transforming Mystery.

But they, approaching near,
 Where the high crystal Ridges did appear,
 Felt the divine Contagion's Force,
 Mov'd slothfully awhile, and then quite stop'd their Course.
 Th' *Egyptians* cry'd, let us pursue the flying Slaves,
 We'll bathe the Defart with a purple Flood,
 And heal its gaping Wounds with *Hebrew* Blood. *Blac.*

S E R P E N T. See Creation, Paradise, Snake.

With speckled Pride

A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide:
 His huggy bulk on seven high Volumes roll'd,
 Blue was his Breadth of Back, but streak'd with scaly Gold.
 Thus riding on his Curls, he seem'd to pass
 A rolling Fire along, and singe the Grass:
 More various Colours through his Body run,
 Than *Iris*, when her Bow imbibes the Sun. *Dryd. Virg.*

Two Serpents rank'd abreast, the Seas divide,
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide:
 Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show,
 Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below:
 Their speckled Tails advance to steer their Course,
 And on the sounding Shore the flying Billows force.
 And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,
 Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill'd;
 Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,
 And lick'd their hissing Jaws, that sputter'd Flame. *Dryd. Virg.*

Serpent tempting E V E.

The Serpent, sleeping fast, the Devil found
 In Labyrinth of many a Round self roll'd,
 His Head the midst, well stor'd with subtle Wiles;
 Nor yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
 Nor nocent yet; but on the grassy Herb
 Fearless, unfeard he slept: In at his Mouth
 He enter'd, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
 Address'd his Way, not with indented Wave,
 Prone on the Ground, as since; but on his Rear,
 Circular Base of rising Folds, that tow'r'd
 Fold above Fold, a surging Maze: His Head
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
 With burnish'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the Grass
 Floated redundant:

With Track oblique,
 At first, as one who sought Access, but fear'd

To interrupt, sidelong he works his Way.
 As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought
 Nigh River's Mouth, or Foreland where the Wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers and shifts her Sail ;
 So vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train
 Curl'd many a wanton Wreath in sight of *Eve*,
 To lure her Eye :

Then as in Gaze admiring, oft he bow'd
 His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
 Fawning, and lick'd the Ground whereon she trod.
 Lead on, said *Eve* ; he leading swiftly roll'd
 In Tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
 'To Mischief swift : Hope elevates, and Joy
 Brightens his Crest.

HERCULES killing the Serpents.

The big-limb'd Babe in his huge Cradle lay,
 Too weighty to be rock'd by Nurfes Hands:
 When lo! by jealous *Juno's* fierce Commands,
 Two dreadful Serpents come,
 Rolling and hissing loud, into the Room.
 To the bold Babe they trace their bidden Way,
 Forth from their flaming Eyes dread Lightnings went, (sent.
 Their gaping Mouths fork'd Tongues, like Thunderbolts, pre-
 The mighty Infant smil'd, and seem'd well pleas'd

At his gay gilded Foes ;

And as their spotted Necks up to the Cradle rose,
 With his young warlike Hands on both he seiz'd ;
 In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
 In vain their armed Tails they twist,

And angry Circles cast about,

Black Blood, and fiery Breath, and pois'nous Soul he squeezes out. (Cowl. Pind.

S H A D E.

Behold *Alexis*, see this gloomy Shade,
 Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made ;
 Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,
 But Night succeeding Night, excludes the Day :
 Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
 And lightsome Notes to cheer the dusky Air ;
 To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
 By Morning Lark, or Evening *Philomel* !
 No Vi'let here or Dasy e'er was seen,
 No sweetly-budding Flow'r, nor springing Green :
 For fragrant Myrtle and the blushing Rose,
 Here baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.

Here highest Woods, impenetrable
To Sun or Starlight, spread their Umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening.

Milt.

So black the Shade, so thick the stagnant Air,
That no reviving Sun-beams enter'd there:
Nothing but here and there a straggling Ray,
That lost it self in wandering from the Day:
Which serv'd not to refresh, but to affright,
Not to dispel, but to disclose the Night.

Blac.

A Green-wood Shade, for long Religion known,
Incompass'd round with gloomy Hills above,
Which added holy Horror to the Grove.

Dryd. Virg.

S H I P. See Deluge.

Guyomar. As far as I could cast my Eyes
Upon the Sea, something methought did rise,
Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful Shapes, and thus mov'd towards the Shore:
The Object I could first distinctly view,
Was tall straight Trees, which on the Waters flew:
Wings on their Sides instead of Leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow;
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.

Montezuma. What divine Monsters, O ye Gods! are these,
That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the Shore?

Guyom. Alas! they liv'd too sure, I heard 'em roar:
All turn'd their Sides, and to each other spoke,
I saw their Words break out in Fire and Smoke.
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,
And these the younger Brothers of the Sky.
Deaf with the Noise, I took my hasty Flight,
No mortal Courage can support the Fright.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

Behold a stately Ship
Proud of her gaudy Trim, comes this way sailing,
With all her Brav'ry on, and Tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and Streamers waving,
Court'd by all the Winds that hold them play.

Milt.

This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind:
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon:
He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows;
And then again he cur'ty'd down so low,

I could not see him; till at last, all fidelong
With a great crack, his Belly burst in pieces.

Shak. Temp.

Thus as a Ship, which Winds and Waves assail,
Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail:
She feels a double Force; by turns obeys
Th'imperious Tempest and impetuous Seas.

Dryd. Ovid.

S I C K N E S S. See Diseases.

Mean while the Health of *Arcite* still impairs,
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the Leeches Cares:
Swol'n is his Breast, his inward Pains increase;
All Means are us'd, and all without Success.

The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of Art:
The Mould of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,
Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void:
The Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell,
All out of Frame is ev'ry secret Cell;
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Those breathing Organs, thus within oppress'd,
With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast;
Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,
Nor vomits upward Aid, nor downward Laxative.
The midmost Region batter'd and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th'Effect of Art is void.

(Arc.)

Dryd. Pal.

Physicians had forsaken his Cure:

All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
The Moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature
Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away.

Dryd. Riv. Lad.

He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake!
His Coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
And that same Eye, whose Bend does awe the World,
Did lose his Lustre. I did hear him groan;
I, and that Tongue of his that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas! it cry'd, give me some Drink, *Titinius*;
As a sick Girl.

Shak Jul. Cas. Spoken of Caesar.

And thus the Wretch, whose Fever-weaken'd Joints,
Like strengthless Hinges, buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
Out of his Keeper's Arms.

Shak. Hen. 4. Part 2.

As he who in a Fever burning lies,
 First of his Friends does for a Drop implore,
 Which tasted once, unable to give o'er,
 Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still thirsts after more. *Orw. Don Carl.*

Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,
 Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,
 And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains ;
 But yields at last to her resistless Pains.

Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,
 Thro' all her Veins makes his delightful way ;
 Her Fate's like *Semele's* : The Flames destroy
 That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.

Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
 Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade :
 Her Skin has lost that Lustre, which surpass'd
 The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last.
 Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,
 Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts.
 Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
 And Sicknefs triumphs in the Throne of *Love*.

Norm.

Ah ! lovely *Amoret*, the Care
 Of all that know what's good or fair !
 Is Heav'n become our Rival too ?
 With such a Grace you entertain,
 And look with such Contempt on Pain,
 That languishing you conquer more,
 And wound us deeper than before.
 So Lightnings, which in Storms appear,
 Scorch more than when the Skies are clear ;
 And as pale Sicknefs does invade
 Your frailer Part, the Breaches made
 In that fair Lodging, still more clear
 Make the bright Guest, your Soul, appear.
 So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains borne,
 Their light Robes by the Brambles torn,
 From their fair Limbs exposing new
 And unknown Beauties to the View
 Of following Gods, increase their Flame,
 And haste to catch the flying Game.

Wall.

S I G H. See Tears.

He rais'd a Sigh so hideous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
 And end his Being.

She drew a Length of Sighs.

Shak. Haml.
Dryd. Virg.
 Sigh'd

Sigh'd from the inward Soul.

Dryd. Virg.

All around

A general Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound.

Cong. Hom.

Then such deep Sighs heav'd from his woful Heart,

As if his sorrowful Soul

Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away.

Lee Oedip.

He knock'd his aged Breast, and inward groan'd,

Like some sad Prophet, who foresaw the Doom

(Don Seb.

Of those whom best he lov'd, and could not save.

Dryd.

All the vital Air that Life draws in,

Is render'd back in Sighs.

Rowe Tamerl.

Nor Women's Sighs, nor Tears are true,

Those idle blow, these idle fall;

Nothing like to ours at all;

But Sighs and Tears have Sexes too.

Cowl.

Keep down, ye rising Sighs!

And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast;

Run to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind;

That when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,

You may at once rush from the Seat of Life,

Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder.

Lee Alex.

S I L E N C E:

Silence, the midnight God appears:

In all its downy Pomp array'd,

Behold the rev'rend Shade.

An antient Sigh he sits upon,

Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,

And purposely annihilated for his Throne.

Beneath, two soft transparent Clouds do meet,

In which he seems to sink his softer Feet:

A melancholy Thought condens'd to Air,

Stoln from a Lover in Despair,

Like a thin Mantle serves to wrap

In fluid Folds his visionary Shape;

A Wreath of Darkness round his Head he wears,

Where curling Mists supply the want of Hairs.

While the still Vapours, which from Poppies rise,

Bedew his hoary Head, and lull his Eyes.

Cong.

Silence, more dreadful than severest Sounds!

Would she but speak, tho' Death, eternal Exile,

Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,

There would be Musick ev'n in my Undoing.

Lee Alex.

Far from my Lips, within my Breast I'll keep it,

Nor breathe it softly to my self alone,

Left

Left some officious murm'ring Wind should tell it,
And babbling Echoes catch the feeble Sound.

Rowe Ulyss.

No, to what purpose should I speak !
No, wretched Heart, swell till you break !
No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,
As silent as they will be there :
I will not ask her, 'tis a milder Fate
To fall by her not loving, than her Hate.

Cowl.

Mean while the Knight had no small Task,
To compass what he durst not ask :
He loves, but dares not make the Motion ;
Her Ignorance is his Devotion.
Like Caitiff vile, that for Misdeed,
Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed ;
Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move ;
Or as a Tumbler that does play
His Game, and look another Way,
Until he seize upon the Coney ;
Just so does he by Matrimony.

Hud.

Silent as the extatick Bliss
Of Souls, that by Intelligence converse.

Otw. Orph.

Still as the Bosom of the desert Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends.

Lee Alex.

Still as the peaceful Walks of antient Night ;
Silent as are the Lamps that burn in Tombs.

Shak. K. Lear.

Silent as Dews that fall in Dead of Night.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

S I L E N U S.

Two Satyrs on the Ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their Sire *Silenus* found :
Doz'd with his Fumes, and heavy with his Load,
They found him snoring in his dark Abode ;
And seiz'd with youthful Arms the drunken God.
His rosy Wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the Tide of Wind, and floating on the Floor.
His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,
Washing on high, to boast the Triumph of the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

S I N G I N G. See Enthusiasm, Musick.

Behold and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet Sounds the willing Air ;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire.
What Reason can that Love controul,
Which more than one way courts the Soul ?

So when a Flash of Lightning falls
 On our Abodes, the Danger calls
 For human Aid, which hopes the Flame
 To conquer, tho' from Heav'n it came :
 But if the Winds with that conspire,
 Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

Wall.

She rais'd her Voice so high, and sung so clear,
 The Fawns came skudding from the Groves to hear,
 And all the bending Forest lent an Ear.

At ev'ry Cloſe ſhe made, th'attending Throng
 Reply'd, and bore the Burden of the Song :

So juſt, ſo ſmall, yet in ſo ſweet a Note, *(the Leaf.*
 It ſeem'd the Muſick melted in the Throat. *Dryd. The Flower and*

She ſung, and carol'd out ſo clear,
 That Men and Angels might rejoice to hear :

Ev'n wond'ring *Philomel* forgot to ſing,
 And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring. *Dry. Pal. & Arc.*

He rais'd his Voice, and ſoon a num'rous Throng
 Of tripping *Satyrs* crowded to the Song ;

And ſylvan Fawns and ſavage Beaſts advanc'd,
 And nodding Forests to the Numbers danc'd.

Not by *Hamonian* Hills the *Thracian* Bard,

Nor awful *Phæbus* was on *Pindus* heard,

With deeper Silence, or with more Regard.

Dryd. Virg. }

Amphion ſung not ſweeter to his Herd,
 When ſummon'd Stones the *Theban* Turrets rear'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

Unweary'd he purſues the tuneful Strain,

Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung,

And ſudden Night ſurpriz'd the yet unfinish'd Song.

Dryd. Virg.

A Song that would have charm'd th'infernal Gods,

And baniſh'd Horror from the dark Abodes.

Dryd.

While I liſten to thy Voice,

Chloris ! I feel my Life decay :

That powerful Noiſe

Calls my ſitting Soul away.

Oh ! ſuppreſs the magick Sound,

Which deſtroys without a Wound.

Peace, *Chloris* ! Peace ! or ſinging, die ,

That together you and I

To Heav'n may go :

For all we know

Of what the Bleſſed do above,

Is that they ſing, and that they love.

Wall.

Chloe

Chloe! your self you so excel,
 While you vouchsafe to breathe my Thought;
 That like a Spirit, with this Spell
 Of my own teaching, I am caught.
 That Eagle's Fate and mine are one,
 Who, on the Shaft that made him die,
 Espy'd a Feather of his own,
 With which he wont to soar so high :
 Had *Echo* with so sweet a Grace
Narcissus' loud Complaints return'd,
 Not for Reflexion of his Face,
 But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.

[*Wall. To a Lady that sung a Song of his composing.*]

S I R E N.

Thus as a Mariner, that sails along,
 With Pleasure hears th'enticing *Siren's* Song;
 Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,
 Boldly leaps in, tho certain to be drown'd.

Otw. Don. Carl.

S L E E P.

Near the *Cimmerians*, in his dark Abode,
 Deep in a Cavern dwells the drousy God;
 Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod.
 Whose gloomy Mansion, nor the rising Sun,
 Nor setting viuits, nor the lightfom Moon;
 But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
 Perpetual Twilight and a doubtful Sky.
 No crowing Cock does there his Wings display,
 Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day :
 No watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geese,
 Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace.
 No Beast of Nature, nor the tame are nigh,
 Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human Cry.
 But safe Repose without an Air of Breath
 Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.
 An Arm of *Lethe* with a gentle Flow
 Arising upward from the Rock below,
 The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,
 And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
 Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
 And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow.
 Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue drains,
 And passing, sheds it on the silent Plains :
 No Door there was, th'unguarded Home to keep,
 Or creaking Hinges turn'd to break his Sleep.

But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
 Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon Sted ;
 Black was the Cov'ring too where lay the God,
 And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad :
 About his Head fantastick Visions fly,
 Which various Images of Things supply,
 And mock their Forms ; the Leaves on Trees not more,
 Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*
 O sacred Rest !

Sweet pleasing Sleep ! of all the Powers the best.
 O Peace of Mind ! Repairer of Decay,
 Whose Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day ;
 Care shuns thy soft Approach, and sullen flies away. *Dryd. Virg.* }

The weary World's best Med'cine, Sleep !

It shuts those Wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,
 And flies Oppressors to relieve th'Opprest.
 It loves the Cottage, and from Court abstains :
 It stills the Seamen, tho the Storm be high :
 Frees the griev'd Captive in his closest Chains ;
 Stops Want's loud Mouth, and blinds the treach'rous Spy. *(Gond. Dav.)*

Sleep, that locks up the Senses from their Care ;
 The Death of each Day's Life : Tir'd Nature's Bath !
 Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's second Course,
 Death's Counterfeit.

Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast. *Shak. Macb.*

Somnus, the humble God that dwells
 In Cottages and smoaky Cells ;
 Hates gilded Roofs, and Beds of Down,
 And tho he fears no Prince's Frown,
 Flies from the Circle of a Crown.
 Nature, alas ! why art thou so
 Oblig'd unto thy greatest Foe ?
 Sleep, that is thy best Repast,
 Yet of Death it bears a Taste,
 And both are the same thing at last. *Denh. Soph.* }

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep !

Nature's best Nurse ! how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,
 And steep my Senses in Forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky Cribs,
 Upon uneasy Pallads stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing Night fly'st to thy Slumber ;
 Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
 Under the Canopies of costly State,

And

And lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody ?
 O thou dull God ! why ly'st thou with the Vile
 In loathſom Beds, and leav'ſt the kingly Couch ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Maſt
 Seal up the Ship-Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 And in the Viſitation of the Winds ?
 Canſt thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy Repoſe
 To the wet Sea-Boy in an Hour ſo rude,
 And in the calm'eſt and the ſtilleſt Night
 Deny it to a King ?

Shak. Hen. 4.

So ſleeps the Sea-boy on the cloudy Maſt,
 Safe as a drouſy *Triton*, rock'd with Storms,
 While toſſing Princes wake on Beds of Down.

Lee Mithrid.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
 And yet ſo humble too, as not to ſcorn
 The mean'eſt Country Cottages !
 His Poppy grows among the Corn.
 The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Neſt
 In any ſtormy Breſt.

'Tis not enough, that he does find
 Clouds and Darkneſs in the Mind ;
 Darkneſs but half his work will do,
 'Tis not enough, he muſt find Quiet too.

Cowl. Hor

In vain, thou drouſy God, I thee invoke,
 For thou, who doſt from Fumes ariſe,
 Thou, who Man's Soul doſt over-ſhade
 With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,
 Canſt have no Pow'r to ſhut his Eyes,
 Or Paſſage of his Spirits to choke,
 Whoſe Flame's ſo pure, that it ſends up no Smoke.
 Thou who doſt Men, as Nights to Colours do,
 Bring all to an Equality ;
 Come, thou juſt God, and equal me
 A while to my diſdainful She :
 In that Condition let me lie,
 Till Love does the Favour ſhew ;
 Love equals all a better way than thou.
 Thou never more ſhalt be invok'd by me :
 Watchful as Spirits and Gods I'll prove,
 Let her but grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy Kinsman Death defy :
 For berwixt thee, and them that love,
 Never will an Agreement be ;

The

Thou scorn'st the Unhappy, and the Happy thee.

Cowl.

Falling asleep.

The timely Dew of Sleep

Now falling, with soft slumb'rous Weight inclines
My Eye-Lids.

Milt.

Then gentle Sleep, with soft Oppression seiz'd
My droufed Sense.

Milt.

Thick Mists arise,

And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

Gar.

They stop the Sense, and close the conquer'd Eyes.

God of S L O T H.

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
The God of Sloth for his Asylum chose.

Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes,
Supine with folded Arms he thoughtless nods:
Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Ease,
With Murmurs of soft Rills, and whisp'ring Trees.
The Poppy, and each numbing Plant dispense
Their drousy Virtue, and dull Indolence.

A careless Deity!

No Passions interrupt his easy Reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain:
But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed;
And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.

Thus at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay,
Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away.

Gar.

The slumb'ring God, amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen:
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

Gar.

S M I L E.

She spoke it with a Smile,

That seem'd at once to pity and revile.

Cowl.

A Smile that glow'd

Celestial rosy Red, Love's proper Hiew.

Milt.

He skrew'd his Face into a harden'd Smile. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

From his bent Brow a gloomy Smile arose. *Dryd. Conq. of Gra.*

The Terror of their Brows so rough e'er while

Sunk down into the Dimples of a Smile.

Cowl.

What Charms has Sorrow in that Face?

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweetness;

Yet now and then a melancholy Smile

Breaks out, like Lightning in a Winter's Night,

And shews a Moment's Day.

Dryd. All for Love.

S M I T H.

SMITH. See Cyclops.

The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
While the lung'd Bellows hissing Fire provoke.

Dryd. Juv.

One stirs the Fire, and one the Bellows blows :
The hissing Steel is in the Smithy drown'd ;
The Grot with beaten Anvils groans around :
By turns their Arms advance in equal Time,
By turns their Hands descend, and Hammers chime ;
They turn the glowing Mafs with crooked Tongs,
The fiery Work proceeds with rustick Songs.

Dryd. Virg.

As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty Nod,
New Thunder hasten for their angry God ;
Subdu'd in Fire, the stubborn Metal lies ;
One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plies,
And draws and blows reciprocating Air ;
Others to quench the hissing Mafs prepare ;
With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,
And chime their founding Hammers in a Row :
With labour'd Anvils *Ætna* groans below.
Strongly they strike, huge Flakes of Flame expire ;
With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire.

}
(Virg.
Dryd.

S M O K E.

In dusky Wreaths the Smoke began to roll.

Milt.

The Smoke in cloudy Vapours flies,
Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies.

Dryd. Virg.

Black smould'ring Smoke from the green Wood expires,
The Light of Heav'n is chok'd, and the new Day retires.

Dry. Virg.

Feebly the Flames on clumsy Wings aspire,
And smoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.

Gar.

S N A K E. See Serpent.

In fair *Calabria's* Wood a Snake is bred,
With curling Crest, and with advancing Head :
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding Track ;
His Belly spotted, burnish'd is his Back.
While Springs are broken, while the southern Air,
And dropping Heav'ns the moisten'd Earth repair,
He lives on standing Lakes and trembling Bogs,
And fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious Frogs.
But when in muddy Pools the Water sinks,
And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks,
He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground,
And, hissing, rolls his glaring Eyes around :
With Thirst inflam'd, impatient of the Heats,
He rages in the Fields, and wide Destruction threatens.

Oh !

Oh! let not Sleep my closing Eyes invade,
 In open Plains, or in the secret Shade,
 When he, renew'd in all the speckled Pride
 Of pompous Youth, has cast his Slough aside ;
 And in his Summer Livery rolls along
 Erect, and brandishing his forky Tongue,
 Leaving his Nest, and his imperfect Young :
 And thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear
 The Hopes of Poison for the following Year. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when the Spring's warm Breath, and cheering Ray,
 Calls from his Cave th' awaken'd Snake, that lay
 Folded to Rest, while Winter's Snows conceal'd
 The Mountains Heads, and Frosts the Lakes congeal'd ;
 The sloughy Spoils from his sleek Back depos'd,
 And the gay Pride of his new Skin disclos'd :
 He views himself, with youthful Beauties crown'd,
 Elated, casts his haughty Eyes around,
 And rolls his speckled Spires along the Ground.
 Fresh Colours dye his Sides, and thro his Veins,
 Turgid with Life, reviving Vigour reigns.
 The sprightly Beast unfolds upon the Plain,
 The glossy Honours of his Summer Train :
 His Crest erected high, and forky Tongue
 Shot out, he hisses, bounds, and leaps along. *Blac.*

So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,
 Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake ;
 And casting off his Slough, when Spring returns,
 Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns :
 Restor'd with pois'nous Herbs, his ardent Sides
 Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides :
 High o'er the Grass he hissing rolls along,
 And brandishes by fits his forky Tongue. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Snake, surpriz'd upon the Road,
 Is crush'd athwart her Body by the Load
 Of heavy Wheels ; or with a mortal Wound
 Her Belly bruis'd, or trodden to the Ground :
 In vain with loosen'd Curls she crawls along,
 Yet fierce above, she brandishes her Tongue ;
 Glares with her Eyes, and bristles with her Scales,
 But grov'ling in the dust, her Part unsound she trails. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Snake of size immense ascends a Tree,
 And in the leafy Summit spy'd a Nest,
 Which o'er her callow Young a Sparrow press'd,

Eight were the Birds unfledg'd : The Mother flew
 And hover'd round her Care, but still in view,
 Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood,
 Then seiz'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drank her Blood. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Of a Lady playing with a Snake.

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes
 In *Chloris'* Fancy such Mistakes,
 To start at Love, and play with Snakes.
 Thrice happy Snake, that in her sleeve
 May'st boldly creep ; we dare not give
 Our Thoughts so unconfin'd a Leave.
 Contented in that Nest of Snow
 He lies, as he his Blifs did know,
 And to the Wood no more would go.
 Take heed, fair *Eve*, you do not make
 Another Tempter of this Snake ;
 A marble one, so warm'd, would speak.

Wall.

S N O W.

A Shower of soft and fleecy Rain
 Falls, to new-clothe the Earth again :
 Behold the Mountains Tops around,
 As if with Fur of Ermin crown'd :
 And lo ! how by degrees,
 The universal Mantle hides the Trees,
 In hoary Flakes which downward fly,
 As if it were the Autumn of the Sky,
 Whose Fall of Leaf would theirs supply.
 Trembling the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow
 Like aged Limbs, which feebly go,
 Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

Cong.

S O L D I E R. *See Mars, Storm, and Shipwreck.*

A Leader seem'd

Each Warriour single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the Sway
 Of Battel ; open when, and when to close
 The Ridges of grim War : No Thought of Flight,
 None of Retreat : No unbecoming Deed
 That argu'd Fear ; each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his Arm the Moment lay
 Of Victory.

Milt.

Full fifty Years, harness'd in rugged Steel,
 I have endur'd the biting Winter's Blast,
 And the severer Heats of parching Summer ;
 While they who loll'd at home on lazy Couches,

Were,

Were, at my Cost, secure in Luxury.

Rowe Amb. Step.

The Tyrant, Custom,

Has made the flinty and steel Couch of War

My thrice driven Bed of Down.

Shak. Othel.

Let Honour

Call for my Blood, and sluice it into Streams :

Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,

And let me hunt her thro embattel'd Foes,

In dusty Plains amidst the Cannons Roar ;

There will I be the first.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

Rude am I in my Speech,

And little bless'd with the soft Phrase of Peace :

For since these Arms of mine had seven Years Pith,

Till now some nine Moon wasted, they have us'd

Their dearest Action in the tented Field :

And little of this great World can I speak,

More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battel.

Shak. Othel.

Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face,

The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head ;

And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red :

He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,

And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair :

Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong,

Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long :

Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,

Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the Field.

His Surcoat was a Bear's Skin on his Back ;

His Hair hung long behind, and glossy Raven-black :

Whene'er he spok, his Voice was heard around,

Loud as a Trumpet with a silver Sound. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Ravish'd with Wars, and Danger's horrid Charms,

He with impetuous Ardour flew to Arms :

Soon as the rang'd Battalions came in sight,

He felt fierce Joy, and terrible Delight,

And shudder'd with his Eagerness to fight.

What Flames flew from his Eyes, when he from far

View'd the four Brows, and murdering Jaws of War ! *Blac.*

Rough in Battel

As the first *Romans*, when they went to War ;

Yet after Victory more pitiful

Than all their praying Virgins left at home. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Hadst thou once seen him, like the God of War,

While griesly Terror perch'd upon his Plume,

Severely shining in his dreadful Helmet,

And thund'ring thro the Tempest of the Field. *Den. Rin. & Arm.*

When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms,
Made the tough Age of bold *Ramirez* bend,
He fought like *Mars* descending from the Skies,
And look'd like *Venus* rising from the Waves. *Dryd. Love Trium.*

How nobly he becomes the great Battalion !
See how he shines in Arms, and suns the Field !
Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War. *Lee D. of Guise.*

Adorn'd with Sweat, and painted gay with Blood,
He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around. *Cowl.*

Thro all the Mazes of the bloody Field
I hunted his sacred Life. I fought him
Where Ranks fell thickest ; 'twas indeed the place
To seek *Sebastian* : thro a Track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Men.
But still I came too late ; for he was flown,
Like Lightning, swift before me, to new Slaughter.
I mow'd across, and made irregular Harvest,
Defac'd the Pomp of Battel, but in vain ;
For he was still supplying Death elsewhere. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

As for *Sebastian*, we must search the Field,
And where we see a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below,
There shall he find him at his manly Length,
With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument
Which his true Sword has digg'd. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

He in the Battel had a thirsty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,
And, like the Grave, the glut'nous Blade devour'd :
Slaughter upon its Point in Triumph fate,
And scatter'd Death as quick and wide as Fate. *Old.*

Twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief : By painful Journeys
I led them, patient of both Heat and Hunger :
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt Faces,
Their scarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands ; there's Virtue in them :
They'll sell those mangled Limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim Bands can buy. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms
Watchful they stood, expecting opening Day ;
And now are hardly by their Leaders held,
From darting on the Foe : Like a hot Courser,
That bounding paws the mould'ring Soil, disdainig

The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race. *Rowe Tamerl.*

Oh thou hast fir'd me! my Soul is up in Arms,
 And mans each part about me : Once again
 That noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me,
 That Eagerness, with which I darted upward
 To *Cassius'* Camp. In vain the steepy Hill
 Oppos'd my way ; in vain a War of Spears
 Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield :
 I won the Trenches, while my foremost Men
 Lagg'd on the Plain below. Come on, my Soldier,
 Our Hearts and Arms are still the same : I long
 Once more to meet our Foes, that thou and I,
 Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
 May taste Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a Passage,
 And entring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
 Begin the noblest Harvest of the Field. *Dryd. All for Love.*

S O L I T U D E.

O Solitude ! first State of Human Kind,
 Which bless'd remain'd, till Man did find
 Ev'n his own Helper's Company !

As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,
 The Serpent made up three.

Thee God himself thro countless Ages, thee
 His sole Companion chose to be !

Thee, sacred Solitude ! alone,

Before the branchy Head of Numbers three
 Sprung from the Trunk of one.

Ah ! wretched and too solitary He,
 Who loves not his own Company !

He'll feel the weight of 't ev'ry day,

Unless he call in Sin or Vanity,

To help to bear 't away.

For Solitude sometimes is best Society.

Cowl.

Milt.

In Solitude

What Happiness ? Who can enjoy alone ?

Or all enjoying, what Contentment find ?

Milt.

S O R R O W. See Despair, Funeral, Grief, Tears, Weeping.

He at the News

Heart-struck, with chilling Gripe of Sorrow flood,
 That all his Senses bound.

Milt.

Some secret Anguish rolls within his Breast,
 That shakes him, like an Earthquake, which he presses,
 And will not give it vent.

He blushes, and would speak, and wants a Voice,

And

And stares, and gapes like a forbidden Ghost. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Darkness, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inseparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever.

Dryd. Amphit.

Misfortunes on Misfortunes press upon me,
Swell o'er my Head like Waves, and dash me down.
Sorrow, Remorse, and Shame have torn my Soul,
And blast the Spring and Promise of my Year;
They hang like Winter on my youthful Hopes :
So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,
To lose their Freshness among Bones and Rottenness,
And have their Odours stifled in the Dust.

Rowe Fair Pen.

All Ages, all Degrees unsluice their Eyes ;
And Heav'n and Earth resound with Murmurs, Groans, and Cries.
Matrons and Maidens beat their Breasts, and tear
Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd Hair.

Dryd. Ovid.

Confusion, Fear, Distraction, and Disgrace,
And silent Shame are seen on ev'ry Face.

Dryd. Virg.

Distracted with ungovernable Woe,
All mingle Tears ; their Cries together flow,
And form a hideous Harmony of Woe.

Blac.

The wretched Parent with a pious haste
Came running, and his lifeless Limbs embrac'd ;
Accusing all the Gods, and ev'ry Star.

Dryd. Virg.

The wretched Father, Father now no more,
With Sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the Floor ;
Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene,
And curses Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain.

(Ovid.

Dryd.

Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit so large,
As could their hundred Offices discharge ;
Had *Phæbus* all his *Helicon* bestow'd,
In all the Streams, inspiring all the Gods ;
Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams, that God, in vain
Would offer to describe his Sister's Pain.

They beat their Breasts with many a bruizing Blow,
Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow :
The Corps they cherish'd, while the Corps remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains.

And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis borne away,
They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay.
And when those fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
(The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)

Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confess,
And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bosoms press.

Dryd. Ovid.

Mean

Mean time no squalid Grief his Look defiles,
 He gilds his sadder Fate with nobler Smiles :
 Thus the World's Eye, with reconciled Streams
 Shines in his Showers, as if he wept his Beams.

Clear.

S P I R I T S.

Spirits, that live throughout,
 Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail Man,
 In Entrails, Head or Heart, Liver or Reins,
 Cannot, but by annihilating, die ;
 Nor in their liquid Texture mortal Wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid Air :
 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,
 All Intellect, all Sense ; and, as they please,
 They limb themselves ; and Colour, Shape, or Size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Milt.

For Spirits, when they please,
 Can either Sex assume, or both ; so soft
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
 Not ty'd or manacled with Joint or Limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle Strength of Bones,
 Like cumbrous Flesh ; but in what Shape they chuse,
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy Purposes,
 And Works of Love or Enmity fulfil.

Milt.

The S P R I N G. See *Venus*, Year.

When with his golden Horns, with full career,
 The *Bull* beats down the Barriers of the Year ;
 And *Argos* and the *Dog* forsake the Northern Sphere.

}
 (Virg.)
 Dryd.)

Now turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun
 His Course exalted thro the *Ram* had run ;
 And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove
 Thro *Taurus* and the lightfom Realms of *Love* ;
 When *Venus* from her Orb descends in Show'rs,
 To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'rs :
 When first the tender Blades of *Grass* appear,
 And Buds that yet the Blasts of *Eurus* fear,
 Stand at the Door of *Life*, and doubt to clothe the Year.
 Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains,
 Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins ;
 Then, at their Call embolden'd, out they come,
 And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow Room :
 Broader and broader yet their Blooms display ;
 Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day.

}

Then from their breathing Souls their Sweets repair,
 'To scent the Skies, and purge th' unwholesom Air.
 Joy spreads the Heart, and with a gen'rous Song (*and the Leaf.*
 Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along. *Dryd. Flower*

The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves,
 The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives ;
 For then Almighty *Jove* descends, and pours
 Into his luxom' Bride his fruitful Show'rs ;
 And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds
 Her Births with timely Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.
 Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
 And Beasts, by Nature stung, renew their Love,
 Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn disclose,
 And while the balmy Western Spirit blows,
 Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose.
 With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,
 The Grass securely springs above the Ground :
 The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,
 And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.

The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
 Unhurt by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail ;
 They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share,
 And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.

In this soft Season (let me dare to sing)
 The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's Imperial King,
 In Prime of all the Year, and Holy-days of Spring.

Then did the new Creation first appear,
 Nor other was the Tenour of the Year ;
 When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
 And Eastern Winds their wintry Breath suspend.
 Then Sheep first saw the Sun in open Fields,
 And savage Beasts were sent to stock the Wilds ;
 And golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,
 And Man's relentless Race from stony Quarries rise.

Nor could the tender new Creation bear
 Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year ;
 But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
 The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd :
 When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,
 And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.

Dryd. Virg.

When Spring makes equal Day,
 When Western Winds on curling Waters play ;
 When painted Meads produce their flow'ry Crops,
 And Swallows twitter on the Chimney-tops.

Dryd. Virg.
 Now

Now lavish Nature has adorn'd the Year ;
 Now the pale Primrose, and blue Violet spring, *(and the Fox.*
 And Birds essay their Throats, diffus'd to sing. *Dryd. The Cock*

See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring,
 Where Nightingales their love-sick Ditties sing ;
 See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,
 The Grottoes cool with shady Poplars crown'd,
 And creeping Vines on Arbours swerv'd around. *Dryd. Virg.* }

The early Dawning of the Year,
 While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds
 Her frozen Bosom to the Western Winds ;
 While mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,
 And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run. *Dryd. Virg.*

When Winter's Rage abates, when chearful Hours
 Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs ;
 'Tis then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,
 And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground.

With milder Beams the Sun securely shines,
 Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines. *Dryd. Virg.*

The purple Spring arrays the various Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Trees are cloth'd with Leaves, the Fields with Grass,
 The Blossoms blow, the Birds on Bushes sing,
 And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring. *Dryd. Virg.*

S P U R:

The Horses Flanks and Sides are forc'd to feel
 The clanking Lash, and Goring of the Steel. *Dryd. Virg.*

He ply'd

With iron Heel his Courser's Side,
 Conveying sympathetick Speed
 From Heel of Knight to Heel of Steed. *Hud.*

While *Hudibras*, with equal haste,
 On both sides laid about as fast ;
 And spurr'd, as Jockeys use, to break,
 Or Padders, to secure a Neck. *Hud.*

Adds the Remembrance of the Spur, and hides
 The goring Rowels in his bleeding Sides. *Dryd. Virg.*

As once the *Phrygian* Knight,
 So ours with rusty Steel did smite
 His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
 He mended Pace upon the Touch ;
 But from his empty Stomach groan'd,
 Just as that hollow Beast did sound ;
 And angry, answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd Tail and Blast of Wind.

So have I seen, with armed Heel,
 A Wight bestride a Common-weal ;
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
 The less the fullen Jade has stirr'd.

Had.

S T A G. *See* Creation, Hunting.
 On the Plain,

Three beamy Stags command a lordly Train
 Of branching Heads ; the more ignoble Throng
 Attend their stately Steps, and slowly graze along.

Dryd. Virg.

So when two vig'rous Stags, each of his Herd
 The haughty Lord, thro all the Forest fear'd,
 Resolv'd to try which must in Combat yield,
 In all their Might advance a-crofs the Field ;
 They nod their lofty Heads, and from afar
 Flourish their Horns, preluding to the War.
 The Combatants their threat'ning Heads incline,
 And with their clashing Horns in Battel join.
 They rush to Combat with amazing Strokes,
 And their high Antlars meet with dreadful Shocks ;
 The mighty Sound runs rattling o'er the Hills,
 And Echo with the Fight the Valley fills :
 Retiring oft, the Warriors cease to push,
 But then with fiercer Rage to Battel rush.
 The trembling Herds at distance stand, and stay
 To know the Conqu'ror whom they must obey.

Blac.

Thus when a fearful Stag is clos'd around
 With crimson Toils, or in a River found,
 High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears,
 Still opening, following still where'er he steers :
 The persecuted Creature to and fro,
 Turns here and there to 'scape his *Umbrian* Foe :
 Steep is th' Ascent, and if he gain the Land,
 The purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand.
 His eager Foe, determin'd to the Chace,
 Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at ev'ry pace :
 Now to his beamy Head he makes his way,
 And now he holds, or thinks he holds the Prey ;
 Just at the pinch, the Stag springs out with Fear,
 He bites the Wind, and fills his sounding Jaws with Air :
 The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries,
 The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies.

*(Virg.**Dryd.*

Thus like a Stag, whom all the Troop surrounds
 Of eager Huntsmen, and invading Hounds ;

No Flight is left, nor Hopes to force his way:
 Embolden'd by Despair, he stands at bay;
 Resolv'd on Death, he dissipates his Fears,
 And bounds aloft against the pointed Spears.

Dryd. Virg.

So the tall Stag, upon the brink
 Of some smooth Stream, about to drink,
 Surveying there his armed Head,
 With Shame remembers that he fled:
 The Dogs he scorns, resolves to try
 The Combat next; but if their Cry
 Invade again his trembling Ear,
 He straight resumes his wonted Care;
 Leaves the untasted Spring behind,
 And wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind.

*Wall.**On the Head of a Stag.*

So we some antique Hero's Strength
 Learn by his Lance's Weight and Length,
 As these vast Beams express the Beast,
 Whose shady Brows alive they dress'd.
 O fertile Head, which ev'ry Year
 Could such a Crop of Wonder bear!
 Which, might it never have been cast,
 Each Year's Growth added to the last,
 These lofty Branches had supply'd
 The Earth's bold Sons prodigious Pride;
 Heav'n with these Engines had been scal'd,
 When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

Wall.

S T A N D A R D.

He from the glitt'ring Staff unfurl'd
 Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd,
 Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind,
 With Gems and golden Lustre rich imblaz'd,
 Seraphick Arms and Trophies! all the while
 Sonorous Metal blowing martial Sounds.
 All in a moment thro' the Gloom were seen
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air,
 With orient Colours waving.

Milt.

He wav'd his Royal Banner in the Wind,
 Where in an argent Field the God of War
 Was drawn triumphant on his iron Car;
 Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole Attire,
 And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with Fire:
 Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew,
 And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguine Hiew.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

S T A R S.

S T A R S. See Creation, Sun.

The Sparks of Light,

The Gems that shine in the blue Ring of Heav'n. *Lee Mithrid.*The Gems of Heav'n that gild Night's sable Throne. *Dryd.**(Virg.**Milt.*

The Moon's starry Train.

His marshal'd Clouds, to intercept the Light,
Seal up the Stars, the twinkling Eyes of Night. *Blac.*With Orbs of Light he inlays all the Spheres,
And studs the sable Night with silver Stars. *Blac.*He spread the pure cerulean Fields on high,
And arch'd the Chambers of the vaulted Sky ;
Which he, to suit their Glory with their Height,
Adorn'd with Globes that reel as drunk with Light :
His Hand directed all the tuneful Spheres,
He turn'd their Orbs, and polish'd all the Stars. *Blac.*As when the Stars in their ethereal Race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid Space,
At certain periods they resume their place.
From the same Point of Heav'n their Course advance,
And move in Measures of their former Dance. *Dryd.**Morning-Star.*Guide of the starry Flock. *Dryd.*Fairest of Stars, last in the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn ;
Sure Pledg of Day, that crown'ft the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet. *Milt.*So from the Seas exerts his radiant Head,
The Star by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led ;
Shakes from his rosy Locks the pearly Dews,
Dispels the Darkness, and the Day renews. *Dryd. Virg.**Evening-Star.*Bright *Hesperus*, that leads the starry Train ;
Whose Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth : Short Arbitr
'Twixt Day and Night. *Milt.**Falling Star.* See Archers, Philosophy.The seeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies,
And shooting thro the Darkness, gild the Night
With sweeping Glories, and long Trails of Light. *Dryd. Virg.*The shooting Stars end all in purple Jellies. *Dryd. Oedip.*

S T A T U E S. See Sculpture.

Statues that Skill inimitable show'd,
In beauteous Order on the Terrass stood ;*They*

They show'd indeed, but yet such Life did show,
Spectators wonder'd why they did not go.

Blac

He carv'd in Ivory such a Maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his Art compare;
Were she to work but in her own Defence,
Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very Virgin in her Face was seen,
And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been.
One would have thought she could have stirr'd, but strove
With Modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit:
He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more,

Dryd. Ovid.

[Spoken of Pygmalion.]

STOCKS and WHIPPING-POST.

At farther End o'th'Town there stands
An antient Castle that commands
Th'adjacent Part: In all the Fabrick
You shall not see one Stone, nor a Brick;
But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable.
There's neither iron Bar, nor Gate;
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate:
And yet Men Durance there abide,
In Dungeon scarce three Inches wide;
With Roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that who so is in,
Is to the Middle-leg in Prison:
In Circle Magical confin'd
With Walls of subtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to breathe thorough
Until they are freed by Head of Borough.
Near th'outward Wall of this there stands
A Bastile, built t'imprison Hands;
By strange Enchantment made to fetter
The lesser Parts, and free the greater;
For tho the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Gate are fast enow.
And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
Is made by Beadle Exorcist,

The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch,
At twenty Miles an hour Pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.

Hud.

For as the Antients heretofore
To Honour's Temple had no Door,
But that which thorough Virtue's lay ;
So from this Dungeon there's no Way
To honour'd Freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous School of Lashing ;
Where Knights are kept in narrow Lifts,
With wooden Lockets 'bout their Wrists :
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon'able Discharge.
Then in their Robes the Penitentials
Are straight presented with Credentials ;
And on their Way attended on
By Magistrates of ev'ry Town,
And all Respect and Charges paid,
They're to their antient Seats convey'd.

Hud.

S T O R K.

As when the Storks prepare to change their Clime,
The long-neck'd Nation, in the Air sublime,
Wheeling, and tow'ring up in Circles fly,
And with their cackling Cries disturb the Sky.
In ling'ring Clouds they hang, and Leisure give
For all their feather'd People to arrive :
To th'airy Rendezvous all haste away,
And their known Leader's noisy Call obey.
Then through the Heav'ns their trackless Flight they take,
And for new Worlds their present Seats forsake.

Blac.

S T O R M.

Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise
From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies ;
The heavy Harvest from the Root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble borne ;
With such a Force the flying Rack is driv'n,
And such a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n !
And oft whole Sheets descend of sluicy Rain,
Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main :
The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown ;

The Dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound,
 The rising Rivers float the nether Ground,
 And Rocks the bellowing Noise of boiling Seas rebound.
 The Father of the Gods his Glory shrouds,
 Involv'd in Tempests and a Night of Clouds :
 And from the middle Darkness flashing out,
 By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.
 Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
 Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains nod,
 And flying Beasts in Forests seek Abode.

Dryd. Virg.

Now gath'ring Clouds the Day begin to drown,
 Their threat'ning Fronts thro' all th' Horizon frown ;
 Their swagging Wombs low in the Air depend,
 Which struggling Flames and inbred Thunder rend.
 The strongest Winds their Breath and Vigour prove,
 And thro' the Heav'ns th'unwieldy Tempest shove ;
 O'er-charg'd with Stores of Heav'n's Artillery,
 They groan, and pant, and labour up the Sky.
 Impending Ruin does the Sailor scare,
 Rolling and wall'wing thro' th'incumber'd Air.
 Loud Thunder, livid Flames, and *Syzygian* Night,
 Compounded Horrors, all the Deep affright :
 Rent Clouds a Medley of Destruction spout,
 And throw their dreadful Entrails round about :
 Tempests of Fire, and Cataracts of Rain,
 Unnar'ral Friendship make t'afflict the Main.
 Press'd by incumbent Storms, the Billows rise,
 Climb o'er the Rocks, and foam amid the Skies ;
 Then falling lower than before they rose,
 The secret Horrors of the Deep disclose :
 Pursu'd by conqu'ring Winds, they fly and roar,
 And croud, and headlong run against the Shore.
 This Orb's wide Frame with the Convulsion shakes,
 Oft opens in the Storm, and often cracks.
 Horror, Amazement, and Despair appear,
 In all the hideous Forms that Mortals fear.

Blac.

Either Tropick now

'Gan thunder : At both Ends of Heav'n the Clouds,
 From many a horrid Rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce Rain with Lightning mixt, Water with Fire
 In Ruin reconcil'd. Dreadful was the Rack,
 As Earth and Sky would mingle. Nor yet slept the Winds
 Within their stony Caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four Hinges of the World, and fell

On the vex'd Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
 Tho rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks,
 Bow'd their stiff Necks, loaden with stormy Blasts,
 Or torn up sheer.

Milt.

Heav'n's crystal Battlements to pieces dash'd,
 In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd,
 Loud Thunder roar'd, red Lightning flash'd,
 And universal Uproar fill'd the World.

Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame,
 From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.

At once the Hills that to the Clouds aspire,
 Were wash'd with Rain, and scorch'd with Fire.

Blac.

Thus Storms, let loose,

Do rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,
 Tear from their Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
 And kill the tender Flow'rs, but yet half blown :

But having no more Fury left in store,
 Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
 And Nature smiles as gaily as before.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

On the Storm that preceded the Death of Oliver Cromwel.

We must resign ! Heav'n his great Soul does claim,
 In Storms as loud as his immortal Fame :

His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,
 And Trees uncut fall for his fun'ral Pile ;
 About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
 Into the Air : So *Romulus* was lost !

New *Rome* in such a Tempest miss'd her King,
 And from obeying fell to worshipping :

On *Oeta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
 With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread.

Nature her self took notice of his Death,
 And sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a Breath,
 That to remotest Shores her Billows roll'd,
 Th'approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

Wall.

Storm at Sea.

Now like a fiery Meteor sunk the Sun ;
 The Promise of a Storm ! the shifting Gales
 Forfake by fits, and fill the flagging Sails.
 Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were heard,
 And Night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
 But all at once : At once the Winds arise,
 The Thunders roll, the forky Lightning flies :
 In vain the Master issues out Commands,
 In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands :

The

The Tempest unforeseen prevents their Care,
 And from the first they labour in Despair.
 The giddy Ship between the Winds and Tides,
 Forc'd back and forwards, in a Circle rides,
 Stunn'd with the different Blows; then shoots amain,
 Till, counterbuff'd, she stops; and sleeps again.

And now with Sails declin'd,
 The wand'ring Vessel drove before the Wind;
 Toss'd and retoss'd aloft, and then alow;
 Nor Port they seek, nor certain Course they know,
 But ev'ry Moment wait the coming Blow. *Dryd. Cym. & Iph.* }

Then o'er our Heads descends a Burst of Rain,
 And Night with fable Clouds involves the Main:
 The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raise;
 The scatter'd Fleet is forc'd to stray.
 The Face of Heav'n is ravish'd from our Eyes,
 And in redoubl'd Peals the roaring Thunder flies,
 Cast from our Course we wander in the Dark,
 Nor Star to guide, nor Point of Land to mark:
 Ev'n *Palinurus* no Distinction found
 Between the Night and Day, such Darknes reign'd around. *(Virg. Dryd.)*

Thus when a black-brow'd Gust begins to rise,
 White Foam at first on the curl'd Ocean flies,
 Then roars the Main, the Billows mount the Skies:
 Till, by the Fury of the Storm, full blown,
 The muddy Bottom o'er the Clouds is thrown. *Dryd. Virg.* }

The furious Winds the swelling Surges beat,
 And rouze old *Ocean* from his peaceful Seat.
 The raging Seas in high-ridg'd Mountains rise,
 And cast their angry Foam against the Skies;
 Then gape so deep that Day-light Hell invades,
 And shoots grey Dawning thro th'affrighted Shades.
 Low-bellying Clouds soon intercept the Light,
 And o'er the Sailors spread a Noon-day Night.
 Explod'd Thunder tears th'embowell'd Sky,
 And sulph'rous Flames a dismal Day supply. *Blac.*

To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride,
 Then down to Hell descend when they divide;
 And thrice our Gallies knock'd the stony Ground,
 And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the Sound, *(Dryd. Virg.)* }

And thrice we saw the Stars, that stood with Dewes around.
 A sudden Storm did from the South arise,
 And horrid Black began to hang the Skies.

By slow Advances loaded Clouds ascend,
 And cross the Air their lowering Front extend.
 Heav'n's loud Artillery began to play,
 And Wrath divine in dreadful Peals convey.
 Darkness and raging Winds their Terrors join,
 And Storms of Rain with Storms of Fire combine.
 Some run ashore upon the shoaly Land,
 Some perish by the Rocks, some by the Sand.

Blac.

Storm and Shipwreck.

Then *Æolus* hurl'd against the Mountain Side
 His quiv'ring Spear, and all the God apply'd.
 The raging Winds run thro' the hollow Wound,
 And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground;
 Then settling on the Sea, the Surges sweep,
 Raise liquid Mountains, and disclose the Deep.
 South, East, and West, with mixt Confusion roar,
 And roll the foaming Billows to the Shore.
 The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries
 Ascend, and sable Night involves the Skies,
 And Heav'n it self is ravish'd from our Eyes.
 Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles ensue,
 Then flashing Fires the transient Light renew.
 The Face of things a frightful Image bears,
 And present Death in various Forms appears.
 Fierce *Boreas* drives against the flying Sails,
 And rends the Sheets; the raging Billows rise,
 And mount the tossing Vessel to the Skies.
 Nor can the shiv'ring Oars sustain the Blow,
 The Galley gives her Side, and turns her Prow;
 While those a-stern, descending down the Steep,
 Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling Deep.
 Three Ships were hurry'd by the southern Blast,
 And on the secret Shelves with Fury cast;
 Three more fierce *Eurus* in his angry Mood,
 Dash'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,
 And in Mid-ocean left them moor'd aland.
 From Stem to Stem one was by Waves o'erborne,
 The trembling Pilot, from the Rudder torn,
 Was headlong hurl'd: The Ship thrice round was tost,
 Then bulg'd at once, and in the Deep was lost;
 And here and there above the Waves were seen
 Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men.
 The stoutest Vessel to the Storm gave way,
 And suck'd thro' loosen'd Planks the rushing Sea.

The

The Ships with gaping Seams,
Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams.

Dryd. Virg.

And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,
The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their Yards atrip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Wind and catch the Gales.
By this the Vessel half her Course had run,
And as much rested till the setting Sun.
Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the Close
Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose:
The Sea grew white, the rolling Waves from far,
Like Heralds, first denounce the watry War.
This seen, the Master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the Top-sail, let the Main-sheet fly,
And furl your Sails: The Winds rebel the Sound,
And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd:
Yet of their own accord, as Danger taught,
Each in his way, officiously they wrought;
Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides,
Another, bolder yet, the Yard bestrides,
And folds the Sails; a fourth with Labour laves
Th'intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.
In this Confusion, while their Work they ply,
The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage intestine Wars; the suffering Seas
Are toss'd and mingled as their Tyrants please.
The Master would command, but in Despair
Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care;
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th'ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows;
Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill,
With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill:
The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrouds;
Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds.
At once from *East* to *West*, from Pole to Pole,
The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roll.
Now Waves on Waves ascending, scale the Skies,
And in the Fires above the Water fries.
When yellow Sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show;
And when the fouler Bottom spews the Black,
The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted Seas,
And change their Colour, changing their Disease.

Like

Like various Fits the beaten Vessel finds,
 And now, sublime, she rides upon the Winds ;
 As from a lofty Summit looks from high,
 And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky.
 Now from the depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
 And at a distance see superiour Light :
 The dashing Billows make a loud Report,
 And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort ;
 Or as a Lion, bounding in his way,
 With Force augmented, bears against his Prey,
 Sidelong to seize ; or, unappall'd with Fear,
 Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear :
 So Seas, impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r,
 Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.
 The Planks, their pitchy Cov'ring wash'd away,
 Now yield ; and now a yawning Breach display :
 The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide,
 Rush thro the Ruins of her gaping Side.
 Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends,
 And Ocean, swell'd with Waters, upwards tends.
 One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea
 Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.
 The Sails are drunk with Show'rs and drop with Rain,
 Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
 No Star appears to lend his friendly Light :
 Darknes and Tempest make a double Night.
 But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by turns ;
 And while the Lightnings blaze, the Water burns.
 Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite ;
 And as a Soldier foremost in the Fight,
 Makes way for others ; and, an Host alone,
 Still presses on, and urging gains the Town :
 So while th'invading Billows come a-breast,
 The Hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
 And from the Walls descends upon the Prey ;
 Part foll'wing enter, Part remain without,
 With Envy here their Fellows conqu'ring shout,
 And mount on others Backs, in hope to share
 The City, thus become the Seat of War.
 An universal Cry resounds aloud,
 The Sailors run in heaps, a helpless Croud :
 Art fails, and Courage falls ; no Succour near ;
 As many Wayes, as many Deaths appear.

One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief;
 One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief;
 But, stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:
 One with loud Shrieks laments his lost Estate,
 And calls those happy who their Fun'rals wait.
 This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,
 And ev'n the Skies he cannot see, adores;
 That other, on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,
 His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.
 The covetous Worldling, in his anxious Mind,
 Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.
 All *Ceyx* his *Alcyone* employs;
 For her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys.
 His Wife he wishes, and would still be near,
 Not her with him, but wishes him with her.
 Now with last Looks he seeks his native Shore,
 Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more;
 He fought, but in the dark tempestuous Night,
 He knew not whither to direct his Sight.
 So whirl the Seas, such Blackness blinds the Sky,
 That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.
 The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempest tore
 Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.
 One Billow mounts, and with a scornful Brow,
 Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below;
 Nor lighter falls than if some Giant tore
Pindus and *Athos* with the Freight they bore,
 And toss'd on Seas; press'd with the pond'rous Blow,
 Down sinks the Ship, within th'Abyss below:
 Down with the Vessels sink into the Main
 The Many, never more to rise again.
 Some few on scatter'd Planks with fruitless Care,
 Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.
 Ev'n he, who late a Scepter did command,
 Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand;
 And while he struggles on the stormy Main,
 Invokes his Father, and his Wife in vain:
 But yet his Consort is his greatest Care,
Alcyone he names amidst his Pray'r:
 Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind;
 Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.
 Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety past,
 From Prayers to Wishes he descends at last;

That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,
Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.
As oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,
And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair ;
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves.

At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath. *Dryd. Ovid.*

S T R E A M. See Brooks, Business, Country-Life.

The Stream is so transparent, pure and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the Bottom, not his Face had seen.

Denh.

Hard by, a Stream did with that softness creep,
As'twere by its own Murmurs hush'd asleep.

Old.

Close by a softly murm'ring Stream,
Where Lover's us'd to loll and dream.

Hud.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful Throng,
I look for Streams immortaliz'd in Song,
That lost in Silence and Oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their Fountains, and their Channels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the Muses Skill,
And in the smooth Description murmur still.

Add.

Thus a tame Stream does wild and dang'rous grow
By unjust Force: He now with wanton Play
Kisses the smiling Banks, and glides away:
But his known Channel stopp'd, begins to roar,
And swell with Rage;

His mutinous Waters hurry to the War,
And Troops of Waves come rolling from afar:
Then scorns he such weak Stops to his free Source,
And over-runs the neighb'ring Fields with violent Force.

Cowl.

Th'innocent Stream, as it in silence goes,
Fresh Honours, and a sudden Spring bestows,
On both its Banks, to ev'ry Flow'r and Tree.

Cowl.

S T R E N G T H.

Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn, he stands
A goodly tow'ring Object on the Sands.

Dryd. Virg.

His brawny Back, and ample Breast he shows,
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws,
And deals in whistling Air his empty Blows.

Dryd. Virg.

We met in Fight; I know him to my Cost,
With what a whirling Force his Lance he toss'd!

Heav'ns! what a Spring was in his Arms to throw!
 How high he held his Shield, and rose at ev'ry Blow!
 Had *Troy* produc'd two more his Match in Might,
 They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight:
 Th' Invasion of the *Greeks* had been return'd,
 Our Empire wasted, and our Cities burn'd.

Dryd. Virg.

[*Diomedes* says it of *Æneas*.]

But what is Strength without a double Share
 Of Wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensom:
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest Subtilties; Strength's not made to rule,
 But to subserve, where Wisdom bears Command.

Milt.

S T Y L E. See Eloquence, Poet, River, Verse.

His candid Style like a clear Stream does slide,
 And his bright Fancy all the way
 Does like the Sun-shine on it play,
 It does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide;
 Where the God does not rudely overturn,
 But gently pour the crystal Urn,
 And with judicious Hands does the whole Torrent guide;]

'T has all Beauties Nature can impart,
 And all the comely Dress, without the Paint of Art.

Cowle.

Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow,
 Their Sense untutor'd Infancy may know:
 Yet to such Height in all that Plainness wrought,
 Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
 Easy in Words thy Style, in Sense sublime,
 On its blest Steps each Age and Sex may rise;
 'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,
 Its Foot on Earth, its Height beyond the Skies.

Prior.

S T Y X. See Hell.

The Thund'rer said:

And shook the sacred Honours of his Head,
 Attesting *Styx*, th'inviolable Flood,
 And the black Region of his Brother God:
 Trembled the Poles of Heaven, and Earth confess'd the Nod.

Dryd. Virg.

To seal his sacred Vow, by *Styx* he swore,
 The Lake of liquid Pitch, the dreary Shore;
 And *Phlegeton's* unnavigable Food:
 He said; and shook the Skies with his imperial Nod.

Dryd. Virg.

S U B J E C T. See King.

We are but Subjects, *Maximus*; Obedience
 To what is done, and Grief for what's ill done,
 Is all we can call ours. The Hearts of Princes

Are

Are like the Temples of the Gods ; pure Incense,
 Till some unhallow'd Hands defile their Off'rings,
 Burns ever there : We must not put it out,
 Because the Priests who touch those Sweets, are wicked :
 We dare not, dearest Friend ; nay more, we cannot,
 While we consider whose we are, and how,
 To what Laws bound, much more to what Lawgiver ;
 While Majesty is made to be obey'd,
 And not inquir'd into.

Roch. Valent.

Was it for me to prop
 The Ruins of a falling Majesty ?
 To place my self beneath the mighty Flaw,
 Thus to be crush'd and pounded into Atoms
 By its o'erwhelming Weight ? 'Tis too presuming
 For Subjects to preserve that wilful Pow'r,
 Which courts its own Destruction.

Dryd. All for Love.

The Elephant is never won with Anger,
 Nor must that Man who would reclaim a Lion,
 Take him by the Teeth.

Our honest Actions, and the Truth, that breaks,
 Like Morning, from our Service, chaste and blushing,
 Is that which pulls a Prince back : Then he sees,
 And not till then truly repents his Errours.

Roch. Valent.

Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon
 Feel slacken'd Reins, and throw the Rider down.

Dryd. Aur.

Subjects like these are seldom seen,
 Who not forfook me at my greatest Need,
 Nor for base Lucre sold their Loyalty ;
 But shar'd my Dangers to the last Event,
 And fenc'd them with their own.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

He who his Prince too blindly does obey,
 To keep his Faith, his Virtue throws away.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

S U C C E S S.

Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
 Or surest Hand can always hit :
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.
 Which in Success oft disinherits,
 For spurious Causes, noblest Merits :
 Great Actions are not always true Sons
 Of great and mighty Resolutions :
 Nor do the bold'st Attempts bring forth
 Events, still equal to their Worth.

But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and Cowardice succeed.

Hud.

For Falling is no Shame,

And Cowardice alone is Loss of Fame :

The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown,

But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own.

If Crowns and Palms the conq'ring Side adorn,

The Victor under better Stars was born ;

The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,

Nor overpower'd with Arms, deserts his Cause ;

Unchang'd, tho foil'd, he does the best he can :

Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

If he that is in Battel slain,

Be in the Bed of Honour lain ;

Sure he that's beaten may be said

To lie in Honour's Truckle-bed.

Hud.

Virtue without Success

Is a fair Picture shewn by an ill Light :

But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cause. *Dryd. Pal.*

(& Arc.)

For all Affections wait on prosp'rous Fame :

Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame.

How.

S U M M E R. *See Year.*

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high,

The *Syrian* Star

Barks from afar,

And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky :

The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry :

The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock

Beneath the Covert of a Rock ;

And seeks refreshing Riv'lets nigh ;

The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire ;

Those very Shades and Streams, new Shades and Streams require,

And want a cooling Breath of Wind to fan the raging Fire. *Dryd.*

The sultry Dog-Star from the Sky

(Virg.)

Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the rivell'd Grass was dry ; -

The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood,

And darting to the Bottom, bak'd the Mud.

Dryd. Virg.

S U N. *See Creation, Light.*

O Sun! of this great World both Eye and Soul.

Milt.

Oh thou! that with surpassing Glory crown'd,

Look'st from thy sole Dominion, like the God

Of this great World, at whose sight all the Stars

Hide their diminish'd Heads!

Milt.

The golden Sun, in Splendour likest Heav'n,
 Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,
 That from his lordly Eye keep Distance due)
 Dispenses Light from far: They, as they move
 Their starry Dance, in Numbers that compute
 Days, Months, and Years, tow'rd's his all-cheering Lamp,
 Turn swift their various Motions, or are turn'd
 By his Magnetick Beam, that gently warms
 The Universe; and to each inward Part,
 With gentle Penetration, tho' unseen,
 Shoots invisible Virtue ev'n to the Deep.

Milt.

Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,
 And gently kisses ev'ry thing:
 His loving Beams unlock each Maiden Flow'r,
 Search all the Treasures, all the Sweets devour;
 Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Heat,
 He does still new Flow'rs beget.

Cowl.

The glorious Ruler of the Morning, so
 But looks on Flow'rs, and straight they grow;
 And when his Beams their Light unfold,
 Ripens the dullest Earth, and warms it into Gold.

The self-same Sun

At once does slow and swiftly run:
 Swiftly his daily Journey goes,
 But treads his annual with a statelier Pace,
 And does three hundred Rounds inclose
 Within one yearly Circle's Space;
 At once with double Course, in the same Sphere,
 He runs the Day, and walks the Year.

Cowl.

Thus the great Lamp, by which the Globe is blest,
 Constant in Toil, and ignorant of Rest,
 Thro' different Regions does his Course pursue,
 And leaves one World but to revive a new.
 While by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night
 Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light.

Stepn.

So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
 Strike on the polish'd Grass their trembling Light;
 The glitt'ring Spices here and there divide,
 And cast their dubious Beams from Side to Side:
 Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
 And to the Cieling flash the glaring Day.

Dryd. Virg.

The Disk of *Phæbus*, when he climbs on high,
 Appears at first but as a blood-shot Eye;

And

And when his Chariot downwards drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the same Suffusion red.

But mounted high, in his meridian Race,
All bright he shines, and with a better Face.

Dryd. Ovid.

As glorious as the Sun at Noon,
To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And sails upon the Bosom of the Air.

Otw. Don Carl.

Sun-rising. See Morning.

The Sun scarce risen,
With Wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean's Brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy Ray.

Milt.

Sun-set. See Evening.

The parting Sun,
Beyond the Earth's green Cape, and verdant Isles,
Hesperian sets.

Milt.

It was the time when witty Poets tell,
That *Phœbus* into *Thetis'* Bosom fell ;
She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.

Cowl. Hor.

The setting Sun
Still leaves a Track of Glory in the Skies.

Dryd. Don Seb.

S W A L L O W. *See Horse-Race.*

As the black Swallow near the Palace plies,
O'er empty Courts and under Arches flies ;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the Flood,
To furnish her loquacious Nest with Food.

Dryd. Virg.

The Swallows, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest,
Pursue the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shun the persecuting Cold.

When frowning Skies begin to change their Chear,
And Time turns up the wrong Side of the Year,
They seek a better Heav'n and warmer Climes ;

But whether upward to the Moon they go,
Or dream the Winter out in Caves below, (*Hind. & Panth.*)
Or hawk at Flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know. *Dryd.*

S W A N. *See Creation.*

The silver Swans sail down the watty Road,
And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood.

Dryd. Virg.

The Swans that sail along the silver Flood,
And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food. *Dryd. Virg.*

Like a long Team of snowy Swans on high,
Which clap their Wings, and cleave the liquid Sky :

When homeward from their watry Pastures borne,
They sing, and *Asia's* Lakes their Notes return. *Dryd. Virg.*

Twelve Swans behold in beauteous Order move,
And stoop with closing Pinions from above ;
Whom late the Bird of *Jove* had drove along,
And thro the Clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring Throng.
Now all united in a goodly Team,
They skim the Ground, and seek the quiet Stream.
See ! they with Joy returning clap their Wings,
And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings. *Dryd. Virg.*

As rising Swans

Brush with their Wings the falling Drops away,
And proudly plough the Waves. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

S W E E T.

Sweet as the Breath of Morn. *Milt.*

Sweeter than Buds unfolded in a Show'r ;
Sweet as the Hopes on which starv'd Lovers feed,
Breath'd in the Whispers of a yielding Maid. *Dav.*

O soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far !
Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends,
Tho 'tis presented there by Angels Hands. *Otw. Don Carl.*

Sweet as Lovers freshest Kisses,
Or their riper following Bliss. *Cowl.*

S W I F T. See *Virago*.

Swift as the Winds, or *Scythian* Arrows Flight. *Dryd. Virg.*

Swift as a shooting Star that thwarts the Night. *Milt.*

Swift as exploded Lightning from the Skies. *Blac.*

Swift as the Journys of the Sight,
Swift as the Race of Light. *Cowl.*

Asabel, swifter than the *Northern* Wind,
Scarce could the nimble Motion of his Mind
Outgo his Feet : So strangely would he run,
That Time it self perceiv'd not what was done.
Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows would he pass,
His Weight unknown, and harmless to the Grass ;
Oft o'er the Sands and hollow Dust would trace,
Yet not an Atom trouble or displace. *Cowl.*

I've seen him swifter run than starting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet :
Nay, ev'n the Winds with all their Stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him. *Lee Alex.*

S W I M M I N G.

I saw him beat the Billows under him,
And ride upon their Backs : He trod the Water,
Whose

Whose Enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The most swol'n Surge that met him. His bold Head'
High 'bove the most contentious Waves he kept,
And oar'd himself with his strong Arms to Shore. *Shak. Temp.*

Th'affrighted *Belvedera*,
As she stood trembling on the Vessel's Side,
Was by a Wave wash'd off into the Deep ;
When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,
And buffeting the Billows to her Rescue,
Redeem'd her Life with half the Loss of mine.
Like a rich Conquest in one Hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy Waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize. *Otw. Ven. Pref.*

Accoutred as we were, we both plung'd in
The troubled *Tiber*, chafing with his Shores :
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,
With lusty Sinews throwing it aside,
And stemming it with Hearts of Controversy. *Shak. Jul. Cas.*

He stemm'd the stormy Tide,
And gain'd by Strefs of Arms the farther Side. *Dryd. V. 8.*

S W O O N I N G.

A sudden Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs,
His Eyes distort'd grew, his Visage pale,
His Speech forsook him, Life it self seem'd fled. *Otw. Orth.*

She faints ;
Her Cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep
Hangs heavy on her Lids. *Rowe Ulyss.*

A sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd,
His Ears rung inward, and his Senses fail'd. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

My Sight grows dim, and ev'ry Object dances
And swims before me in the Maze of Death. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Astonish'd at the Sight, the vital Heat
Forsakes her Limbs, her Veins no longer beat ;
She faints, she falls.

Her Eyes are clos'd, and tho with her 'tis Night,
Her Beauty shines without the help of Light.

Nature begins to conquer in the Strife,
And through her Lips soft Whispers steal of Life :

How fresh they shew ! the Roses almost gone
For want of Air, by Breath seem newly blown.

Her Eyes begin to move, and shine with Life,
Now sink again in Death's ungentle Strife :

In doubtful Weather so the Sun resigns,
Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and sometimes shines. *(Virg. How. Vest.*

He therefore sent out all his Senses,
 To bring him in Intelligences ;
 Which Vulgars out of Ignorance,
 Mistake for falling in a Trance ;
 But those who deal in Geomancy,
 Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy.

Hud.

Then *Ralpho* gently rais'd the Knight,
 And set him on his Bum upright :
 To rouse him from lethargick Dump,
 He tweak'd his Nose ; with gentle Thump
 Knock'd on his Breast, as if't had been
 To raise the Spirits lodg'd within :
 They, waken'd with the Noise, did fly
 From inward Room to Window Eye,
 And gently opening Lid, the Casement,
 Look'd out, but yet with some Amazement.

Hud.

S W O R D. See Armour, Battel, Soldier, War.

His puissant Sword under his Side,
 Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd ;
 The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And eat into it self, for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack.

The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt,
 The Rancour of its Edge had felt ;
 For of the lower End two handful
 It had devour'd, it was so manful.

Hud.

With his refulgent Sword he hew'd his way :
 From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,
 Magnificent with Gold *Lyacon* made,
 And in an iv'ry Scabbard sheath'd the Blade.

Dryd. Virg.

A Sword with glitt'ring Gems diversify'd,
 For Ornament, not Use, hung idly by his Side.

Dryd. Virg.

S Y B I L. See Enthusiasm.

The mad prophetick *Sybil* you shall find
 Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock inclin'd :
 She sings the Fates, and in her frantick Fits
 The Notes and Names inscrib'd to Leafs commits :
 What she commits to Leafs, in order laid,
 Before the Cavern's Entrance are display'd ;
 Unmov'd they lie, but if a Blast of Wind
 Without, or Vapours issue from behind,
 The Leafs are borne aloft in liquid Air,
 And she resumes no more her museful Care,

Nor

Nor gathers from the Rocks her scatter'd Verfe,
 Nor sets in order what the Winds difperfe.
 Thus many not fucceeding, moft upbraid
 The Madnefs of the vifionary Maid,
 And with loud Curfes leave the myftick Shade.

Dryd. Virg. }

Have you been led thro the *Cumaan* Cave,
 And heard th'impatient Maid divinely rave?
 I hear her now, I fee her rolling Eyes,
 And panting, Lo! the God! the God, ſhe cries:
 With Words not hers, and more than human Sound; *(Roſc.*
 She makes th'obedient Ghoſts peep trembling thro the Ground.

T E A R S. See Funeral, Grief, Sorrow, Weeping.

I'll teach him a Receipt to make
 Words that weep and Tears that ſpeak;
 I'll teach him Sighs like thoſe in Death,
 At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath. *Cowl.*

A riſing Storm of Paſſion ſhook her Breaf; ;
 Her Eyes a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall,
 And then ſhe ſigh'd as if her Heart were breaking. *Rowe Fair. Pen.*

Tears not ſqueeze'd by Art,
 But ſhed from Nature like a kindly Show'r. *Dryd. Don Se'.*

She then look'd down and ſigh'd,
 While from her unchang'd Face the ſilent Tears *(for Love.*
 Drop'd as they had not leave, and ſtole their parting. *Dryd. All*

Her Head reclin'd, as hiding Grief from view,
 Droops like a Roſe ſurcharg'd with morning Dew. *Dryd. Auren.*

He begg'd Relief
 With Tears, the dumb Petitioners of Grief;
 With Tears ſo tender as adorn'd his Love,
 And any Heart but only hers would move. *Dryd. Theo.*

Believe theſe Tears, which from my wounded Heart
 Bleed at my Eyes. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep:
 Paſſion I ſee is catching; for my Eyes
 Seeing thoſe Beads of Sorrow ſtand in thine,
 Begin to water. *Shak. Jul. Caf.*

He thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak, and thrice, in ſpight of Scorn,
 Tears ſuch as Angels weep burſt forth: At laſt
 Words interwove with Sighs found out their way. *Milt.*

She acts the Jealous, and at will ſhe cries;
 For Womens Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes. *Dryd. Juv.*

The waiting Tears ſtood ready for Command,
 And now they flow to varniſh the falſe Tale. *Rowe Amb. Scip.*

I found her on the Floor,
 In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful;
 Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips
 Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'erblown;
 Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish rate,
 That were the World on fire, they might have drown'd
 The Wrath of Heaven, and quench'd the mighty Ruin. *Lee Mithr.*

'Twould raise your Pity, but to see the Tears
 Force thro her snowy Lids their melting Course,
 To lodg themselves on her red murm'ring Lips,
 That talk such mournful things; when straight a Gale
 Of starting Sighs carries those Pearls away,
 As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flow'rs. *Lee Mithr.*

She mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries,
 And fruitless Tears came trickling from her Eyes. *Dryd. Virg.*

Mine is a Grief of Fury, not Despair;
 And if a manly Drop or two fall down,
 It scalds along my Cheeks; like the green Wood, *(Cleom.)*
 That sputt'ring in the Flames, works outward into Tears. *Dryd.*

T E N E R I F F.

From *Atlas* far, beyond a Waste of Plains,
 Proud *Teneriff*, his Giant Brother, reigns:
 With breathing Fire his pitchy Nostrils glow,
 As from his Sides he shakes the fleecy Snow.
 Around their hoary Prince, from watry Beds
 His subject Islands raise their verdant Heads:
 The Waves so gently wash each rising Hill,
 The Land seems floating, and the Ocean still. *Gar.*

T E M P E S T. *See Storm.*

Things that love Night,
 Love not such Nights as these: The wrathful Skies
 Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark,
 And make them keep their Caves. Since I was Man,
 Such Sheets of Fire, such Bursts of horrid Thunder,
 Such Groans of roaring Winds and Rain, I never
 Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
 Th'Affliction, and not fear. Let the great Gods
 That keep this dreadful pothor o'er our Heads,
 Find out their Enemies now. Tremble, thou Wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged Crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloody Hand,
 Thou perjur'd, and thou Similar of Virtue,
 That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under Covert and convenient Seeming,

Hast practis'd on Man's Life. Close pent-up Guilt,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadful Summoners Grace.

Shak. K. Lear.

T H A N K S.

Let my Tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
And if I could,

(Don Seb.

Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as mine. *Dryd.*

O my more than Father!

Let me not live, but at thy very Name
My eager Heart springs up and leaps with Joy.
When I forget the vast Debt I owe thee,
Forget! but 'tis impossible; then let me
Forget the Use and Privilege of Reason,
Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
To wander in the Desert among Brutes,
To bear the various Fury of the Seasons,
The Night's unwholesom Dew, and Noon-day's Heat,
To be the Scorn of Earth, and Curse of Heaven. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

My grateful Thoughts so throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the Croud:

To you with hasty Flight they take their way,
And hardly for the Drefs of Words will stay.
And now such haste to tell their Message make,
They only stammer what they meant to speak.

Old.

Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Otw. Orp.

With what becoming Thanks can I reply?
Not only Words lie lab'ring in my Breast,
But Thought it self is by thy Praise oppress'd.

Dryd. Virg.

Oh let me unlade my Breast!

Pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful Thought,
This wond'rous Goodness stirs; But 'tis impossible,
And Utt'rance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

For should our Thanks awake the rising Sun,
And lengthen as his latest Shadows run,
That, tho the longest Day, would soon, too soon be done. *(Dryd.)*

T H I E F.

Like a Thief,

A Pilferer, descry'd in some dark Corner,
Who there had lodg'd with mischievous Intent
To rob and ravage at the Hour of Rest,

And do a midnight Murder on the Sleepers.

Rowe Fair Pen.

THOUGHTS.

Oh wretched Man ! whose too too busy Thoughts
Ride swifter than the galloping Heavens round,
With an eternal Hurry of the Soul :

Nay, there's a Time when ev'n the rolling Year
Seems to stand still ; dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a Breath disturbs the drouzy Waves :

But Man, the very Monster of the World,
Is ne'er at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.

Lee Oedip.

Thoughts succeed Thoughts, like restless troubled Waves
Dashing out one another.

How. D. of Lerma.

Restless Thoughts, that like a deadly Swarm
Of Hornets arm'd, in Throngs come rushing on me.

Milt.

I have been studying how to compare
The Prison where I live unto the World ;
And for because the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but my self,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer't out :
My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul,
My Soul the Father ; and these two beget
A Generation of still breeding Thoughts,
And these same Thoughts people this little World,
In Humours like the People of this World,
For no Thought is contented. The better sort,
As Thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With Scruples, and do set the Faith it self
Against the Faith.

Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely Wonders ; how these vain weak Nails
May tear a Passage thro the flinty Ribs
Of this hard World, my ragged Prison-Walls ;
And, for they cannot, die in their own Pride.

Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of Fortune's Slaves,
And shall not be the last : Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stocks, refuge their Shame,
That many have, and others must be there ;
And in this Thought they find a kind of Ease,
Bearing their own Misfortunes on the Back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I in one Prison many People,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then Treason makes me wish my self a Beggar,

And

And so I am: Then crushing Penury
 Persuades me I was better when a King ;
 Then I am king'd again ; and by and by
 Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbrook*,
 And straight am nothing. But what'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any Man, but that Man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 By being nothing. [Spoken by Rich. 2.]

Shak.

Thus my Thoughts are tir'd
 With tedious Journies up and down my Mind :
 Sometimes they lose their way ; sometimes as slow
 As Beasts o'er-loaded heavily they move,
 Press'd by the Weight of Sorrow and of Love. *How. Vest. Virg.*

Allow my melancholy Thoughts this privilege,
 To let them brood in secret o'er their Sorrows. *Rowe Fair. Pen.*

Some melancholy Thought that shuns the Light,
 Lurks underneath that Sadness in thy Visage. *Rowe Fair. Pen.*

Turn not to Thought, my Brain, but let me find
 Some unfrequented Shade ; there lay me down,
 And let forgetful Dulness steal upon me,
 To soften and assuage this Pain of thinking. *Rowe Fair. Pen.*

Thought is Damnation ; 'tis the Plague of Devils
 To think on what they are. *Rowe Amb. Step.*

Her thoughtful Soul labours with some Event
 Of high Import, which juttles like an Embryo
 In its dark Womb, and longs to be disclos'd. *Rowe Amb. Step.*

Time will perfect
 A lab'ring Thought, that rolls within my Breast. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

He heav'd beneath a pressing Load of Thought. *Rowe Fair. Pen.*

My Thoughts grow wild,
 And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me. *Otw. Orph.*

Wild hurrying Thoughts
 Start e'ry way from my distracted Soul
 To find out Hope, and only meet Despair. *South. Fatal Mar.*

A Beam of Thought came glancing to my Soul. *Dryd. Cleon.*

T H U N D E R. See Lightning, Storm.

With Terror thro the dark Aerial Hall. *Milt.*

A Peal of rattling Thunder roll'd along,
 And shook the Firmament. *Dryd.*

The furious Infant's born, and speaks, and dies. *Cre. Lucret.*

Deep Thunders roar,
 Must'ring their Rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell. *Milt.*

A noise confus'd rose from the mingled Croud,
 Like unform'd Thunder, murm'ring in a Cloud. *Blac.*

It

It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,
 Before the dreadful Break ; if here it falls,
 The subtle Flame will lick up all my Blood,
 And in a Moment turn my Heart to Ashes. *Dryd. Troil. & Cres.*

The Thunder now

Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous Rage,
 Has spent his Shafts ; it ceases now to roar,
 And bellow thro the vast and boundless Deep.

Milt.

The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders roll. *Dr. Don Seb.*

T Y G E R. See Jousts.

So when a *Scythian* Tyger gazing round,
 A Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found,
 Lowing secure ; he swells with angry Pride,
 And calls forth all his Spots on ev'ry Side :
 Then stops, and hurls his haughty Eyes at all,
 In choice of some strong Neck on which to fall ;
 Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a Prey,
 And grieves to see them trembling haste away.

Cowl.

Thus as a Tyger, who by Chance had spy'd
 In some Purlieu two gentle Fawns at play,
 Straight couches close ; then rising, changes oft
 His couchant Watch, as one who chose his Ground,
 Whence rushing he might soonest seize them both,
 Grasp'd in each Paw.

Milt.

T I M E.

Time of it self is Nothing, but from Thought
 Receives its Rise, by lab'ring Fancy wrought
 From things consider'd, while we think on some
 As present, some as past, or yet to come.
 No Thought can think on Time,
 But thinks on things in motion or at rest.

Cre. Luc.

For Nature knows

No stedfast Station, but or ebbs or flows :
 Ever in motion, she destroys her old,
 And casts new Figures in another Mold.
 Even Times are in perpetual Flux, and run
 Like Rivers from their Fountains rolling on :
 For Time, no more than Streams, is at a stay,
 The flying Hour is ever on her way ;
 And as the Fountain still supplies her Store,
 The Wave behind impels the Wave before :
 Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,
 And urge their predecessor Minutes on.

Still moving, ever new ; for former things
 Are set aside, like abdicated Kings :
 And ev'ry Moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some Act, till then unknown.

Dryd. Ovid.

Time is th' Effect of Motion, born a Twin,
 And with the World did equally begin :
 Time, like a Stream that hastens from the Shore,
 Flies to an Ocean where 'tis known no more.
 All must be swallow'd in this endless Deep,
 And Motion rest in everlasting Sleep.

Dryd. Ovid.

Time glides along with undiscover'd haste,
 The Future but a Length behind the Past ;
 So swift are Years !

Dryd. Ovid.

Thy Teeth, devouring Time ! thine, envious Age !
 On things below still exercise your Rage ;
 With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
 And then, at lingring Meals, the Morsels eat.

Dryd. Ovid.

Time hastes away,
 Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe its stay :
 The rolling Years with constant Motion run ;
 Lo ! while I speak the present Minute's gone ;
 And following Hours urge the foregoing on.

'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Pow'r,
 'Tis not thy Piety can thee secure :

They're all too feeble to withstand
 Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidless End. *Old. Hor.*
 To things immortal, Time can do no wrong,
 And that which never is to die, for ever must be young. *Cowh.*

T I T Y U S.

There *Tityus* was to see, who took his Birth
 From Heav'n, his Nursing from the foodful Earth :
 Here his gigantick Limbs, with large Embrace,
 Infold nine Acres of infernal Space.

A rav'nous Vultur in his open'd Side
 Her crooked Beak and cruel Talons try'd ;
 Still for the growing Liver digg'd his Breast,
 The growing Liver still supply'd the Feast :
 Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains ;
 Th' immortal Hunger lasts, th' immortal Food remains. *Dry. Virg.*

T O A D.

So when a Toad, squat on a Border, spies
 The Gard'ner passing by, his blood-shot Eyes,
 With Spite and Rage inflam'd, dart Fire around
 The verdant Walks ; and on the flow'ry Ground

The bloated Vermin loathsome Poison spits,
And swollen, and bursting with his Malice, sits.

Blac.

A T O P.

As young Striplings whip the Top for Sport,
On the smooth Pavement of an empty Court ;
The wooden Engine whirls and flies about,
Admir'd with Clamours of the beardless Rout :
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little Souls at every Stroke.

Dryd. Virg.

The whirling Top they whip,
And drive her giddy till she fall asleep.

Dryd. Perf.

T O R R E N T. See Brook, Flood, Stream.

As when a Torrent rolls with rapid Force,
And dashes o'er the Stones that stop the Course :
The Flood constrain'd within a scanty Space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy Race ;
White Foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around,
The rocky Shores rebellow to the Sound.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus when two neighb'ring Torrents rush from high,
Rapid they run, the foamy Waters fry ;
They roll to Sea with unresisted Force,
And down the Rocks precipitate their Course.

Dryd. Virg.

T R A I N - B A N D S.

The Country rings around with loud Alarms,
And, raw in Fields, the rude Militia swarms.
Of seeming Arms they make a short Essay ;
Then hasten to be drunk, the Bus'ness of the Day.

(& Iph.

Dryd. Cym.

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punick Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quash'd the stern *Æacides* :

Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel :

Forc'd even dire *Hannibal* to yield,
And won the long-disputed World at *Zama's* fatal Field.

But Soldiers of a rustick Mold,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold ;
Either they dug the sturdy Ground,

Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did found :

And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done ;
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

T R A N S.

TRANSMIGRATION of SOULS,

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
 Be thou, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.
 For I will sing of mighty Mysteries,
 Of Truths conceal'd before from human Eyes ;
 Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.
 Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
 Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year :
 To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the Height
 Of *Atlas*, who supports the heav'nly Weight.
 To look from upper Light, and thence survey
 Mistaken Mortals wand'ring from the Way,
 And wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State
 Of future things, and trembling at their Fate.
 These I would teach, and by right Reason bring
 To think of Death, as but an idle thing.
 Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
 A Dream of Darknes, and fictitious Flame ?
 Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems pass,
 And Fables of a World that never was.
 What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
 By Time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires ?
 Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
 In other Forms, and only changes Seats.
 Then Death, so call'd, is but old Matter dress'd
 In some new Figure, and a vary'd Vest.
 Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
 And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies :
 By Time, or Force, or Sicknes dispossest,
 And lodges where it lights, in Man or Beast.
 Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,
 And actuates those according to their kind :
 From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd ;
 The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost.
 And, as the soften'd Wax new Seals receives,
 This Face assumes, and that Impression leaves ;
 Now call'd by one, now by another Name,
 The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is still the same :
 So Death, so call'd, can but the Form deface,
 Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
 To seek her Fortune in some other place.

Dryd. Ovid.

T R E E S. See Creation, Funeral, Grove, Paradise.

Part to the Groves and woody Hills repair,
 And with loud Labour fill the echoing Air.

Axes, high rais'd by brawny Arms, descend
 With mighty Sway, and make the Forest bend.
 The Mountains murmur, and the nodding Oaks
 Groan with their Wounds from thick redoubled Strokes.
 The falling Trees desert the neighb'ring Sky,
 Where now the Clouds may unmolested fly.
 A shady Harvest lies dispers'd around,
 And lofty Ruin loads th'incumber'd Ground.

Blat.

They found an antient Wood,
 The shady Covert of the Savage Kind.

The founding Axe is ply'd :

Firs, Pines, and Pitch-Trees, and the tow'ring Pride
 Of Forest Alders, feel the fatal Stroke,
 And piercing Wedges cleave the stubborn Oak.
 Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the steepy Crown
 Of the bare Mountains, roll with Ruin down.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's Edge,
 Whose Arms gave shelter to the princely Eagle :
 Under whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
 Whose Top-Branch over-look'd *Jove's* spreading Tree, (*Hen. 6.*)
 And kept low Shrubs from Winter's pow'rful Wind. *Shak. 1 Part*

As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
 And the last mortal Stroke alone remains ;
 Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threatning all,
 This way and that she nods, confid'ring where to fall. *Dry. Ovid.*

The *Indian* Fig-tree too there spreads her Arms,
 Branching so broad and long, that in the Ground
 The bending Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
 About the Mother Tree : A pillar'd Shade,
 High over-arch'd, and echoing Walks between :
 There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning Heat,
 Shelters in Cool, and tends his past'ring Herds
 At Loop-holes cut thro thickest Shades.

Milt.

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

Fair Hand, that can on Virgin Paper write,
 Yet from the Stain of Ink preserve it white ;
 Whose Travel o'er that silver Field does show,
 Like Tracks of Leverets in Morning Snow.
 Love's Image thus in purest Minds is wrought,
 Without a Spot or Blemish to the Thought.
 Strange ! that your Fingers should the Pencil foil,
 Without the Help of Colours, or of Oil :
 For tho a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
 'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake.

Whose

Whose Breath salutes your new created Grove,
Like Southern Winds, and make it gently move.
Orpheus could make the Forest dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Forest too.

Wall.

T R O P H Y.

He bar'd an antient Oak of all its Boughs ;
Then on a rising Ground the Trunk he plac'd,
Which with the Spoils of his dead Foe he grac'd :
The Coat of Arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
Now on a naked Snag in Triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
A Trophy sacred to the God of War.
Above his Arms, fix'd on the leafless Wood,
Appear'd his plumy Crest, besmear'd with Blood.
His brazen Buckler on the Left was seen,
Truncheons of shiver'd Lances hung between ;
And on his Right was plac'd his Corset bor'd,
And to the Neck was ty'd the unavailing Sword.

Dryd. Virg.

T R U M P E T. See Country-Life.

The sprightly Trumpets from afar,
Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War ;
Had rous'd the neighb'ring Steeds to scour the Fields,
While the fierce Rider clatter'd on their Shields.

Dryd. Virg.

The Trumpets terribly from far,
With rattling Clangor rouse the sleepy War :
The Soldiers Shouts succeed the brazen Sounds,
And Heav'n from Pole to Pole the Noise rebounds.

Dryd. Virg.

The Clangor of the Trumpets pierce the Sky.
By the loud Trumpet that our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound as well as Sense persuades.

*Dryd. Virg.**Wall.*

T R U M P E T.

None so renown'd,
The Warrior Trumpet in the Field to sound ;
With breathing Brass to kindle fierce Alarms,
And rouse to dare their Fate in honourable Arms.

Dryd. Virg.

T U L I P.

The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed ;
E'er Noon in painted Pride she decks her Head :
Rob'd in rich Dye she triumphs on the Green,
And ev'ry Flow'r does homage to their Queen.

Gar.

T W I L I G H T.

When blended Shades and Light
A brown Confusion make of Day and Night ;

Wher.

When Birds obscene fly from their dark Abodes,
 And proling Wolves forsake the shady Woods :
 The Lion now, who in his Den by day,
 His lazy Limbs extended, slumb'ring lay,
 Yawning and stretching from his Covert comes,
 Roars o'er the Hills, and thro the Forest roams.

Blac.

T Y R A N T. *See King, Usurper.*

Our Emperor is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated ;
 I scarce remember in his Reign one Day
 Pass guiltless o'er his execrable Head :
 He thinks the Sun is lost, that sees not Blood :
 When none is shed, we count it Holiday.
 We, who are most in favour, cannot call
 This Hour our own.

Dryd. Don Seb.

For this to Tyranny belongs,
 To forget Service, but remember Wrongs.

Den. Soph.

Proud, impatient

Of ought superiour, ev'n of Heav'n that made him :
 Fond of false Glory, of the savage Pow'r
 Of ruling without Reason, of confounding
 Just and Unjust, by an unbounded Will ;
 By whom, Religion, Honour, all the Bands
 That ought to hold the jarring World in peace,
 Were held the Tricks of State, Snares of wise Princes
 To draw their easy Neighbours to Destruction,
 To waste with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields :
 Like some accursed Fiend, who, 'scap'd from Hell,
 Poisons the balmy Air thro which he flies ;
 He blasts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches, (*Rowe Tamer.*
 The lab'ring Hinds best Hopes, and marks his Way with Ruin.

Oh the sweet Charms of independent Sway !
 Princes, whose Will pretended Law restrains,
 Are only royal Slaves, and rule in Chains.
 But he's a King, who triumphs free from Law,
 Like the fierce Monarchs who the Desert awe :
 Who uncontroul'd range the wide Mountains o'er,
 And shake the Forest with their dreadful Roar ;
 Whose haughty Nod the trembling Herds obey,
 Nor are their Subjects only, but their Prey.

Blac.

Long had this Prince imperiously thus sway'd,
 By no set Laws, but by his Will obey'd.
 His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
 Admire his Strength, and dare not use their own.

How.

V A L E.

Beneath, a Vale its Bosom does display,
Oppress'd with Riches, and profusely gay ;
Where Nature throws her Gifts with lavish Hand,
And crowns, with flow'ry Luxury, the Land.
Fruits, Rivers, Meadows, Groves, and airy Plains,
Still echoing with the Lays of happy Swains,
Lovely Confusion make, and charm the Eye
With beautiful Irregularity.

Blac.

V E N U S.

Delight of human Kind, and Gods above,
Parent of *Rome*, propitious Queen of Love !
Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies ;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling Skies :
For ev'ry Kind by thy prolifick Might,
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.
Thee, Goddess ! thee, the Clouds and Tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing Presence disappear :
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress'd,
For thee the Ocean smiles and smooths her wavy Breast,
And Heav'n it self with more serene and purer Light is blest. }
For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd ;
When teeming Buds, and cheerful Greens appear,
And Western Gales unlock the lazy Year ;
The joyous Birds thy Welcome first express,
Whose native Songs thy genial Fire confess :
Then savage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,
Struck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood.
All Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air, and Sea : }
Of all that breathes the various Progeny,
Stung with Delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
The leafy Forest, and the liquid Main,
Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundless Reign.
Thro all the living Regions thou dost move,
And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly Seeds of Love.
Since then the Race of ev'ry living Thing
Obeys thy Pow'r ; since nothing new can spring
Without thy Warmth, without thy Influence bear,
Or beautiful or lovesome can appear :
Be thou my Aid ; my tuneful Song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive Fire ;

While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,
 And sing to *Memmius* an immortal Lay, (display. }
 Of Heav'n, and Earth; and ev'ry where thy wondrous Pow'r }
 Mean time, on Land and Sea let barb'rous Discord cease,
 And lull the list'ning World in universal Peace.
 To thee Mankind their soft Repose must owe,
 For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow ;
 Because the brutal Bus'ness of the War,
 Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care ;
 Who oft retires from fighting Fields to prove
 The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love :
 And, panting on thy Breast, supinely lies,
 While with thy heav'nly Form he feeds his famish'd Eyes :
 Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,
 By turns restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing Death.
 There while thy curling Limbs about him move,
 Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love ;
 When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
 Thy Charms in that auspicious Moment try,
 With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,
 And Quiet to the weary World restore.

Dryd. Lucr.

Creator *Venus* ! Genial Pow'r of Love !
 The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above !
 Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy Race,
 Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place :
 For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts forbear,
 Thy Mouth reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year.
 Thee, Goddess ! thee, the Storms of Winter fly,
 Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing, laughs the Sky,
 And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply. }
 For thee the Lion loaths the Taste of Blood,
 And roaring hunts his Female thro the Wood :
 For thee the Bulls rebellow thro the Groves,
 And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent Loves. }
 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair,
 All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care,
 Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World repair. }
 Thou Gladder of the Mount of *Cytheron*,
 Increase of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun !
 With smiling Aspect you serenely move
 In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love.
 The Fates but only spin the coarser Clue,
 The finest of the Wool is left for you.

Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine,
 And let the Sisters cut below your Line ;
 The rest among the Rubbish may they sweep,
 Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap. (Aro.
Dryd. Pal. &c.)

She turn'd, and made appear

Her Neck refulgent, and dishevel'd Hair ;
 Which flowing on her shoulders, reach'd the Ground,
 And widely spreads ambrosial Scents around.
 In Length of Train descends her sweeping Gown,
 And by her graceful Walk the Queen of Love is known. (Virg.
Dryd.)

The Goddess flies sublime

To visit *Paphos*, and her native Clime ;
 Where Garlands ever green, and ever fair,
 With Vows are offer'd, and with solemn Pray'r :
 A hundred Altars in her Temple smoke ;
 A thousand bleeding Hearts her Pow'r invoke. Dryd. Virg.

She stood reveal'd before my Sight :

Never so radiant did her Eyes appear,
 Not her own Star confess'd a Light so clear.
 Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above
 She looks, and breathes herself into their Love. Dryd. Virg.

So when bright *Venus* rises from the Flood,
 Around in Throngs the wondring *Nereids* croud ;
 The *Tritons* gaze, and tune the vocal Shell,
 And ev'ry Grace unsung the Waves conceal. Gare

Temple of Venus.

In *Venus*' Temple on the sides were seen
 The broken Slumbers of enamour'd Men ;
 Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and Pity seem'd to call ;
 And issuing Sighs that smok'd along the Wall ;
 Complaints and hot Desires, the Lovers Hell,
 And scalding Tears that wore a Channel where they fell :
 And all around were nuptial Bands, and Ties
 Of Love's Assurance, and a Train of Lyes,
 That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries.
 Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
 And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy ;
 And Sorceries to raise th' infernal Pow'rs,
 And Sigils, fram'd in planetary Hours ;
 Expencc, and After-thought, and idle Care,
 And Doubts of motley hiew, and dark Despair ;
 Suspitions, and fantastical Surmize,
 And Jealousy suffus'd with Jaundice in her Eyes,

Discolouring all the view'd, in Tawny drest,
Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist.
Oppos'd to her, on th' other side, advance
The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance ;
Minstrils and Musick, Poetry and Play,
And Balls by Night, and Turnaments by Day.

————— There th' *Idalian* Mount, and *Cytheron*,
The Court of *Venus*, was in Colours drawn.

Before the Palace-Gate, in careless Dress,
And loose Array, fate Portrets *Idleness* :

There by the Fount *Narcissus* pin'd alone,

There *Sampson* was, with wiser *Solomon*,

And all the mighty Names by Love undone.

Medea's Charms was there ; *Circean* Feasts,

With Bowls that turn'd enamour'd Youths to Beasts :

Here might be seen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,

And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit ;

The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid,

And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.

The Goddess' self some noble Hand had wrought,

Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing Thought ;

From Ocean as she first began to rise,

And smoooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies ;

She trod the Brine, all bare below the Breast,

And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the rest.

A Lute she held ; and on her Head was seen

A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtles green :

Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above,

And, by his Mother, stood an infant Love,

With Wings display'd, his Eyes were banded o'er,

His Hand a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore, (Pal. & Arc. }

Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly Store. Dryd. }

V E R S E. See Poets and Poetry.

Well-sounding Verses are the Charms we use,

Heroick Thoughts, and Virtue to infuse.

Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,

But they move more, in lofty Numbers told.

Wall.

Nor the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind,

That play thro trembling Trees, delight me more,

Nor murm'ring Billows on the sandy Shore,

Nor winding Streams that thro the Valley glide,

And the scarce-cover'd Pebbles gently chide.

For such thy Verse appears,

So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd Ears,

As to the weary Swain with Cares oppress,
 Beneath the silvan Shade refreshing Rest ;
 As to the fev'rish Traveller, when first
 He finds a crystal Stream, to quench his Thirst.

Dryd. Virg.

Not Winds to Voyagers at Sea,
 Nor Show'rs to Earth more necessary be,
 Than Verse to Virtue, which can do
 The Midwife's Office, and the Nurse's too.
 It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay ;
 And when it dies, with comely Pride
 Embalms it, and erects a Pyramid,
 That never will decay,
 Till Heav'n it self shall melt away,
 And nought behind it stay.

Cowl.

For ev'n when Death dissolves our human Frame,
 The Soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came,
 Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the Fame.

Dryd.

Begin the Song, and strike the living Lyre !
 Lo ! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted Quire,
 All hand in hand do decently advance,
 And to my Song with smooth and equal Measures dance ;
 While the Dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
 My Musick's Voice shall bear it company.

Till all gentle Notes be drown'd
 In the last Trumpet's dreadful Sound ;
 That to the Spheres themselves shall silence bring,
 Untune the universal String.

Then all the wide extended Sky,
 And all th'harmonious Worlds on high,
 And *Virgil's* sacred Work shall die :

And he himself shall see in one Fire shine
 Rich Nature's antient *Troy*, tho built by Hands divine.

Cowl.

V E S U V I U S .

As high *Vesuvius*, when the Ocean laves
 His fiery Roots with subterranean Waves,
 Disturb'd within, does in Convulsions roar,
 And casts on high his undigested Oar ;
 Discharges massy Surfeit on the Plains,
 And empties all his rich metallick Veins ;
 His ruddy Entrails ; Cinders, pitchy Smoke,
 And intermingled Flames the Sun-beams choke.

Blac.

V I C I S S I T U D E .

Good unexpected, Evil unforeseen,
 Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene :

Some,

Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

Dryd. Virg.

Short is th' uncertain Reign and Pomp of mortal Pride ;
New Turns and Changes ev'ry Day
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts ;

Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and parts.

But if she stays, or if she goes,
The wise Man little Joy or little Sorrow shows.

For over all Men hangs a doubtful Fate,
One gains by what another is bereft ;
The frugal Destinies have only left
A common Bank of Happiness below,
Maintain'd, like Nature, by an Ebb and Flow. *How. Ind. Queen.*

The lowest and most abject Thing of Fortune
Stands still in Hope, lives not in Fear :
The lamentable Change is from the best,
The worst returns to better.

Shak. K. Lear.

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune ;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.

Shak. Jul. Cas.

What God, alas ! will Caution be
For living Man's Security,
Or will insure his Vessel in this faithless Sea ?

Where Fortune's Favour, and her Spight,
Roll with alternate Waves, like Day and Night.

Cowl. Pind.

He various Changes of the World had known,
And strange Vicissitudes of human Fate ;
Still al't'ring, never in a steady State :
Good after Ill, and after Pain Delight,
Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.
Since every Man who lives, is born to die,
And none can boast sincere Felicity ;
With equal Mind what happens let us bear,
Not joy nor grieve too much, for things beyond our Care.
Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed Place we tend,
The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End.
Ev'n Kings but play, and when their Part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the Throne. *(Arc. Dryd. Pal. &*

What then remains, but after past Annoy

To take the good Vicissitude of Joy ;
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Possess our Souls, and while we live, to live. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

-VINE. See Embraces.

They led the Vine

To wed her Elm: She, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable Arms; and with her brings
Her Dower, th'adopted Clusters, to adorn
His barren Leaves.

Milt.

Th' aspiring Vines

Embrace their Husband Elms in am'rous Twines. *Dryd. Virg.*

Once like a Vine I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening Hopes that spoke me strong:
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters, and my Branches gone. *Otw. Don Carl.*

VIRAGO. See Amazon.

A Warrior Dame,

Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler *Pallas* of the Field;
Mix'd with the first, the fierce *Virago* fought,
Sustain'd the Toils of Arms, the Danger fought;
Out-strip'd the Winds in Speed upon the Plain,
Flew o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain.
She swept the Seas, and as she skim'd along,
Her flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung:
Men, Boys, and Women, stupid with Surprise,
Where'er she pass'd, fix their wond'ring Eyes.
Longing they look, and gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast Delight.
Her purple Habit sits with such a Grace
On her smooth Shoulders, and so suits her Face:
Her Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd,
And in a golden Caul the Curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle Jav'lin, and behind
Her *Lycian* Quiver dances in the Wind.

Dryd. Virg.

Next *Trulla* came; *Trulla* more bright
Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight.
A bold *Virago*, stout and tall,
As *Joan* of France, or *English Moll*:
Thro Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Thro thick and thin she follow'd him:
At Breach of Wall, or Hedg Surprise,
She shar'd i'th' Hazard and the Prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd her self with matchless Courage;
And laid about in Fight more busily
Than th' *Amazonian Penthesile*.

But here some Criticks do cry shame,
 And say our Authors are to blame,
 That spite of all Philosophers,
 Who hold no Females stout but Bears,
 Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
 To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks* ;
 To lay their native Arms aside,
 Their Modesty, and ride astride ;
 To run a-tilt at Men, and wield
 Their naked Tools in open Field ;
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
 And she that should have been the Mistress
 Of *Gondibert* ; but he had Grace,
 And rather took a Country Lass.

Hud.

V I R T U E.

Virtue, the noble Cause for which you're made !
 Improperly we measure Life by Breath,
 Those do not truly live, who merit Death.

Stepn. Juv.

Our Life is short, but to extend that Span
 To vast Eternity, is Virtue's Work.

Shak. Troil. & Cress.

He lives in Fame that dies in Virtue's Cause. *Shak. Tit. Andron.*

How vain is Virtue, which directs our ways
 Thro certain Dangers to uncertain Praise !
 Barren and airy Name ! Thee Fortune flies,
 With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.
 Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without regard,
 And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.

The World is made for the bold impious Man,
 Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
 Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford,
 She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword :

Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,
 And while she long consults, the Prize is gone. *Dryd. Auren.*

Great Minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing good,
 Tho the ungrateful Subjects of their Favours
 Are barren in Return. Virtue does still
 With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
 Where abject Souls do good, and hope Reward :
 Above the worthless Trophies Men can raise,
 She seeks not Honours, Wealth, nor airy Praise,
 But with herself, herself the Goddess pays.

Rowe Tamerl.

But few are virtuous when Reward's away.

Dryd.

For who would Virtue for herself regard,
 Or wed, without the Portion of Reward ?

Dryd. Juv.

Hence

Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And they who taught it first were Hypocrites. *Otw. Orph.*

Wouldst thou to Honours and Preferments climb ?
Be bold in Mischief, dare some mighty Crime ;
Which Dangers, Death, or Banishment deserves,
For Virtue is but drily prais'd, and starves :
Great Men to great Crimes owe their Plate imboss'd,
Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Cost,
And high Commands : A sneaking Sin is lost. *Dryd. Juv.* }
}

Torment of Mind ! O feeble Virtue, hence !
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage,
To build in Hearts of Hinds ; bless their rude Hands
With thy lean Recompence of endless Labour.
For me, since I have burst th' ungrateful Chain
That held me to thee like a shackled Slave,
I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have given,
And surfeit on the Beauties of *Semandra*. *Lee Mithrid.*

If when a Crown and Mistress are in place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face ;
Virtue's then mine, and I not Virtue's Foe :
Why does she come where she has nought to do ?
Let her with Anch'rets, not with Lovers lie,
Statesmen and they keep better Company. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul ;
A Man is wholly wise, or wholly is a Fool. *Dryd. Persf.*

How strange a Riddle Virtue is !
They never miss it, who possess it not ;
And they who have it, ever find a Want. *Roch. Valent.*

Virtue, the more it is expos'd,
Like purest Linen, laid in open Air,
Will bleach the more, and whiten to the View. *Dryd. Amphit.*

For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds ;
And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

USURPER. See King, Tyrant.

He who by Force a Scepter obtains,
Shews he can govern, which he could gain.
Right comes by Force, whate'er he was before,
Usurpation are no more. *Dryd. Auren.*

As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,
And overflows the level Grounds ;
Those Banks and Dams, that like a Skreen
Did keep it out, now keep it in :
So when Tyrannick Usurpation,
Invades the Freedom of a Nation,

Those Laws o'th' Land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.

Hud.

A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly Hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd :
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile Hold to stay him up.

Shak. K. John.

Dare to be great without a guilty Crown,
View it, and lay the bright Temptation down.
'Tis base to seize on all because you may ;
That's Empire, that which I can give away :
There's Joy, when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe.
A Joy which none but greatest Minds can taste,
A Fame which will to endless Ages last.

Dryd. Auren.

And few Usurpers to the Shades descend
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End.

Dryd. Juv.

Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,
Fortune does seldom lay them gently down.

How.

VULCAN. See Cyclops.

In *Ausonian* Land

Men call'd him *Mulciber* ; and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o'er the crystal Battlements : From Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's Day ; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the *Zenith*, like a falling Star
On *Lemnos*, the *Ægean* Isle.

Milt.

Me by the Heel he drew,
And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw.
All day I fell : My Flight at Morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting Sun.

Pitch'd on my head, at length the *Lemnian* Ground (*Dryd. Hom.*
Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the *Sinthians* heal'd my Wound.

W A N T.

Want is a bitter and a useful Good,
Because its Virtues are not unadvised :
Yet many things, impossible to Think
Have been by Need to full Perfection brought.
The Daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence.
Prudence at once and Fortitude it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our Lives :
For e'en that Indigence which brings me low,
Makes me my self and him above to know.

A Good which none would challenge, few would chuse,
 A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.
 If we from Wealth to Poverty descend, *(of Bath's Tale.*
 Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend. *Dryd. Wife*
 Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,
 And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule. *Dryd. Gno.*

Famine is in thy Cheeks,
 Need and Oppression staring in thy Looks,
 Contempt and Beggary hang on thy back. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

Oh! we must change the Scene,
 In which the past Delights of Love were tasted:
 The Poor sleep little, we must learn to watch
 Our Labours late, and early ev'ry Morning,
 'Midst Winter Frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
 Rise to our Toils, and drudg away the Day.
 Oh *Belvedera!*

Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Fiend
 Is at our heels, and chases us in view.
 Canst thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs
 Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
 Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?
 When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
 And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads,
 Wilt thou then talk to me thus?
 Thus hush my Cares, and shelter me with Love?

Oh! I will love thee, ev'n in madness love thee,
 Tho my distracted Senses should forsake me!
 Tho the bare Earth be all our Resting-place,
 Its Roots our Food, some Cliff our Habitation;
 I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head,
 And as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with Sorrow,
 Creep to thy Bosom, pour the Balm of Love
 Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Oh we will bear our wayward Fate together,
 And ne'er know Comfort more. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Lord! what an am'rous thing is Want!
 How Debts and Mortgages enchant!
 What Graces must that Lady have,
 That can from Execution save?
 What Charms that can reverse Extent,
 And null Decree and Exigent?
 What magical Attracts and Graces,
 That can redeem from *Scire Facias?*

From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
 And from Contempts of Courts enlarge?
 These are the highest Excellencies,
 Of all our true or false Pretences ;
 And you would damn your selves, and swear
 As much t' an Hostess Dowager,
 Grown fat and purfy by Retail
 Of Pots of Beer and bottled Ale ;
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For Fat is wondrous apt to burn :
 Who at your Flames would soon take fire,
 Relent, and melt to your Desire ;
 And, like a Candle in the Socket,
 Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

Hud.

W A R. See Battel, Fighting, Jousts, *Mars*, Soldier.

Now impious Arms from ev'ry part resound :
 The peaceful Peasant to the War is press'd,
 The Fields lie fallow in inglorious Rest.
 The Plain no Pasture to the Flocks affords ;
 The crooked Scithes are streighten'd into Swords.
 Perfidious *Mars* long-plighted Leagues divides,
 And o'er the wasted World in triumph rides.

Dryd. Virg.

The peaceful Cities,
 Lull'd in their Ease, and undisturb'd before,
 Are all on fire ; and some with studious Care
 Their restiff Steeds in sandy Plains prepare.
 Some their soft Limbs in painful Marches try,
 And War is all their Wish, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
 Part scour the rusty Shields with Seam, and part
 New-grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart.
 With joy they view the waving Ensigns fly,
 And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky.
 Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,
 Some twine young Sallows to support the Shield.
 The Corslet some, and some the Cuişhes mold,
 With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.
 The rustick Honours of the Scithe and Share,
 Give place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.
 Old Falchions are new-temper'd in the Fires ;
 The sounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inspires.
 The Word is given, with eager haste they lace
 The shining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.
 The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,
 The trusty Weapon sits on ev'ry side.

Dryd. Virg.

As

As Legions in the Field their Front display,
 To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day ;
 And move to meet their Foes with sober pace,
 Strict to their Figure, tho in wider space,
 Before the Battel joins, while from afar,
 The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War ;
 And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,
 Leaves all to Fortune, and the Dint of Sword.

Dryd. Virg.

An iron Harvest on the Field appears,
 Of Lances, burnish'd Shields, and bristling Spears ;
 Throng'd Helms in long embattel'd Ranks dispos'd,
 The louring Front of horrid War disclos'd.

Blac.

The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er :
 The Vale an iron Harvest seems to yield
 Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field ;
 The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
 And ev'ry moment nearer shews the War.

Dryd. Aur.

The various Glories of their Arms combine,
 And in one fearful dazzling Medley join.
 The Air above, and all the Fields beneath
 Shine with a bright Variety of Death :
 The Sun starts back, to see the Fields display
 Their rival Lustre, and terrestrial Day.

Elac.

The Fields
 Are bright with flaming Swords and brazen Shields ;
 A shining Harvest either Host displays,
 And shoots against the Sun with equal Rays.

Dryd. Virg.

All in a moment rose
 A Forest of huge Spears ; and thronging Helms
 Appear'd, and ferry'd Shields in thick array,
 Of Depth immeasurable : straight out flew
 Millions of flaming Swords ; the sudden Blaze
 Far round illumin'd Hell. They fierce with grasped Arms
 Clash'd on their sounding Shields the Din of War,
 Hurling Defiance tow'rs the Vault of Heav'n.

Milt.

It was the time
 When creeping Murmur, and the poring Dark,
 Fill the wide Vessel of the Universe :
 From Camp to Camp, thro the foul Womb of Night,
 The Hum of either Army stilly sounds.
 Fire answers Fire, and thro their paly Flames
 Each Battel sees the other's umber'd Face.
 Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neighs,
 Piercing the Night's dull Ear ; and from the Tents

The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With busy Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation.

Shak. Hen. 5.

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring;
 When confus'd and high,
 Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry,
 For *Mars* was early up, and rouz'd the Sky.
 The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,
 Sharpning their Sights, and leaning from their Stars:
 The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,
 For Battel by the busy Groom prepar'd.
 Rustling of Harness, Rattling of the Shield,
 Clat'ring of Armour furbish'd for the Field.
 The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold
 Of glitt'ring Arms, too dazzling to behold;
 And polish'd Steel that cast the View aside,
 And crested Motions with their plummy Pride.
 Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires,
 In gaudy Liveries march, and quaint Attires:
 One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance,
 A third the shining Buckler did advance:
 The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,
 And snorting, foam'd and champ'd the golden Bit.
 The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,
 Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their side;
 And Nails for loos'n'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields provide.

(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.)

Peace leaves the violated Fields, and Hate
 Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate.

Dryd. Virg.

The gloomy Throngs look terrible from far,
 Disclosing slow the horrid Face of War.
 The thick Battalions move in dreadful Form,
 As louring Clouds advance before a Storm.

Blac.

A Cloud of blinding Dust is rais'd around;
 Labours beneath their Feet the trembling Ground.

Dryd. Virg.

Advancing in a Line, they couch their Spears,
 And less and less the middle Space appears.
 Thick Smoke obscures the Field, and scarce are seen
 The neighing Coursers, and the shouting Men.
 In distance of their Darts they stop their Course,
 Then Man to Man they rush; and Horse to Horse:
 The Face of Heav'n the flying Jav'lines hide,
 And Deaths unseen are dealt on either side.

Dryd. Virg.

Thick

Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,
And Clouds of clashing Darts obscure the Sky.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus equal Deaths are dealt with equal Chance,
By turns they quit their Ground, by turns advance ;
Victors and Vanquish'd in the various Field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield :
The Gods from Heav'n survey the fatal Strife,
And mourn the Miseries of human Life.

Dryd. Virg.

Now bearded Darts, and fatal Jav'lines fly,
And Balls of Fire hiss thro' th' enlighten'd Sky.
Each on his Foe missive Destruction pours,
And Death receives and gives in feather'd Show'rs.

Blac.

To the rude Shock of War both Armies came,
Their Leaders equal, and their Strength the same :
With Spears afar, with Swords at hand they strike ;
And Zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.

The Soldiers dauntless thus maintain the Field,
And Hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield :
They Blow for Blow return, and Wound for Wound ;
And Heaps of Bodies raise the level Ground.

Dryd. Virg.

And now both Hosts their broken Troops unite,
In equal Ranks, and mix in mortal Fight.

They strike, they push, they throng the scanty Space,
Resolv'd on Death, impatient of Disgrace ;
And where one falls, another fills his place.

Dryd. Virg.

An undistinguish'd Noise ascends the Sky,
The Shouts of those who kill, and Groans of those who die.

(Dryd. Virg.)

The Fight grows hot, the whole War's now at work,
And the goar'd Battel bleeds in ev'ry Vein.

Shak. K. Lear.

When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War ;
The labour'd Battel sweat, and Conquest bled.

Lee Alex.

Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are strew'd
With fallen Bodies, and are drunk with Blood.

Arms, Horses, Men, on heaps together lie ;
Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.

The Sands with streaming Blood are sanguine dy'd,
And Death with Honour sought on ev'ry side.

Dryd. Virg.

What Noise of Arms, what Shouts the Air confound !
What Ruin, what slain Heaps deform the Ground ?

The Dead make Bulwarks, which the Living climb,
That in the Air rise, like our Walls, sublime.

Blac.

Dead Corps imboss the Vale with little Hills.

Cowl.

His smoking Horses at their utmost Speed
He lashes on, and urges o'er the Dead :

Their Fetlocks run with Blood, and when they bound,
The Gore and gathering Dust are dash'd around. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Rear so press'd the Front, they could not wield
The angry Weapons, to dispute the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*

They Darts with Clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd War alive. *Dryd. Virg.*

The frighted Soldiers, when their Captains fly,
More on their Speed than on their Strength rely.
Confus'd in Fight they bear each other down,
And spur their Horses headlong to the Town ;
Driv'd by their Foes, and to their Fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their Wounds behind.

These drop the Shield, and those the Lance forego,
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd Bow :

The Hoofs of Horses, with a rattling Sound,
Beat thick and short, and shake the solid Ground.

Black Clouds of Dust come rolling in the Sky,
And o'er the darken'd Walls and Rampires fly.

All pressing on, Pursuers and Pursu'd
Are crush'd in Crouds, a mingled Multitude,
Some happy few escap'd : The Throng too late
Rush on for Entrance, till they choke the Gate.

Then in affright the folding Gates they close,
But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.

The Vanquish'd cry, the Victors loudly shout,
'Tis Terror all within, and Slaughter all without.

Blind in their Fear, they bound against the Wall ;
Or to the Moats pursu'd, precipitate their Fall. *Dryd. Virg.*

Then planting at the Walls a Scaling-Ladder,
I mounted spight of Show'rs of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down.

I left the Walls, to fly among my Foes,

And, like a baited Lion, dy'd my self

All over with the Blood of those bold Hunters ;

Till spent with Toil, I battel'd on my Knees,

Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Forest,
And hurl'd them back with most unconquer'd Fury. *Lee Alex.*

Now Peals of Shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War :

Louder, and yet more loud, we hear th' Alarms

Of human Cries distinct, and clashing Arms :

New Clamours and new Clangors now arise,

The Sound of Trumpets mix'd with fighting Cries.

The Fire consumes the Town, the Foe commands ;

And armed Hosts, an unexperienc'd Force,
 Break in, and Foes for Entrance press without.
 To sev'ral Posts their Parties they divide ;
 Some block the narrow Streets, some scour the wide :
 The Bold they kill, th'Unwary they surprize ;
 Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.
 The Warders of the Gate but scarce maintain
 Th'unequal Combat, and resist in vain.
 We heard : And Heav'n that well-born Souls inspires,
 Prompts us thro lifted Swords and rising Fires
 To run, where clashing Arms and Clamour calls,
 And rush undaunted to defend the Walls.
 The passive Gods behold the *Greeks* defile
 Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil
 Their own Abodes ; we, feeble few, conspire
 To save a sinking Town involv'd in Fire.
 We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare
 Th'unequal Combat in the publick Square ;
 Night was our Friend, our Leader was Despair.
 What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night ?
 What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright ?
 An antient and imperial City falls ;
 The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals :
 Houses and holy Temples float in Blood,
 And hostile Nations make a common Flood.
 Not only *Trojans* fall, but in their turn
 The Vanquish'd triumph, and the Victors mourn.
 Ours take new Courage from Despair and Night,
 Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight ;
 All Parts resound with Tumults, Complaints, and Fears,
 And griesly Death in sundry Shapes appears :
 New Clamours from the th'invested Palace ring ;
 So hot th'Assault, so high the Tumult rose,
 While ours defend, and while the *Greeks* oppose ;
 As if all *Ilium* else were void of Fear,
 And Tumult, War, and Slaughter only there.
 Their Targets in a Tortoise cast, our Foes
 Secure advancing, to the Turrets rose :
 Some mount the Scaling-Ladders, some more bold
 Swerve upwards, and by Posts and Pillars hold :
 Their left Hand gripes their Bucklers in th'Ascend,
 While with the right they seize the Battlement.
 From their demolish'd Tow'rs the *Trojans* throw
 Huge Heaps of Stones, that falling, crush the Foe ;

And heavy Beams and Rafters, from the Sides,
 And gilded Roofs come tumbling from on high,
 The Marks of State and antient Royalty.
 The Lightning flies not swifter than the Fall,
 Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall.
 Down goes the Top at once; the *Greeks* beneath
 Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into Death.
 Yet more succeed, and more to Death are sent:
 We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
 The Guards below, fix'd in the Pass, attend
 The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.

The Infantry

Rush on in Crouds, and the barr'd Passage free:
 Ent'ring the Court, with Shouts the Skies they rend,
 And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs ascend.
Pyrrhus, among the foremost, deals his Blows,
 And with his Ax repeated Strokes bestows
 On the strong Doors: Then all their Shoulders ply,
 Till from the Posts the brazen Hinges fly.
 He hews apace, the double Bars at length
 Yield to his Ax and unresisted Strength.
 A mighty Breach is made: The Rooms conceal'd
 Appear, and all the Palace is reveal'd.
 The fatal Work inhuman *Pyrrhus* plies,
 And all his Father sparkles in his Eyes.
 Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards his Foes sustain,
 The Bars are broken, and the Guards are slain.
 In rush the *Greeks*, and all th' Apartments fill;
 Those few Defendants which they find, they kill:
 Where'er the rising Fire had left a Space,
 They enter and possess the Place.
 The fearful Matrons run from Place to Place,
 And kiss the Thresholds, and the Posts embrace:
 Driv'n like a Flock of Doves along the Sky,
 The Images they hug, and to the Altars fly:
 But the protecting Gods are deaf to Pray'rs.

Dryd. Virg.

The wond'ring Babes from Mothers Breasts are rent,
 And suffer Ills they neither fear'd nor meant:
 No silver Rev'rence guards the stooping Age,
 No Rule or Method ties their boundless Rage.
 Nothing but Fire and Slaughter meets the Eyes,
 Nothing the Ear but Groans and dismal Cries.

Cowl.

Now march the bold Confederates thro the Plain,
 Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining Train.

Silent

Silent they move; majestically flow,
 Like ebbing *Nile*, or *Ganges* in his Flow-
 The *Trojans* view the dusty Cloud from far,
 And the dark Menace of the distant War.

They from the Rampire saw it rise,
 Black'ning the Fields, and thick'ning thro the Skies.
 And when the rolling Clouds approach the Walls,
 They arm, and man the Works, prepare the Spears,
 And pointed Darts: Then shut their Gates; with Shouts ascend
 Their Bulwarks, and secure, their Foes attend.
 For their wise Gen'ral with foreseeing Care,
 Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful War:
 Nor, tho provok'd, in open Fields advance;
 But close within their Lines attend their Chance.
 Unwilling, yet they keep the strict Command;
 And sourly wait in Arms the hostile Band.

The Foe then fac'd the Lines,
 Amaz'd to find a dastard Race, that run
 Behind the Rampires, and the Battel shun.
 All clad in shining Arms, the Works invest;
 Each with a radiant Helm, and waving Crest.
 The *Trojans* from above their Foes beheld,
 And with arm'd Legions all the Rampires fill'd:
 Seiz'd with Affright, their Gates they first explore;
 Join Works to Works with Bridges; Tow'r to Tow'r.
 The Soldiers draw their Lots, and as they fall,
 By turns relieve each other on the Wall.

The *Volians* bear their Shields upon their Head,
 And rushing forward, form a moving Shed;
 These fill the Ditch, those pull the Bulwarks down;
 Some raise the Ladders, others scale the Town.
 But where void Spaces on the Walls appear,
 Or thin Defence, they pour their Forces there.
 With Poles, and missive Weapons, from afar,
 The *Trojans* keep aloof the rising War.
 They roll down Ribs of Rocks, and unresisted Weight,
 To break the Penthouse with the pond'rous Blow;
 Which yet the patient *Volians* undergo:
 But could not bear th' unequal Combat long;
 For where the *Trojans* find the thickest Throng,
 The Ruin falls: Their scatter'd Shields give way,
 And their crush'd Heads become an easy Prey.
 They shrink for Fear, abated of their Rage,
 Nor longer dare in a blind Fight engage.

Contented now to gaul them from below,
 With Darts and Slings, and with the distant Bow,
 They blazing Pines within the Trenches threw,
 Broke down the Palisades ; the Trenches won,
 And loud for Ladders call, to scale the Town.

The Ditch with Faggots fill'd, the daring Foe
 Toss'd Firebrands to the steepy Turrets throw,
 There stood a Tow'r, amazing to the Sight,
 Built up of Beams, and of stupendous Height ;
 Art and the Nature of the Place conspir'd
 To furnish all the Strength that War requir'd.

To level this, the bold *Italians* join ;
 The wary *Trojans* obviate their Design :
 With weighty Stones o'erwhelm their Troops below,
 Shoot thro the Loopholes, and sharp Jav'lins throw.
Turnus, the Chief, toss'd from his thund'ring Hand,
 Against the wooden Walls, a flaming Brand :
 It stuck, the fiery Plague : The Winds were high ;
 The Planks were season'd, and the Timber dry.
 Contagion caught the Posts ; it spread along,
 Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd Throng.

The *Trojans* fled ; the Fire pursu'd amain,
 Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling Train ;
 Till crouding to the Corners of the Wall,
 Down the Defence, and the Defenders fall.
 The mighty Flaw makes Heav'n it self resound,
 The dead and dying *Trojans* strew the Ground.
 The Tow'r that follow'd on the fallen Crew,
 Whelm'd on their Heads, and bury'd whom it slew :
 Some stuck upon the Darts themselves had sent ;
 All the same equal Ruin underwent.

Undaunted they no Danger shun ;
 From Wall to Wall the Shouts and Clamours run.
 They bend their Bows, they whirl their Slings around :
 Heaps of spent Arrows fall, and strew the Ground ;
 And Helms, and Shields, and rattling Arms resound.
 The Combat thickens, like the Storm that flies
 From Westward, when the show'ry Kids arise.

And now the *Trojan* Troops
 Presuming on their Strength, the Gates unbar,
 And on their own accord invite the War.
 Arm'd on the Right and on the Left they stand,
 And flank the Passage.

}

In flows a Tide of *Latians*, when they see
The Gate set open and the Passage free.

But soon repuls'd, they fly,
Or in the well-defended Pass they die.

Dryd. Virg.

The dreadful Business of the War is over ;
And Slaughter, that, from yester Morn till Even,
With giant Steps, pass'd striding o'er the Field,
Besmear'd, and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
Now weary sits among the mangled Heaps,
And slumbers o'er her Prey.

Rowe Tamerl.

W A V E S. See Enjoyment.

So swelling Surges with a thund'ring Roar,
Driv'n on each others Backs, insult the Shore ;
Bound o'er the Rocks, incroach upon the Land,
And far upon the Beach eject the Sand :
Then backward with a Swing they take their way,
Repuls'd from upper Ground, and seek their Mother Sea ;
With equal Hurry quit th'invaded Shore,
And swallow back the Sand and Stones they spew'd before.

(Virg.)

Dryd.

Far off we hear the Waves with surly Sound
Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their Groans rebound.
The Billows break upon the founding Strand.
And roll the rising Tides impure with Sand.

Dryd. Virg.

W E E P I N G. See Funeral, Grief, Sorrow, Tears.

Her brimful Eyes that ready stood,
And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,
Releas'd their watry Store, and pour'd amain,
Like Clouds, low-hung, a sober Show'r of Rain :
Mute, solemn Sorrow, free from female Noise,
Such as the Majesty of Grief destroys.

Dryd. Sig. & Guisf.

O'er her *Adonis* so

Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r
Of her warm Tears, cherish'd the springing Flow'r.

Wall.

So silver *Thetis* on the *Phrygian* Shore,
Wept for her Son, foreknowing of his Fate :
The Sea-Nymphs fate around, and join'd their Tears,
While from his lowest Deep old Father *Ocean*
Was heard to groan, in pity of their Pain.

Rowe Ulyss.

She silently a gentle Tear let fall
From either Eye, and wip'd them with her Hair :
Two other precious Drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal Sluice, he, e'er they fell,
Kiss'd, as the gracious Signs of sweet Remorse,
And pious Awe, that fear'd to have offended.

Milf.

A

- A Show'r of Tears flow'd down her lovely Face,
Which from her Grief receiv'd yet sweeter Grace. *Blac.*
So thro a watry Cloud,
The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*
She came weeping forth,
Shining thro Tears, like *April-Suns* in Show'rs,
That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads them.
While two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her ;
Ev'n the leud Rabble, that were gather'd round
To see the Sight, stood mute when they beheld her,
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity. *Orw. Ven. Pref.*
Dumb Sorrows seiz'd the Standers by,
The Queen above the rest, by Nature good,
The Pattern form'd of perfect Woman-hood,
For tender Pity wept : when she began,
Through the bright Quire th'infectious Virtue ran ;
All drop'd their Tears. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
The Tears run gushing from her Eyes,
And stop'd her Speech in pompous Train of Woe. *Dryd. Virg.*
See where she sits ; and in what comely wise
Drops Tears more fair than others Eyes ;
Ah ! charming Maid ! let not ill Fortune see
Th'Attire thy Sorrow wears,
Nor view the Beauty of thy Tears,
For she'll still come to dress herself in thee.
Ne'er did I yet behold such Glorious Weather,
As this Sun-shine and Rain together. *Cowl.*
With Head declin'd,
Like a fair Flower surcharg'd with Dew, she weeps. *Dryd.*
Then setting free a Sigh from her fair Eyes,
She wip'd two Pearls, the Remnant of wild Show'rs,
Which hung like Drops upon the Bells of Flow'rs. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*
So Morning Dews on new-blown Roses lodg,
By the Sun's am'rous Heat to be exhal'd. *Orw. Orph.*
Why art thou wet with weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal *Jove* descends in gentle Show'rs,
To cause Increase, and bless the Infant Year ;
When ev'ry spiry Grass and painted Flow'r
Is hung with pearly Drops of heav'nly Rain. *Rowe Ulyss.*
In *Palamon*, a manly Grief appears,
Silent he wept, asham'd to shew his Tears. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Bear my Weakness,

If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

Look Emperor! this is no common Dew;
I have not wept these forty Years, but now
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes,
I cannot help her Softness.

By Heav'n he weeps! poor good old Man he weeps!
The big round Drops course one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks.

Dryd. All for Love.

His Eyes,
Altho unus'd unto the melting Mood,
Drop Tears more fast than the *Arabian* Tree
Her medicinal Gums.

Shak. Othel.

Behold his Sorrow streaming from his Eyes.

Dryd. Virg.

Compassion quell'd

His best of Man, and gave him up to Tears.

Milt.

W E L C O M E.

Welcome as kindly Show'rs to long-parch'd Earth.

Dr. Span. Fry.

Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd;

Welcome to me as to a sinking Mariner

The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore.

Lee Oedip.

Welcome as the Light

To chearful Birds, or as to Lovers Night.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears.

Otw. Orph.

W I F E. See Marriage, Husband.

Who loves to hear of Wife?

Otw. Orph.

That dull insipid thing without Desires,
And without Pow'r to give them.

Dryd. Virg.

When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife!

But a new-marry'd Wife's a seeming Mischiefe,

Full of herself: Why what a deal of Horror

Has that poor Wretch to come that wedded yesterday?

Otw. Orph.

O wretched Husband! while she hangs about thee,

With idle Blandishments, and plays the fond one;

Ev'n then her hot Imagination wanders,

Contriving Riot, and loose Scapes of Love:

And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a Monster.

Rowe Tamerl.

We hope to find

That help which Nature meant in Woman-kind

To Man, that Supplemental Self design'd:

But

But proves a burning Caustick when apply'd :
 And *Adam* sure could with more Ease abide,
 The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride. (Batch. }
 Cong. Old. }

What hunt a Wife

On the dull Soil? Sure a stanch Husband
 Of all Hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
 Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections?
 What feminine Tale hast thou been list'ning to,
 Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs, and Tooth-ach got
 By thin-soal'd Shoes?

Otw. Ven. Pres.

Wives, like good Subjects, who to Tyrants bow,
 To Husbands, tho unjust, long Patience owe :
 They were for Freedom made, Obedience we,
 Courage their Virtue, ours is Chastity :
 Reason it self in us must not be bold,
 Nor decent Custom be by Wit controul'd ;
 On our own Heads we desperately stray,
 And are still happiest the vulgar way.

Sedli

To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain ;
 It gives them Courage to offend again :
 For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend,
 Again are pardon'd, and again offend ;
 Fathom our Pity when they seem to grieve,
 Only to try how far we can forgive :
 Till launching out into the Sea of Strife,
 They scorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.

Dryd. Auren.

W I N D S. See *Æolus*, Storms, Tempests.

He views with Horror next the noisy Cave,
 Where with hoarse Din imprison'd Tempests rave ;
 Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
 Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

Gar.

Thus rag'd the Goddess, and with Fury fraught ;
 The restless Region of the Storms she sought.
 Where in a spacious Cave of living Stone,
 The Tyrant *Æolus* from his airy Throne,
 With Pow'r imperial curbs the struggling Winds,
 And sounding Tempests in dark Prisons binds.
 This way and that, th'impatient Captives tend,
 And pressing for Release the Mountain rend.
 High in his Hall th'undaunted Monarch stands,
 And shakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands :
 Which did he not, their unresisted Sway
 Would sweep the World before 'em in their way :

Earth,

Earth, Air, and Seas, thro' empty Space would roll,
 And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.
 In fear of this, the Father of the Gods
 Confin'd their Fury to these dark abodes,
 And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with Mountain Loads :
 Impos'd a King with arbitrary Sway,
 To loose their Fetters, or their Force allay. } Dryd. Virg.

Nor were those blust'ring Brethren left at large,
 On Seas and Shores their Fury to discharge :
 Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in Place,
 They rend the World resistless where they pass ;
 And mighty Marks of Mischief leave behind,
 Such is the Rage of their tempestuous kind.
 First *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,
 (The Regions of the balmy Continent)
 And Eastern Realms, where early *Persians* run
 To greet the blest Appearance of the Sun.
 Westward the wanton *Zephyr* wings his Flight,
 Pleas'd with the Remnant of departing Light.
 Fierce *Boreas*, with his Off-spring issues forth
 T'invade the frozen Waggon of the North :
 While, frowning *Auster* seeks the Southern Sphere,
 And rots with endless Rain th'unwholesom Year. } Dryd. Ovid.

Thus when the rival Winds their Quarrel try,
 Contending for the Kingdom of the Sky ;
 South, East, and West, on airy Courses borne ;
 The Whirlwind gathers and the Woods are torn :
 Then *Nereus* strikes the Deep, the Billows rise,
 And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies. } Dryd. Virg.

As when a Whirlwind, rushing to the Shore,
 From the Mid-Ocean drives the Waves before ;
 The painful Hind with heavy Heart foresees
 The flatted Fields, and Slaughter of the Trees. } Dryd. Virg.

As when loud *Boreas*, with his blust'ring Train,
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main ;
 Where'er he flies, he drives the Rack before,
 And rolls the Billows on th'*Ægean* Shore. } Dryd. Virg.

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth
 He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North :
 The waving Harvest bends beneath his Blast,
 The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast :
 He flies aloft, and with imperious Roar
 Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shore. } Dryd. Virg.

Fierce *Boreas* flies

To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Skies :
Serenely while he blows, the Vapours driv'n
Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The South-Wind Night and Horrour brings,
And Fogs are shaken from his flaggy Wings.
From his divided Beard two Streams he pours,
His Head and rheumy Eyes distil in Show'rs :
With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow,
And lazy Mists are loursing on his Brow. *Dryd. Ovid.*

So Winds, while yet unfledg'd in Woods they lie,
In Whispers first their tender Voices try :
Then issue on the Main with bell'wing Rage,
And Storms to trembling Mariners presage. *Dryd. Virg.*

As wintry Winds, contending in the Sky,
With equal Force of Lungs their Titles try :
They rage, they roar ; the doubtful Rack of Heav'n
Stands without Motion, and the Tide undriv'n :
Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
They long suspend the Fortune of the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*

W I N T E R. *See Year.*

No Grass the Fields, no Leaves the Forests wear ;
The frozen Earth lies bury'd there below
A hilly Heap, seven Cubits deep in Snow,
And all the West Allies of stormy *Boreas* blow. }
The Sun from far peeps with a sickly Face,
Too weak the Clouds and mighty Fogs to chase,
When up the Skies he shoots his rosy Head,
Or in the ruddy Ocean seeks his Bed.
Swift Rivers are with sudden Ice constrain'd,
And studded Wheels are on his Back sustain'd ;
An Hostry now for Waggon, which before
Tall Ships of Burden on its Bosom bore.
The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd,
The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd :
With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence
By Weight the solid Portions they dispense.
From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
Long Icecles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard.
Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
The starving Cattel perish in their Stalls,
Huge Oxen stand inclos'd in wintry Walls

Of Snow congeal'd ; whole Herds are bury'd there
 Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.
 The dextrous Huntsman wounds not these afar,
 With Shafts or Darts, or makes a distant War
 With Dogs, or pitches Toils to stop their Flight,
 But close engages in unequal Fight ;
 And while they strive in vain to make their way
 Thro Hills of Snow, and pitifully bray,
 Assaults with Dint of Swords or pointed Spears,
 And homeward on his back the joyful Burden bears.
 The Men to subterranean Caves retire,
 Secure from Cold, and croud the chearful Fire ;
 With Trunks of Elms and Oaks the Hearth they load,
 Nor tempt th'Inclemency of Heav'n abroad.
 Their jovial Nights in Frolicks and in Play
 They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away ;
 And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets chear
 Of windy Cyder, or of barmy Beer :
 Such are the cold *Riphean* Race, and such
 The savage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch* ;
 Where Skins of Beasts the rude Barbarians wear,
 The Spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.

Dryd. Virg.

Then when the fleecy Skies new-clothe the Wood,
 And Cakes of rustling Ice come rolling down the Flood.

*(Virg.)**Dryd.*

When gagg'd with Ice the Waves no longer roar,
 But with stiff Arms embrace the silent Shore :
 When naked Hills in frozen Armour stand.

Blac.

Behold yon Mountain's hoary Height,
 Made higher with new Mounds of Snow ;
 Again behold the Winter's Weight
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below ;
 And Streams with icy Fetters bound,
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid Ground.
 With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
 And feed the genial Heat with Fires ;
 Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires :
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide.

Dryd. Hor.

W I S D O M. See Prudence.

Wisdom's too froward to let any find
 She can himself, or Pleasure in his Mind ;
 She shakes what she gives ; her Help destroys :

She courage, and disturbs our Joys. *How. Ind. Queen.*
 Wisdom's

Wisdom's an Evenness of Soul,
A steady Temper which no Cares controul,
No Passions ruffle, no Desires inflame ;
Still constant to it self, and still the same.

Oldh.

The Wise and Active conquer Difficulties
By daring to attempt them : Sloth and Folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of Toil and Hazard,
And make th' Impossibility they fear. *Rowe Amb. Stepm.*

But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave,
None are so busy as the Fool and Knave. *Dryd. Med.*

Vain Boast of Wisdom,
That with fantastick Pride, like busy Children,
Builds Paper-Towns and Houses, which at once *(Stepm.*
The Hand of Chance o'er-turns, and loosely scatters. *Rowe Amb.*

W I S H E S. *See Content.*

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or knowing it, pursue !
How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears !
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But when we have our Wish, we wish undone ?
Whole Houses of their whole Desires possess'd,
Are often ruin'd at their own Request.
In Wars and Peace things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own Desire.

Dryd. Juv.

So blind we are, our Wishes are so vain,
That what we most desire, proves most our Pain. *Dryd. Mar. Ala-*

(mode.

With Laurels some have fatally been crown'd ;
Some, who the Depths of Eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable Stream were drown'd.
Some ask for envy'd Pow'r, which publick Hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their Fate.

All wish the dire Prerogative to kill ;
Ev'n they would have the Pow'r, who want the Will. *Dryd. Juv.*

'Tis plain from hence, that what our Vows request,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best. *Dryd. Juv.*

Such is the gloomy State of Mortals here,
We know not what to wish, nor what to fear. *Dryd.*

We go astray

In ev'ry Wish, and know not how to pray :
For he who grasp'd the World's exhausted Store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more ;
Rais'd a top-heavy Tow'r of monstrous height, *out. Juv.*
Which mould'ring crush'd him underneath the *Dryd.*
What *What*

What then remains? Are we depriv'd of Will?
 Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
 Receive my Counsel, and securely move;
 Intrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above;
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want.
 In Goodness, as in Greatness, they excel:
 Oh! that we lov'd our selves but half so well!

Dryd. *Jur.*

W I T.

A thousand different Shapes it bears,
 Comely in thousand Shapes appears.

'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest,

Admir'd with Laughter at a Feast;
 Nor florid Talk, which can this Title gain:
 The Proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless Verses meet,
 With their five gouty Feet:

All ev'ry where, like Man's, must be the Soul,
 And Reason the inferiour Pow'rs controul.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each Part;
 That shews more Cost than Art.

'Tis not when two like Words make up one Noise,
 (Jests for *Dutch* Men, and *English* Boys)

In which who finds out Wit, the same may see
 In Anagrams and Acrostick Poetry.

Much less can that have any place,
 At which a Virgin hides her Face;
 Such Dross the Fire must purge away:

'Tis just

The Author blush, there where the Reader must.

'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,
 When *Bajazet* begins to rage:

Nor a tall Metaphor in the Bombast way,
 Nor the dry Chips of short-lung'd *Seneca*:

Nor upon all things to intrude,
 And force some odd Similitude.

What is it then, which, like the Pow'r Divine,
 We only can by Negatives define?

In a true Piece of Wit all things must be,
 Yet all things there agree:

As in the Ark, join'd without Force or Strife,
 All Creatures dwelt, all Creatures that had Life.
 Or as the primitive Forms of all,

Which without Discord and Confusion lie,
In that strange Mirrour of the Deity.

Cowl.

'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes :
Bright as a Blaze, but in a moment done ;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun.

Norm.

Wit, like a luxuriant Vine,
Unless to Virtue's Prop it join,
Firm and erect tow'rd Heav'n bound,
Tho it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd and rotting on the Ground.

Cowl. }

Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art.

Prior.

Wit, like Tierce Claret, when 't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all ;
But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in play.

Roch.

Unequally th' impartial Hand of Heav'n,
Has all but this one only Blessing giv'n.
In Wit alone 't has been munificent,
Of which so just a share to each is sent,
That the most Avaritious are content.
For none e'er thought, the due Division's such,
His own too little, or his Friend's too much.

Roch.

Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

Great Wits and Valours, like great States,
Do sometimes sink with their own Weights.

Th' Extremes of Glory and of Shame,
Like East and West become the same.

No *Indian* Prince has to his Palace

More Foll'wers, than a Thief to th' Gallows.

Hud.

WITCH. See Despair, Necromancer.

What are these

So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire,
That look not like th' Inhabitants of the Earth,
And yet are on it? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy Fingers laying
Upon her skinny Lips.

If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And see which Grain will grow, and which will not ;
I conjure you by that which you profess,
To answer me :

Tho

Tho' you untie the Winds, and let 'em fight
 Against the Churches; tho' the yesty Waves
 Confound and swallow Navigation up:
 Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down;
 Tho' Castles topple on their Warders Heads:
 Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do slope
 Their Heads to their Foundations:

Ev'n till Destruction sicken, answer me.

Shak. Macb

The mumbling Beldam mutters thus her Charms.

On the Corner of the Moon

Hangs a vap'rous Drop profound,
 I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground:

Which distill'd by magick Sights,
 Shall raise artificial Sprights,

Thrice the brinded Cat has mew'd,

Twice and once the Hedge-pig whin'd:

Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time:

Round about the Cauldron go,

In the poyson'd Entrails throw:

Pour in Sow's Blood that has eaten

Her nine Farrow: Grease that's sweet

From the Murtherer's Gibbet throw

Into the Flame.

Toad that under the cold Stone

Days and Nights has thirty one

Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot,

Fillet of a fenny Snake

In the Cauldron boil and bake.

Eye of Neut, and Toe of Frog,

Wooll of Bar, and Tongue of Dog,

Adder's Fork, and Blind-Worm's Sting,

Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,

For a Charm of pow'ful Trouble,

Like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.

Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Woolf,

Witches Mummy, Maw and Gulph

Of the ravin'd Salt-Sea Shark,

Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' Dark;

Liver of blaspheming *Jew*,

Gall of Goats, and Slips of Yeugh,

Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse;

Nose of *Turk*, and *Tartar's* Lips;

Finger of Birth-strangled Babe
 Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
 Make the Gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a Tyger's Chaldron
 For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron.
 Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
 Then our Charm is firm and good. *Shak. Macb.*

Smear'd with these pow'rful Juices, on the Plain
 He howls a Woolf among the hungry Train;
 And oft the mighty Negromancer boasts,
 With these to call from Tombs the stalking Ghosts,
 And from the Roots to tear the standing Corn,
 Which whirl'd aloft to distant Fields is born:
 Such is the Strength of Spells. *Dryd. Virg.*

Pale *Phæbe*, drawn by *Vërse*, from Heav'n descends,
 And *Circe* chang'd with Charms *Ulysses* Friends.
Vërse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake,
 And in the winding Cavern splits the Snake;
Vërse fires the frozen Veins. *Dryd. Virg.*

Renown'd for magick Arts, her Charms unbind
 The Chains of Love, or fix 'em to the Mind;
 She stops the Currents, leaves the Channel dry,
 Repels the Stars, and backward beats the Sky.
 The yawning Earth rebellows to her Call,
 Pale Ghosts ascend, and Mountain Ashes fall. *Dryd. Virg.*

I saw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
 Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair;
 With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,
 Their hideous Howling shook the trembling Ground.
 A Palenefs, casting Horror round the Place,
 Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.
 Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,
 And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haste:
 A Cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore
 And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore.
 By this they forc'd the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell;
 And Answers to their wild Demands compel.
 Two Images they brought of Wax and Wooll;
 The waxen was a little puling Fool,
 A chidden Image, ready still to skip
 Whene'er the woollen one but snap'd his Whip:

On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls.
 A thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the Ground,
 And Hell-hounds compass'd all the Garden round.
 Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight,
 The Moon skulk'd down, or out of Shame or Fright. *Staff. Hor.*

Not uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the Air, she comes,
 Lur'd with the Smell of Infant-Blood, to dance
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon
 Eclipses at their Charms.

Milt.

But see, they're gone,
 The Earth has Bubbles as the Waters have,
 And these are some of them : They vanished
 Into the Air, and what seem'd corporal
 Melted as Breath into the Wind.

Shak. Macb.

W O O L F.

So roams the nightly Woolf about the Fold,
 Wet with descending Show'rs, and stiff with Cold ;
 He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain,
 His gnashing Teeth are exercis'd in vain ;
 And impotent of Anger, finds no Way
 In his distended Paws to grasp the Prey.
 The Mothers listen, but the bleating Lambs
 Securely swig the Dug beneath the Dams.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Woolf, pinch'd by nocturnal Cold
 And Hunger-starv'd, scours round the lofty Fold ;
 He licks his rabbid Jaws, and seems possess'd
 Already of his Prey, and bloody Feast.
 He offers oft to enter, while the Lambs
 Affrighted tremble round their bleating Dams.

Blac.

As hungry Wolves, with raging Appetite,
 Scour through the Fields, nor fear the stormy Night ;
 Their Whelps at home expect the promis'd Food,
 And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a prowling Woolf,
 Whom Hunger drives to seek new Haunts for Prey,
 Watching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at Eve,
 In hurdled Cotes amid the Field secure,
 Leaps o'er the Fence with ease into the Fold.

Milt.

So siezes the grim Woolf the tender Lamb,
 In vain lamented by the bleating Dam.

Dryd. Virg.

As when the Woolf has torn a Bullock's Hide
 At unawares, or ranch'd a Shepherd's Side,
 Conscious of his audacious Deed he flies,
 And claps his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs. *Dryd. Virg.*

Such Rage inflames the Woolf's wild Heart and Eyes,
 Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his Prize;
 Whom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws
 The bleating Lamb from out his rav'nous Jaws.
 The Shepherd fain himself he would assail,
 But Fear above his Hunger does prevail:
 He knows his Foe's too strong, and must be gone;
 He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on *Cowl.*

L Y C A O N turn'd into a Woolf.

The Tyrant in a Fright for Shelter gains
 The neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the Plains:
 Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
 But human Voice his brutal Tongue forsook;
 About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns,
 And breathing Slaughter, still with Rage he burns,
 But on the bleating Flock his Fury turns. }
 His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Hairs,
 Cleaves to his Back, a famish'd Face he bears,
 His Arms descend, his Shoulders sink away,
 To multiply his Legs for Chace of Prey.
 He grows a Woolf, his Hoariness remains,
 And the same Rage in other Members reigns;
 His Eyes still sparkle in a narrower Space,
 His Jaws retain the Grin and Violence of Face. *Dryd. Ovid.*

R O M U L U S and *R E M U S* nurs'd by a Woolf.

The Cave of *Mars* was dress'd with mossy Greens;
 There by a Woolf were laid the martial Twins;
 Intrepid on her swelling Dugs they hung,
 The Foster-Dam loll'd out her fawning Tongue;
 They suck'd secure, while bending back her Head, (*Dry. Virg.*)
 She lick'd their tender Limbs, and form'd them as they fed,

W O M A N.

Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the first,
 In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst:
 Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd,
 But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride;
 He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,
 And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.

Weep on! a Stock of Tears like Vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive. *Orw. Don Carl.*

Oh Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That Men should leave thee for that Toy a Woman!
Made from the Dross and Refuse of a Man:
Heav'n took him sleeping when he made her too;
Had Man been waking he had ne'er consented. *Dry. Span. Fry*

Out of my Sight, thou Serpent, that Name best
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy self as false,
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy Shape,
Like his, and Colour serpentine, may shew
Thy inward Fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee. *Milt.*

Thy all is but a Show,
Rather than solid Virtue; all but a Rib,
Crooked by Nature. Oh why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n.
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This Novelty on Earth! this fair Defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine,
Or find some other way to generate Mankind?

Milt.

Ah Traitors! Ah ingrate! Ah faithless Mind!
Ah Sex invented first to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dress you up for Sin;
Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left within:
Hence by no Judgment you your Love direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong affect.
So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,
That Love to others still remains unfix'd.
Greatness, and Noise, and Shew, are your Delight:
Yet wise Men love you in their own Despight:
And finding in their native Wit no Ease,
Are forc'd to put your Folly on to please.

Dryd. Aurea

Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right: You're always false
Or silly; ev'n your Dresses are not more
Fantastick than your Appetites: You think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none:
To Day you're nice, to Morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown, now sorrowful, then glad,
Now pleas'd, now not, and all you know not why.
Virtue you affect; Inconstancy you practice;

And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast:
Ev'ry rank Fool goes down.

Orw. Orph.

The Sex was first in Mock'ry of us made;
They are the false, deceitful Glasses, where
We gaze, and dress our selves to all the Shapes
Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot do?
She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,
Where Fops have daily Entrance: Make a Priest,
Forgetting the Hypocrisy of's Office,
Dance and shew Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brawn,
Make a Projector quibble; an old Judge
Put on false Hair and paint; And after all,
Tho' she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.

Orw. C. Mar.

For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearances:
That paint and patch their Imperfections
Of intellectual Complexions;
And dawb their Tempers o'er with Washes,
As artificial as their Faces.

Hud.

Who can describe

Their Affectation, Pride, Ill Nature, Noise,
Proneness to change, ev'n from the Joy that pleas'd them;
So gracious is their Idol, dear Variety,
That for another's Love, they would forego
An Angel's Form to mingle with a Devil's.
Thro' ev'ry State and Rank of Men they wander,
Till ev'en their large Experience takes in all
The diff'rent Nations of the peopled Earth.

Row. Amb. Step.

Fatally fair they are, and in their Smiles
The Graces, little Loves, and young Desires inhabit:

But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,
And all the Heav'n they hope for is Variety.

One Lover to another still succeeds;
Another, and another after that,
And the last Fool is welcome as the former;

Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives place,

(Fair Pen.

And mingles with the Herd that went before him.

*Row.**Me.*

Methought ev'n now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt
 That shook her Soul, tho' damn'd Dissimulation,
 Skreen'd her dark Thoughts, and set to publick View
 A specious Face of Innocence and Beauty.
 Oh false Appearance! What is all our Sov'reignty,
 Or boasted Pow'r, when they oppose their Arts?
 Still they prevail, and we are found the Fools:
 With such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
 The first fair She beguil'd her easy Lord:
 Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
 He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare;
 Nor could believe that such a heav'nly Face, (*Row Fair Pen.*)
 Had bargain'd with the Devil, to damn her wretched Race.

Henceforth not name a Woman;

'Tis Treason to my Ear. They are
 The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Pow'r!
 The Cause of all our Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres!
 What Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages?
 Woman, that dooms us all to one sure Grave,
 And faster damns, than Providence can save. *Lee Constant.*

Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold,
 But Womankind in Ills is ever bold. *Dryd. Jur.*

Oh Woman, Woman, Woman! All the Gods
 Have not such Pow'r of doing Good to Men,
 As you of doing Harm! *Dryd. All for Love.*

I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman!
 Woman, the Fountain of all human Frailty!
 What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
 Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman!
 Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
 And laid at last old *Troy* in Ashes? a Woman!
 Who lost *Mark Anthony* the World? a Woman!
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
 Woman, to Man first as a Blessing given,
 When Innocence and Love were in their Prime;
 Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
 But quickly Woman long'd to go astray:
 Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
 And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love.
 To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
 Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. *Otw. Orph.*

But I forget my self, and rove
 Beyond th' Instruction of my Love:
 Forgive me, Fair! and only blame
 Th' Extravagancy of my Flame;
 Since 'tis too much at once to show
 Excess of Love and Temper too:
 All I have said that's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you,

Hud.

Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made you
 To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair to look like you.
 There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
 Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
 Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

Under how hard a Fate are Women born!
 Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn.
 If we want Beauty, we of Love despair,
 And are besieg'd like Frontier-Towns if fair

Wall.

How hard is the Condition of our Sex,
 Thro' ev'ry State of Life the Slaves of Man!
 In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,
 A rigid Father dictates to our Wills,
 And deals out Pleasure with a scanty Hand:
 To his, the Tyrant Husband's Reign succeeds:
 Proud with Opinion of superiour Reason,
 He holds domestick Business and Devotion
 All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
 Like cloyster'd Ideots, from the World's Acquaintance,
 And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we
 Born with high Souls, but to assert our selves,
 Shake off this wild Obedience they exact,
 And claim an equal Empire o'er the World.

Row. Fair Pen.

Unhappy Sex! whose Beauty is your Snare;
 Expos'd to Trials, made too frail to bear.

Dryd. Auren.

Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate;
 Their Love's insuperable as their Hate;
 No Merit their Aversion can remove,
 No ill Requital can efface their Love.

Wall.

For I who made them, know their inward State:
 No Woman, once well-pleas'd, can throughly hate:
 I gave 'em Beauty to subdue the Strong;
 A mighty Empire! But it lasts not long:

I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave,
 But in Exchange, to Men I Flatt'ry gave.
 Th' offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
 Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise.

Dryd. Auren.

[Spoken by Jupiter.

Why was I made with all my Sexes Softness,
 Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies?
 I'll see *Castalio*; tax him with his Falshood;
 Be a true Woman, rail, protest my Wrongs,
 Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Otw. Orpho

A strange dissembling Sex we Women are,
 Well may we Men, when we ourselves deceive.
 Long has my secret Soul lov'd *Troilus*:
 I drunk his Praises from my Unkle's Mouth,
 As if my Ears could ne'er be satisfy'd.

Why then, why said I not, I love this Prince?
 How could my Tongue conspire against my Heart,
 To say I lov'd him not? O childish Love!

'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,

And what he most desires, he throws away. *Sha. Troil. & Cres.*

Forbidding me to follow, she invites me:

This is the Mould of which I made the Sex;

I gave them but one Tongue to say us Nay,

And two kind Eyes to grant. *Dryd. Amph.* Spoken by Jupiter.

Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form

And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.

Dryd. Oedip.

Hard Fate of Lovers, subject to our Laws!

Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway,

For none but Fools will Womankind obey:

If they prove stubborn, and resist our Will,

We exercise our Pow'r, and use 'em ill:

The passive Slave, that whines, adores, and dies,

Sometimes we pity; but we still despise:

But when we doat, the self-same Fate we prove;

Fools at the best, but double Fools in Love.

We rage at first with ill-dissembled Scorn;

Then, falling from our height, more basely mourn;

And Man, th' insulting Tyrant, takes his Turn;

Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,

And hugs another Mistress in his Arms:

And that which humbles our proud Sex the most,

Of all our slighted Favours makes his Boast.

Dryd. Cleom.

Some with a Husband Fool, but such are curst;
 For Fools perverse of Husbands are the Worst:
 All Women would be counted chaste and wise,
 Nor should our Spoufes see, but with our Eyes:
 For Fools will prate, and tho' they want the Wit
 To find close Faults, yet open Blots will hit:
 Tho' better for their Ease to hold their Tongue;
 For Womankind was never in the Wrong:
 So Noise ensues, and Quarrels last for Life, (*of Bath's Tale.*)
 The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife. *Dry. The Wife.*

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you trust,
 So many of your Sex would not in vain
 Of broken Vows, and faithless Men complain.
 Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
 How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd?
 Convinc'd by Reason, they your Pow'r confess,
 Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless, (*Fair Pen.*)
 And conscous of your Worth, can never love you less. *Row.*

Women, like Summer-Storms, a while are cloudy;
 Burst out in Thunder, and impetuous Show'rs;
 But strait the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,
 And all the fair Horizon is serene. *Row. Tamcr.*

Women, to the brave an easy Prey,
 Still follow Fortune where she leads the way. *Dry. Pal. & Arc.*

For Women born to be controul'd,
 Stoop to the forward and the bold;
 Affect the haughty and the proud,
 The gay, the frolick, and the loud.
 Who first the gen'rous Steed oppress,
 Not kneeling did salute the Beast;
 But with high Courage, Life, and Force
 Approaching, tam'd th' unruly Horse.
 Unwisely we the wiser *East*
 Pity, supposing them oppress,
 With Tyrant's Force, whose Law is Will,
 By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
 Each Nymph, but moderately fair,
 Commands with no less Rigour here.
 Should some brave *Turk*, that walks among
 His twenty Lasses bright and young,
 And beckons to the willing Dame,
 Preferr'd to quench his present Flame,

Behold as many Gallants here,
 With modest Guife, and ſilent Fear,
 All to one Female Idol bend,
 Whilſt her high Pride does ſcarce deſcend
 To mark their Follies; he would ſwear
 That theſe her Guards of Eunuchs were;
 And that a more majeſtick Queen,
 Or humbler Slaves he had not ſeen.

Wall.

For Women, you know, ſeldom fail,
 To make the ſtoutest Men turn Tail,
 And bravely ſcorn to turn their Backs
 Upon the deſp'rateſt Attacks.

Hud.

They wound like *Parthians*, while they fly,
 And kill with a retreating Eye;
 Retire the more, the more we preſs,
 To draw us into Ambuſhes.

Hud.

W O R D S.

Words with the Leaves of Trees Reſemblance hold,
 In this Reſpect; where ev'ry Year the old
 Fall off, and new ones in their Places grow:
 Death is the Fate of all things here below.
 If Man, and Nature's Works ſubmit to Fate,
 Much leſs muſt Words expect a laſting Date:
 Many, which we approve for current now,
 In the next Age out of Requeſt will grow:
 And others, which are now thrown out of Doors,
 Shall be reviv'd, and come again in Force,
 If Cuſtom pleaſe, from whom their Force they draw,
 Which of our Speech is the ſole Judge and Law.

Oldb. Hor.

Words are but the Pictures of our Thoughts.

Dryd.

His Words replete with guile,
 Into her Heart too eaſy Entrance won.

Milt.

In her Ears the Sound
 Yet rung of his perſwaſive Words, impregn'd
 With Reaſon, to her Seeming, and with Truth.

Milt.

Teach me, ſome Pow'r, that happy Art of Speech,
 To dreſs my Purpose up in gracious Words;
 Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her Soul,
 And never waken the tempeſtuouſ Paſſions.

Row. Fair. Pen.

W O R L D.

The World's a ſtormy Sea,
 Whoſe ev'ry Breath is ſtrew'd with Wrecks of Wretches,
 That daily periſh in it.

Row. Amb. Step.

Where.

Where solid Pains succeed our senseless Joys,
And short liv'd Pleasures fleet like passing Dreams. *Rock. Valent.*

The World's a Wood, in which all lose their Way,
Tho' by a different Path each goes astray. *Rock.*

The World's a Labyrinth, where unguided Men,
Walk-up and down to find their Weariness:
No sooner have we measur'd with much Toil,
One crooked Path in hope to gain our Freedom,
But it betrays us to a new Affliction. *Beau. Night-walker.*

W O R M S. See *Creation.*

W O U N D S.

His Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound;
Dishonest, with lopt Arms the Youth appears,
Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears. *Dryd. Virg.*

Then with a speeding Thrust his Heart he found;
The luke-warm Blood came rushing thro' the Wound,
And sanguin Streams distain'd the sacred Ground. *Dry. Virg.*

Scars of Honour seam'd his manly Face. *Blac.*

With many a Wound she made her Bosom gay,
Her Wounds like Floodgates, did themselves display,
Thro' which Life ran in scarlet Streams away. *Lee Nero.*

The yawning Wound

Gush'd out a purple Stream, and stain'd the Ground. *Dr. Vir.*

The gaping Wound gush'd out a crimson Flood. *Dry. Virg.*

Like dumb Mouths, his Wounds

Open'd their ruby Lips. *Shak. Jul. Cas.*

There *Duncan* lay;

His silver Skin lac'd with his golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs look'd like a Breach in Nature
For Ruin's wasteful Entrance. *Shak. Macb.*

Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,
Yet could I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders;
And open in an Enemy such Wounds,
Mercy would weep to look on. *Rock. Valent.*

They made bare their Breasts,

Lac'd with long Scars and studded o'er with Thrusts,
The noble Wardrobe of the Scarlet War. *Lee Mithr.*

He bar'd his Breast, and shew'd his Scars,
As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with Wars. *Dry. Ovid.*

Close by each other laid they press'd the Ground,
Their manly Bosoms pierc'd with many a grievous Wound,
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint Signs of feeble Life appear;

The wand'ring Breath was on the Wing to part, (*Æ Arc.*)
Weak was the Pulse, and hardly heav'd the Heart. *Dryd. Pal.*

W R E T C H.

Look who comes here! a Grave unto a Soul:
Holding th' eternal Spirit 'gainst her Will,
In the vile Prison of afflicted Breath. *Shak. K. John.*

To be a Dog, and dead,
Were Paradise to such a State as his;
He holds down Life, as Children do a Potion,
With strong Reluctance, and convulsive Strugglings:
While his Misfortunes press him to disgorge it. *Row. Tamcr.*

To know no Thought of Rest, to have the Mind
Still ministring fresh Plagues, as in a Circle,
Where one Dishonour treads upon another,
What know the Fiends beyond it! *Row. Tamcr.*

There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity,
But's happier far than me: For I have known
The luscious Sweets of Plenty; Ev'ry Night
Have slept with soft Content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning;
Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn, (*Ven. Pres.*)
Whose Blossoms 'scap'd, but's wither'd in the Rip'ning. *Otw.*

Then looking on the neighb'ring Woods, we saw
The ghastly Visage of a Man unknown:
An uncouth Feature, meagre, pale and wild;
Afflictions foul and terrible Dismay
Sate on his Looks: His Face impair'd and worn
With Marks of Famine, speaking sore Distress;
His Locks were tangled, and his shaggy Beard
Matted with Filth. *Add. Virg.*

Then from the Wood there bolts before our Sight,
Somewhat, betwixt a Mortal and a Spright;
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of Flesh, he scarce resembled Man.
This thing all tatter'd was: shaggy his Beard:
His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and Filth his Limbs
(besmear'd. *Dryd. Virg.*)

T E A R.

Perceiv'st thou not the Process of the Year:
How the four Seasons in four Forms appear,
Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?
Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed;
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led. *The*

The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
 But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes.
 Then laughs the childish Year with Flowrets crown'd,
 And lavishly perfumes the Fields around.
 But no substantial Nourishment receives;
 Infirm the Stalks, unsolid are the Leaves.
 Proceeding onward whence the Year began;
 The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man:
 This Season, as in Men, is most replete
 With kindly Moisture, and prolifick Heat.
 Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,
 Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
 More than mature, and tending to Decay,
 When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.
 Last Winter sweeps along with tardy Pace;
 Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face.
 His Scalp if not dishonour'd quite of Hair, (Ovid.
 The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare. *Dryd.*

Y O U T H.

The Spring of Life. The Bloom of gawdy Years.
 Before the tender Nerves had strung his Limbs,
 And knotted into Strength. *Shak. Troil. & Cres.*

Then, past a Boy, the callow Down began
 To shade my Chin, and call me first a Man. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Down of Manhood on his Face appears,
 And bloomy Beauty grac'd his youthful Years. *Blac.*

Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
 Which from decrepid Age will fly,
 Sweets that wanton i'th Bosom of the Spring,
 In Winter's cold Embraces die. *Congr.*

Secure those golden early Joys,
 That Youth, unsowr'd with Sorrows, bears;
 E'er with'ring Time the Taste destroys,
 With Sickness and unwieldy Years.

For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,
 This is the Time to be possess'd!
 The Best is but in Season best.

The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,
 The pleasing Whisper in the Dark,
 The half-unwilling willing Kifs,

The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
 When the kind Nymph would Coyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again,

These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain. *Dryd. Hor.*

In Youth alone unhappy Mortals live;
 But ah! the mighty Bliss is fugitive:
 Discolour'd Sicknes, anxious Labours come,
 And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom. *Dryd. Virg.*

All the good Wine of Life our drunken Youth devours,
 Sourness and Lees, which to the Bottom sink,
 Remain for latter Years to drink;
 Until some one, offended with the Taste, *(Cowl.)*
 The Vessel breaks, and out the wretched Reliques run at last.

The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
 The Vi'let sweet, but quickly past the Prime.
 White Lillies hang their Heads, and soon decay,
 And whiter Snow in Minutes melts away:
 Such, and so with'ring is our blooming Youth. *Dryd. Theoc.*

Grief seldom joyn'd with blooming Youth is seen;
 Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been;
 Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,
 But Wisdom does unlucky Age misguide. *How. Ind. Queen.*

Z E A L.

Zeal is the pious Madnes of the Mind. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*
 And Confidence in Sin, when mix'd with Zeal,
 Seems Innocence, and looks to most as well. *Cree. Juv.*

Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant;
 And Independants to profess
 The Doctrine of Dependances:
 Turns meek and sneaking secret Ones
 To Raw-heads fierce, and Bloody Bones,
 And not content with endless Quarrels
 Against the Wicked and their Morals,
 The *Ghibilins* for want of *Guelfs*,
 Divert their Rage upon themselves. *Hind.*

Z O N E S.

Five Girdles bind the Skies: The torrid Zone
 Glows with the passing and re-passing Sun.
 Far on the Right and Left, th' Extreams of Heav'n,
 To Frosts and Snows and bitter Blasts are giv'n.
 Betwixt the midst, and these the Gods assign'd
 Two habitable Seats for Human-kind:
 And cross their Limits cut a sloping Way,
 Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order sway:
 Two Poles turn round the Globe: One seen to rise
 O'er *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Libyan* Skies.

The first sublime in Heav'n: The last is whirl'd
 Below the Regions of the nether World.
 Around our Pole the spiry *Dragon* glides,
 And, like a wand'ring Stream, the *Bears* divides:
 The *less* and *greater*, who by Fate's Decree
 Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea.

There, as they say, perpetual Night is found,
 In Silence brooding on th' unhappy Ground:
 Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere,
 She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.
 And when on us she breaths the living Light,
 Red *Vesper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night. *Dry. Virg.*

And as five Zones th' Æthereal Regions bind,
 Five correspondent are to Earth assign'd,
 The Sun, with Rays directly darting down,
 Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone.
 The two beneath the distant Poles complain
 Of endless Winter and perpetual Rain.
 Betwixt th' Extrems two happier Climates hold
 The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold. *Dryd. Ovid.*

F I N I S.

A
D I C T I O N A R Y
O F
R H Y M E S.

*Quelque sujet qu' on traite, ou plaisant ou sublime,
Que toujours le bon sens s'accorde avec la Rime ;
L'un l'autre vainement ils semblent se hair,
La Rime est un esclave, & ne doit qu'obeir.
Lors qu' a la bien chercher d' abord on s'evertue,
L'esprit a la trouver aisement s'habitue ;
Au joug de la Raison sans peine elle flechit,
Et, loin de la gener, la sert & l'enrichit.
Mais lors qu'on la neglige, elle devient rebelle,
Et pour la ratraper, le sens court apres elle.*

BOILEAU.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

THIS Dictionary contains a Collection of such Words only, as both for their Sense and Sound are judg'd most proper for the Rhymes of Heroick Poetry.

For which Reason are omitted,

I. All Burlesque Words, and such whose Signification can be employed only in Subjects of Drollery.

II. All uncommon Words, and that are of a generally unknown Signification; as the Names of Distempers that are unusual; most of the Terms of Arts and Sciences; all proper Names both of Persons and Places; together with all Pedantick hard Words, whose Sound is generally as harsh and unpleasing as their Sense is dark and obscure.

III. All Base, Low Words; By which I mean such as are never met with but in the Mouth of the Vulgar, and never us'd, neither in Conversation or Writing, by the better and more polite Sort of People. The French call them Des Mots Bas, but our Language scarce allows us a Term to distinguish them. And if any such are inserted, the Reason is, because they are us'd in a Figurative, as well as in their proper Signification; Thus Starch properly signifies only that which Landresses use, to stiffen Linnen: In which Sense it can hardly find Place in an Heroick Poem; but in its Figurative it may: For 'tis us'd to express an Action done with Affectation, and we say a Starch'd, for a formal, stiff, affected Person. Therefore I have not omitted it, nor any of the like Nature.

IV. All Obsolete, Spurious, and Miscompounded Words, which are unworthy the Dignity of Style requir'd in an Heroick Poem; Cujus Dictio debet esse perfecta, & absoluta.

V. All the Words that ought not to end a Verse; as the Particles An, And, As, Of, The, &c. together with all the Words

Words of more than three Syllables that have their Accent upon the fourth Syllable from the last; as Dissoluteness, Niggardliness, Vindicated, and the like, whose Accent being so far removed from their final Syllable, they ought never to end a Verse in any Sort of Poetry whatsoever.

VI. The Terminations that have not more than one Word that can be employed to end a Verse in Heroick Poetry. Thus because there are no Words that rhyme to Badge but Fadge and Cadge; the first of which is a Low Word, and the last very uncommon, being a Term in Falconry, and known but to a few, the Termination ADGE is intirely omitted.

VII. All the Words that end in Mute E, preceded by the Liquid L and another Consonant; as those in BLE, CLE, DLE, &c. For, besides that most of them are double Rhymes, all which, as shall be said hereafter, are excluded this Dictionary, the Sound of their last Syllable is so very weak and languishing, that the Verses that end in any of them, can never be graceful in the Delivery, nor pleasing to the Ear.

VIII. Almost all the Words that are compounded with any of the Particles, Out, Re or Un; for they may not only be easily form'd from their Simples, which are to be found under their respective Terminations, but are so very numerous in our Language, that to have inserted them, would have increas'd this Dictionary to a far greater Bulk than the Volume would permit: For this last Reason, and for that they are seldom employ'd at the End of Verses, most of the Polysyllables in AI, ANCE, ANT, ATE, ENCE, ENT, ESS, OUS, and Y preceded by a Consonant, which are the Terminations with which our Language most abounds, have found no Place here. As have not likewise (because they are all double Rhymes) any of the Words in ION, or of the Polysyllables in ING, of both which there is an infinite Number. This Dictionary would likewise have been swell'd to a much larger Volume, had the same Word been inserted several times, according to its different Significations; As Beam, a great Piece of Timber in Building; Beam of a Coach or Waggon; Beam of a Stag; Beam of a Ballance; Beam or Ray of Light, &c. But fearing to be too prolix in a Work of this Nature, I have not done it. However, the Words, which, tho' written alike, differ both in Sense and Sound, are inserted severally, according to their various Pronunciations. Thus Bow is plac'd twice under the Termination OW: First among those whose W is silent, as Crow, Grow, &c. And then among those whose W is sounded; as Cow, Vow, &c. Among the

the first 'tis a Noun, and signifies the Weapon so call'd, and several other things; among the last, a Verb, to Bow or Bend.

IX. All the Terminations that contain only Derivative Words. Thus because there are no Words that end in AILD, but the Participles of the Verbs in AIL, the Termination AILD is omitted; it being easy to find all the Words of those Rhymes by looking for the Termination of their Primitives: For Example, to find the Rhymes to Prevail'd, consider it to be the Participle of the Verb Prevail, whose Termination is AIL. See AIL, and you shall find Hail, Sail, Bewail, and all the other Verbs of that Rhyme, whose Participles are the only Words that rhyme to Prevail'd.

X. Lastly, the Terminations ASM, ISM, and OSM; not only because they contain none but uncommon Words, deriv'd from the Greek, but also because they properly belong to the double Rhymes; all which, as well as most of the treble, are, for the Reasons alledg'd in the Rules for making Verses, omitted in this Collection. Which, as I said before, is compos'd of a select Number of such usual Words as are of the best Sense, and that for the Agreeableness of their Sound are most proper to be employ'd in the Rhymes of Heroick Verse.

Thus having given a short Account of the Words omitted in this Dictionary; it will be necessary to say something of the Method and Disposition of those that are contain'd in it.

In looking for a Word, consider the five Vowels A, E, I, O, U; and begin at the Vowel that precedes the last Consonant of the Word: For Example, to find Perswade, and the Words that rhyme to it, D is the last Consonant, A the Vowel that precedes it, look for ADE, and you will find Made, Fade, Invade, and all the other Words of that Rhyme.

In like manner, if a Word end in two or more Consonants, begin at the Vowel that immediately precedes the first of them: For Example, Land; N is the first of the final Consonants, A the Vowel that precedes it, See AND, and you find Band, Stand, Command, &c.

But if a Diphthong, that is to say, two or more Vowels together, precedes the last Consonant or Consonants of a Word, begin at the first of those two Vowels; Thus to find the Rhymes to Disdain, look not for IN, but for AIN, and you will find Brain, Chain, Gain, &c.

To find a Word that ends in a Diphthong, preceded by a Consonant; begin only at the first Vowel of the Diphthong: For Example, to find the Rhymes to Subdue, look for UE, and you will find Clue, Due, Ensue, &c.

And the Words that end in a single Vowel, preceded by a Consonant, are found by looking for that Vowel only. Except always the Words that end in Mute E, which are constantly found by the same Method that has been already prescrib'd for finding the Rhymes to Perswade, whose final E is silent, and serves only to lengthen the Sound of the A in the last Syllable.

Except also the Words in Y, which are plac'd under the Termination IE, not only because their Sound is exactly the same, but also because they may be indifferently written either with a Y or IE, as Dy or Die, Ly or Lie, Defy or Defie, &c.

The Words that rhyme strictly one to another, tho' they differ in Orthography, are plac'd under the same Termination. Thus the Words in AIGN, AIN, ANE, EIGN, and EIN, are plac'd together, because their Terminations have exactly the same Sound: But as there are more Words in AIN, than in any other of those Terminations, I have plac'd them all under AIN; and from their respective Terminations have referred thither.

The Verbs are only in the Infinitive, and the Nouns in the Singular; and from the Terminations to which any Tense, Person, or Participle of a Verb, or any Plural of a Noun rhymes, I have referr'd to the Termination of the Primitive of that Verb or Noun. For Example, after the Rhymes in AZE, I say, Also the third Person present of the Verbs, and Plural of the Nouns in AY, EIGH, and EY. The Reader is desir'd to see those Terminations, and from the Primitive Words of them, as Day, Ray, Delay, Neigh, Convey, &c. he will easily form Days, Rays, Delays, Neighs, Conveys, &c. all which rhyme perfectly to the Words in AZE.

So after the Rhymes in ADE, I say, Also the Participles of the Verbs in AY, EIGH, and EY. See the Verbs of those Terminations, and by forming their Participles, you find they all rhyme to the Words in ADE; as from Play, Neigh, Convey, &c. Play'd, Neigh'd, Convey'd, &c.

I have observ'd the like Method thro' the whole Course of this Dictionary, as to all the regular Nouns and Verbs: But the Tenses, Persons, and Participles of all the Irregular Verbs, and Plurals of all the Irregular Nouns, are found under the several Terminations to which they rhyme. Thus Fought, Sought, Thought, are plac'd under OUGHT, without referring to IGH, EEK, INK, the Termination of the Verbs Fight, Seek, Think, from whence they are deriv'd. Men is plac'd under EN, without referring to AN, the Termination of its Singular, Man.

Observe therefore, that whenever I say Persons, or Participles of Verbs, or Plurals of Nouns, I mean only of such as are Regular in their Formation; the Irregular being always found under the Terminations to which they rhyme.

Observe also that the Participles and Preterperfect Tenses of all the Regular Verbs being exactly the same, whenever I had occasion to refer to them, I have made choice of the Word Participle, rather than Preterperfect Tense.

Some Words are plac'd twice, because they are pronounc'd differently, as Draught; which Dryden rhymes both to the Words in AFT, and OUGHT; and therefore I have put it under both those Terminations.

But as there are several Words, whose Terminations, tho' different in Writing, are pronounc'd alike; so there are others that agree in Orthography, but differ in Sound. Thus the Words in ASE have two different Sounds; some of them are pronounc'd like ACE, others like AZE; the first of which I have plac'd under ACE, the latter under AZE, and from the Termination ASE have referr'd to the two other.

The Words in OVE have three different Sounds, as Love, Prove, Rove; and though they are all plac'd under their own Termination, yet they do not in Strictness rhyme to one another. Therefore to distinguish them from each other, a little Space is left in the Printing between the different Rhymes.

There are also several other Terminations of like Nature, whose different Sounds are distinguish'd in like manner.

I have already said that all the Double and most of the Treble Rhymes are omitted in this Alphabet; yet by observing the Method I am going to propose, the greatest Part of the Double Rhymes may be discover'd.

Most of our Double Rhymes consist in derivative Words, and terminate either in ED, ER, ES, EST, ING, or LY.

Derivative Words are those that are form'd from Primitives, which must be either Verbs or Nouns. The Primitive of a Verb is the Infinitive; the Primitive of a Noun is the Nominative Singular.

Now all the Derivative Words, whose Primitives are accented on the last Syllable, and that are form'd by the Increase of a Syllable to their Primitives, thereby become Double Rhymes.

For it is a Rule, (and I think without any Exception) That all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is to say, on the same Syllable: From whence it follows, that the Accent that was on the last Syllable of a Primitive, or
Original

Original Word, must be on the last save one of its Derivative, if it be form'd by the Increase of a Syllable to its Primitive; from whence it consequently follows, that such a Derivative must be a Double Rhyme. For Example, to Evade, and to Arise are Primitives, accented upon the last Syllable, and therefore are Single Rhymes; Evading and Arising are Gerunds form'd from them by adding the Syllable ING, and being accented on the last save one, thereby become Double Rhymes. Now to find the Rhymes to Evading, consider it to be a Derivative, and see the Termination of its Primitive, which is ADE; and the Gerunds of all the Verbs of that Rhyme, that are accented on the last Syllable, must necessarily rhyme to Evading: As from Fade, Wade, Perswade, &c. Fading, Wading, Perswading, &c. In like manner to find the Rhyme to Arising, see ISE, and you will find Advise, Chastise, Despise, and many other; whose Gerunds all rhyme to Arising, as Advising, Chastising, &c.

The Observation of this Rule only will lead you to the Discovery of an Infinite Number of Double Rhymes; For all the Verbs of the English Tongue, whether Regular or Irregular, and of what Termination soever they be, form their Gerunds by adding the Syllable Ing to the Infinitive; and therefore if their Infinitives rhyme, their Gerunds must of Consequence do so too; and if their Infinitives be accented on the last Syllable, their Gerunds by the Increase of the Syllable Ing are accented on the last save one, and thus become Double Rhymes.

The Double Rhymes in ED are generally only the Participles of the Regular Verbs; of which there are two Sorts: One that will admit of an Elision of the E that precedes their Consonant, and one that will not.

Those that will admit of an Elision always ought to be us'd so; and it is a Fault to make Loved two Syllables, and Amazed three, by which Means they become Double Rhymes; instead of Lov'd, which is but one Syllable, and Amaz'd, which is but two, and both of them Single Rhymes.

Those that will not suffer the like Elision, and consequently are Double Rhymes, are only the Participles of the Regular Verbs that end in D or T, or in Mute E preceded by D or T, as from the Verbs to Land, Grant, Perswade, and Hate, are form'd the Participles Landed, Granted, Perswaded, Hated: Which will not admit of such an Elision, and therefore are Double Rhymes. The Method of finding the Rhymes to these Words is the same as has been already prescrib'd for finding the Rhymes to the Words in ING, that is to say, by seeking the Terminations of the Infinitives from whence they are form'd; which are AND, ANT, ADE, ATE. L 4 Mary

Many of the Double Rhymes in ER, are either the Comparative Degrees of Adjectives, and form'd by adding ER to the.r Positive, or Nouns Verbal form'd by the Addition of ER to their Infinitive. For Example, to find a Rhyme to Plain the Comparative of Plain, see the Termination of the Positive, which is AIN, and you will find the Verb to Gain, from whence is form'd the Noun Verbal Gainer; Vain, from whence the Comparative Vainer; Profane from whence Profaner, &c.

The like Method may also be observ'd for finding the Double Rhyme in ES, EST, and LY.

Those in ES, consist of the Third Person Present of the Verbs, and of the Plural Numbers of the Nouns whose final Letters are CE, CH, GE, S, SE, SH, X, or ZE, and that are form'd by adding the Syllable ES to their Primitive.

Those in EST, consist of the Superlative Degrees of Adjectives, form'd by adding EST to their Positives; and of the Second Person Present of Verbs form'd by adding EST to their Infinitive.

Those in LY, consist in Adverbs form'd from Adjectives, by adding the Syllable LY to their Positive.

This Method may be also useful for finding of Rhymes to Original Words. For Example, to Morning, which being accented on the last save one, is a Double Rhyme: See the Termination of that Syllable, which is ORN, and you will find Scorn, Adorn, &c. whose Gerunds are, Scorning, Adorning, &c.

There are also several other Double Rhymes that consist in Derivative Words, and may be found by the same Method. Of this Nature are several Participles in EN, that are form'd irregularly; as Given, Driven, &c. from the Verbs in IVE; Taken, Forsaken, &c. from those in AKE; and some others.

As for the Treble Rhymes inserted in this Dictionary; I have not retain'd them as such, but as they rhyme to the Words accented upon the last Syllable; that is to say, to Single Rhymes: Thus Tenderness rhymes as well to Confess, as to Slenderness. Piety to Charity and Justify, as well as to Satiety. But the Reason why most of the Treble, and all the Double Rhymes are omitted, may be seen in The Rule for making Verses. And so much for the Matter and Method of the following Alphabet. It may now be expected that I should say something of the Usefulness of it.

And here I will not pretend that it is a Work of such a Nature, as can be of any farther Use to the Publick in general, than as it may be a Help and Ease to those Persons who apply themselves to the making English Verses: And they, I presume,

sume, will reap some Advantage by it ; since in a Moment and without Trouble, they may here find Words, that for a considerable Space of Time their Thoughts have in vain been labouring to recover.

An Instance of this we daily meet with in Conversation ; where we often find our selves at a loss for a Word to express our Meaning : Nay, sometimes for the Names of Persons with whom we are conversant enough, and more than personally acquainted.

Besides, I dare almost affirm, that the Difficulty of finding Rhymes, has been the unlucky Cause that has frequently reduc'd even the best of our Poets to take up with Rhymes that have scarce any Consonance, or Agreement in Sound.

Rhyme is by all allow'd to be the chief Ornament of Versification in any of the Modern Languages ; and therefore the more Exact we are in the Observation of it, the greater Applause our Productions of that Nature will deservedly challenge and find.

The Italians, the Spaniards, and the French, and among them Men eminent for their Learning and Parts, have not thought their Times mispent in composing Dictionaries that contain all the Words of their Languages, dispos'd Alphabetically according to their several Rhymes, and which have been printed in all Volumes, and receiv'd with general Approbation.

But if after this, and much more that might be added in Defence of such a Work, any should be of Opinion that my Time has been thrown away in this Composition ; to such I freely confess, that while I was about it, I have often reflected on the Operose nihil agit of Seneca, and apply'd it to my self.

A
DICTIONARY
O F
RHYMES.

AB.

Debase
Enchase

Abstract
Compact
Contract
Detract
Distract
Enact
Extract
Exact

Jade
Lade
Made
Shade
Spade
Trade
Wade
Degrade

B Lab
Crab
Stab
Scab

ACH.

Ach
Attach
Detach

Protract
Subtract
Transact
Catact

Diffwade
Evade
Invade
Perswade

ACE.

Brace
Chace
Face
Grace
Lace
Mace
Pace
Place
Race
Trace
Apace
Deface
Efface
Disgrace
Displace
Misplace
Embrace
Grimmace
Interlace
Retrace

ACK.

Back
Black
Crack
Hack
Knack
Lack
Pack
Quack
Rack
Sack
Slack
Smack
Snack
Stack
Tack
Track
Wrack
Attack

And the Par-
ticiples of the
Verbs in ACK.

Blocade
Brigade
Cavalcade
Masquerade
Renegade
Retrograde
Serenade
Ambuscade
Cannonade
Palisade

AD.

Add
Bad
Clad
Gad
Glad
Had
Lad
Mad
Sad
Pad

Aid
Braid
Maid
Afraid
Upbraid

ACT.

Base
Case
Abase

Ast
Tract
Attract

ADE.

Blade
Fade
Glade

And the Par-
ticiples of the
Verbs in A Y,
EY, and EIGH.

T

AFE.

AFF.
Chafe
Safe
Vouchsafe

Tag
Wag
Stag
Swag
Snag

Jail
Mail
Nail
Pail
Rail
Quail

Grain
Lain
Main
Pain
Plain
Rain

AFF.
Chaff
Draff
Graff
Quaff
Staff
Engraff
Epitaph
Cenotaph
Paragraph

AGE.

Age
Cage
Page
Rage
Sage
Stage
Swage
Wage
Gage

Sail
Tail
Trail
Wail
Affail
Avail
Detail
Bewail
Entail
Prevail
Retail
Countervail

Slain
Sprain
Stain
Strain
Swain
Train
Vain
Again
Abstain
Amain
Attain
Complain

Laugh

AFT.

Aft
Abaft
Craft
Graft
Shaft
Raft
Waft
Draught
Ingraft
Handicraft
And the Par-
ticiples of the
Verbs in AFF
and AUGH.

Disengage
Enrage
Prefage
Appennage
Concubinage
Heritage
Hermitage
Parentage
Personage
Pasturage
Patronage
Pilgrimage
Villanage
Equipage

Ale
Bale
Dale
Gale
Hale
Male
Pale
Sale
Scale
Stale
Tale
Vale
Whale
Impale
Exhale

Contain
Constrain
Detain
Disdain
Distrain
Enchain
Entertain
Explain
Maintain
Obtain
Ordain
Pertain
Refrain
Regain
Remain
Restrain

AG.

Bag
Brag
Drag
Flag
Gag
Jag
Hag
Lag
Nag

AID. See *ADE.*
AIGHT v. *ATE*
AIGN v. *ANE.*

Regale
Nightingale
Veil
AIM. See *AME*
Appertain

AIL.

Ail
Bail
Fail
Flail
Frail
Hail

AIN.

Blain
Brain
Chain
Drain
Fain
Gain

Daign
Arraign
Campaign
Sovereign
Feign

Reign

3 *A Dictionary of RHYMES.*

Peign	Flake	Mineral	ALF.
Vein	Lake	Mystical	Calf
Rein	Make	Musical	Half
	Quake	Natural	Behalf
Bane	Rake	Original	ALK.
Cane	Sake	Pastoral	Balk
Crane	Shake	Pedestal	Chalk
Fane	Slake	Personal	Stalk
Lane	Snake	Physical	Talk
Mane	Stake	Poetical	Walk
Plane	Take	Political	Calk
Vane	Wake	Principal	Hawk
Wane	Awake	Prodigal	
Profane	Betake	Prophetical	ALL.
Hurricane	Spake	Rational	All
	Forfake	Satirical	Ball
AIN T.	Mistake	Reciprocal	Call
Faint	Partake	Rhetorical	Fall
Paint	Overtake	Several	Gall
Plaint	Undertake	Temporal	Hall
Quaint	Bespake	Tragical	Pall
Saint		Tyrannical	Shall
Taint	AL.	Carnival	Small
Acquaint	Cabal	Schismatical	Stall
Attaint	Canal	Whimsical	Tall
Complaint	Animal	Arsenal	Thrall
Constraint	Admiral	There are ma-	Wall
Restraint	Cannibal	ny Words of	Appall
	Capital	this Terminati-	Befall
Feint	Cardinal	on; but as they	Enthrall
Teint	Comical	are seldom us'd	Forefall
	Conjugal	to end Verses,	Install
AIR. v. ARE.	Corporal	'tis needless to	Miscall
AISE. v. AZE.	Criminal	insert them.	Recall
AIT. v. ATE.	Critical		
ALTH. v. ATH.	Festival	ALD.	Caul
AIZE. v. AZE.	Funeral	Bald	Bawl
	General	Scald	Brawl
AKE.	Hospital	Emerald	Crawl
Ake	Interval	And the Par.	Scrawl
Bake	Liberal	triciples of the	Sprawl
Brake	Madrigal	Verbs in ALL.	Squawl
Cake	Litteral		
Drake	Magical	ALE See <u>ALL</u>	ALM.

Calm	Lamb	Can	Extravagance
Balm		Clan	Ignorance
Pfalm	AME.	Fan	Inheritance
Palm	Blame	Man	Intemperance
Qualm	Came	Pan	Maintenance
Becalm	Dame	Plan	Exorbitance
Embalm	Fame	Ran	Ordinance
Alms, which	Flame	Scan	Concordance
rhymes to the	Frame	Span	Sufferance
Plurals of the	Game	Tan	Sustenance
Nouns, and 3d	Lame	Began	Temperance
Persons Present	Name	Trepan	Utterance
of the Verbs	Same	Unman	Arrogance
of this Termi-	Shame	Foreran	Vigilance
nation,	Tame	Partisan	
	Defame	Artisan	Expanse
ALT.	Inflame	Pelican	Inhanse
Halt	Misname	Caravan	
Malt	Became	Courtesan	ANCH.
Salt	Misbecame.		Branch
Exalt	Overcame	Swan	Lanch
		Wan	Blanch
Revolt	Aim	These two	Ranch
	Claim	sometimes	Hanch
Fault	Maim	rhyme to the	Stanch
Vault	Acclaim	Words in ON.	AND.
Affault	Declaim		Band
Default	Disclaim	ANCE.	Brand
	Exclaim	Chance	Grand
ALVE.	Proclaim	Dance	Hand
Calve	Reclaim	Glance	Land
Salve		Lance	Rand
AM.	AMP.	Trance	Sand
Am	Camp	Prance	Stand
Cram	Champ	Intrance	Strand
Dam	Damp	Advance	Wand
Dram	Stamp	Romance	Command
Ham	Lamp	Mischance	Countermand
Ram	Decamp	Complaisance	Demand
Swam	Encamp	Circumstance	Disband
Anagram		Countenance	Expand
Epigram	AN.	Deliverance	Gainstand
	Ran	Consonance	Withstand
Dam	Bran	Dissonance	Understand

Reprimand		AP.	son Present of
Aland <i>Dryd.</i>	ANT.	Cap	the Verbs in
	Ant	Chap	AP.
<i>ANE. v. AIN.</i>	Cant	Clap	
	Chant	Crap	APT.
ANG.	Grant	Flap	Apt
Bang	Pant	Gap	Adapt
Fang	Plant	Hap	And the Par-
Gang	Rant	Lap	ticiples of the
Hang	Slant	Map	Verbs in AP.
Pang	Aslant	Pap	
Tang	Complaisant	Rap	AR.
Twang	Displait	Sap	Bar
Harangue	Enchant	Scrap	Car
	Gallant	Snap	Far
ANGE.	Implant	Strap	Gnar
Change	Recant	Tap	Jar
Range	Supplant	Wrap	Mar
Grange	Transplant	Enwrap	Scar
Strange	Absonant	Mishap	Spar
Estrange	Adamant	Entrap	Star
Arrange	Arrogant		Tar
Exchange	Combatant	APE.	War
Interchange	Consonant	Ape	Afar
	Cormorant	Cape	Debar
ANK.	Protestant	Chape	Unbar
Bank	Significant	Gape	Catarrh
Blank	Visitant	Grape	Particular
Shank	Covenant	Rape	Perpendicular
Clank	Dissonant	Scape	Secular
Dank	Disputant	Scrape	Angular
Drank	Elegant	Shape	Regular
Flank	Elephant	Escape	Popular
Frank	Exorbitant		Singular
Lank	Conversant	<i>APH. See AFF.</i>	Titular
Plank	Extravagant		Vinegar
Prank	Ignorant	APSE.	Scimitar
Rank	Insignificant	Lapse	Calendar
Thank	Inhabitant	Elapse	Colendar
Disfrank	Militant	Relapse	
Mountebank	Predominant	Perhaps	ARB.
	Sycophant	And the Plu-	Barb
<i>ANSE. See</i>	Vigilant	ral of the Nouns	Garb
<i>ANCE.</i>	Petulant	and Third Per-	

ARCE.	Fare	Were	Clark
Farce	Glare	Where	Dark
Scarce	Hare	E'er	Lark
And the Plu-	Knare	Ne'er	Mark
ral of the Nouns	Mare	Elsewhere	Park
and Third Per-	Pare	Whate'er	Shark
son Present of	Rare	Howe'er	Spark
the Verbs in	Scare	Howsoe'er	Stark
AR.	Share	Whene'er	Embark,
ARCH.	Snare	Where-e'er	Remark
Arch	Spare	Heir	ARL.
March	Square	Coheir	Gnarl.
Parch	Stare	Their	Snarl
Starch	Tare	Theirs	Marl.
Countermarch	Ware	Unawares	
	Aware	Which rhyme	ARM.
ARD.	Beware	to the Plurals	Arm
Bard	Compare	of the Nouns	Barm
Card	Declare	and Third Per-	Charm
Guard	Ensnare	sons Present of	Farm
Hard	Prepare	the Verbs of	Harm
Lard		this Termina-	Alarm
Nard	Air	tion.	Disarm
Shard	Chair		
Yard	Fair	ARF.	Swarm
Bombard	Hair	Scarf	Warm
Discard	Lair	Dwarf	These last
Regard	Pair	Wharf	Words rhyme
Disregard	Stair		to the Termini-
Interlard	Affair	ARGE.	nation ORM.
Retard	Debonnair	Barge	
And the Par-	Despair	Charge	ARN.
ticiples of the	Impair	Large	Barn
Verbs in AR.	Repair	Targe	Yarn
Ward	Bear	Discharge	
Award	Pear	O'ercharge	Warn
Reward	Swear	Surcharge	Fore-warn
ARE.	Tear	Enlarge	These Two
Are	Wear		rhyme to the
Bare	Forbear	ARK.	words in ORN.
Blare	Forswear	Ark	
Care		Bark	ARP.
Dare	There	Cark	Carp
			Harp

Harp
Sharp
Warp
Counterfarp

ARSH.

Harsh
Marsh

ART.

Art
Cart
Dart
Hart
Mart
Part
Smart
Start
Tart

Apart
Depart
Impart
Dispart
Counterpart
Heart

Thwart
Athwart
These Two
rhyme to the
words in ORT.

ARTH.

See

EARTH.

ARVE.

Carve
Starve

AS and ASS.

As
Bras
Clas

Glas
Graf
Laf
Mas
Pas
Alaf
Amas
Cuiras
Repas
Surpas
Moras

Was
Has

ASE. See ACE
and AZE.

ASH.

Ash
Cash
Clash
Crash
Dash
Flash
Gash
Gnash
Hash

Last
Plash
Rash
Slash

Thrash
Trash
Quash
Wash
Abash

ASK.

Ask
Bask
Cask
Flask
Mask

Task

ASP.

Asp
Clasp
Gasp
Grasp
Hasp
Wasp

AST.

Blast
Cast
Hast
Last

Mast
Past
Vast
Fast

Agast
Avast
Forecast
Overcast
Outcast
Repast

And the Par-
ticiples of the
Verbs in ASS.

ASTE.

Baste
Chaste
Haste
Paste
Taste
Waste

Distaste

And the Par-
ticiples of the
Verbs in ACE.

AT

Bat
Brat

Cat
Chat
Fat
Flat
Gnat
Hat
Mat
Pat
Plat
Rat
Sat
Sprat
That
Vat

Squat
What
These two
may rhyme to
the Termini-
on OT.

ATCH.

Catch
Hatch
Latch
Match
Patch
Scratch
Smatch
Snatch
Thatch
Watch
Dispatch

ATE.

Bate
Date
Fate
Gate
Grate
Hate
Late
Mate

Pate	Arrogate	Effeminate	Nominate
Plate	Articulate	Elevate	Obstinate
Prate	Affassinate	Emulate	Participate
Rate	Calculate	Estimate	Passionate
Sate	Capitulate	Elaborate	Penetrate
Scate	Captivate	Equivoicate	Perpetrate
Slate	Celebrate	Eradicate	Personate
State	Circulate	Evaporate	Potentate
Abate	Coagulate	Exaggerate	Precipitate
Alate	Commemorate	Exasperate	Predestinate
Belate	Commiserate	Expostulate	Predominate
Collate	Communicate	Exterminate	Premeditate
Create	Compassionate	Extricate	Prevaricate
Debate	Confederate	Facilitate	Procrastinate
Dilate	Congratulate	Fortunate	Profligate
Elate	Congregate	Generate	Prognosticate
Estate	Consecrate	Gratulate	Propagate
Ingrate	Contaminate	Hesitate	Recriminate
Innate	Corroborate	Illiterate	Regenerate
Rebate	Cultivate	Illuminate	Regulate
Relate	Candidate	Imitate	Reiterate
Sedate	Cooperate	Immoderate	Reprobate
Translate	Celibate	Impetrate	Reverberate
Abdicate	Considerate	Importunate	Ruminate
Abominate	Consulate	Imprecate	Separate
Abrogate	Capacitate	Inanimate	Sophisticate
Accelerate	Debilitate	Innovate	Stipulate
Accommodate	Dedicate	Instigate	Subjugate
Accumulate	Degenerate	Intemperate	Subordinate
Accurate	Delegate	Intimate	Suffocate
Adequate	Deliberate	Intimidate	Terminate
Affectionate	Denominate	Intoxicate	Tolerate
Advocate	Depopulate	Intricate	Temperate
Adulterate	Dislocate	Invalidate	Vindicate
Aggravate	Deprecate	Inveterate	Violate
Agitate	Discriminate	Inviolate	Unfortunate
Alienate	Derogate	Irritate	
Animate	Dissipate	Legitimate	Bait
Annihilate	Delicate	Magistrate	Plait
Antedate	Disconsolate	Meditate	Strait
Anticipate	Desolate	Mitigate	Wait
Antiquate	Desperate	Moderate	Await
Arbitrate	Educate	Necessitate	

Great

Freight

Freight	And the Par-		Raw
Eight	ticiples of the	AUNSE.	Saw
Streight	Verbs in A W.	See	Straw
Weight		ONSE.	Thaw
Height	AVE.		Withdraw
	Brave	AUNT.	Forefaw
Conceit	Cave	Aunt	
Deceit	Gave	Gaunt	AWD. v. AUD.
Receipt	Grave	Flaunt	AWK. v. ALK.
	Crave	Jaunt	AWL. v. ALL.
ATH.	Have	Haunt	
Bath.	Knave	Taunt	
Path	Lave	Vaunt	AWN.
	Nave	Avaunt	Brawn
Wrath v. OTH	Pave		Dawn
	Rave	AUSE.	Fawn
Hath	Save	Cause	Pawn
Faith	Shave	Clause	Spawn
	Slave	Pause	Drawn
ATHE.	Stave	Applause	Gnawn
Bathe	Wave	Because	Sawn
Swathe	Behave	And the Plu-	Yawn
Scathe	Deprave	ral of the Nouns	Withdrawn
Rathe	Engrave	and Third Per-	Lawn
	Outbrave	son Present of	Thawn
AUB. See OB.	Forgave	the Verbs in	
	Mifgave	AW.	AX.
	Architrave		Ax
AUCE		AUST. v. OST.	Flax
See			Tax
AUSE	AUGH. v. AFF.		Wax
AUCH		AW.	Lax
See	AUGHT.	Aw	Relax
OACH	See	Craw	
	OUGHT.	Chaw	And the Plu-
AUD		Daw	ral of the Nouns
Fraud	AULT.	Claw	and Third Per-
Laud	See	Draw	son present of
Applaud	ALT.	Flaw	the Verbs in
Defraud		Gnaw	ACK.
		Jaw	
Bawd	AUNCH.	Law	AY.
	Launch	Maw	Bay
Broad	Paunch	Paw	Bray
Abroad			Clay

Day	Affray	Roundelay	Maze
Dray	Allay	Virelay	Raze
Tray	Array	Neigh	Amaze
Flay	Astray	Inveigh	Eraze
Fray	Away		Imblaze
Gay	Belay	Prey	
Hay	Bewray	Grey	Adays
Jay	Betray	They	Raise
Lay	Decay	Convey	Praise
May	Defray	ObeY	Always
Pay	Delay	Disobey	Dispraise
Pray	Disarray	Purvey	Phrase
Ray	Display	Survey	Paraphrase
Say	Dismay		And the Plu-
Slay	Essay	AZE.	ral of the Nouns
Spray	Forelay	Craze	and Third Per-
Splay	Gainfay	Daze	son Present of
Stay	Inlay	Blaze	the Verbs in
Stray	Relay	Gaze	AY, EIGH, and
Sway	Repay	Glaze	EY.
Way	Withfay		

E and EA.	Beech	Creak	Screak
See	Leech	Freak	Sleek
EE.	Speech	Leak	Week
	Beseech	Peak	Shriek
EACE		Speak	
See	EAD. See EDE	Sneak	EAL.
EASE.	and EEd.	Steak	Deal
		Squeak	Heal
EACH.	EAF. See IEF.	Streak	Meal
Beach		Weak	Peal
Bleach	EAGUE.	Wreak	Seal
Breach	League	Bespeak	Steal
Each			Teal
Peach	Intrigue	Cheek	Veal
Preach	Fatigue	Creek	Weal
Leach	Brigue	Leek	Zeal
Teach		Meek	Squeal
Approach	EAK.	Reek	Anneal
Impeach	Beak	Seek	Appeal
Misteach	Bleak	Peek, or	Conceal
	Break	Pique	Congea

Repeal

Repeal	Phlegm	EAP. <i>See</i> EEP	Decrease
Reveal	Scheme	<i>and</i> EP.	Encrease
	Blaspheme	EAR. <i>See</i> EER.	Release
Fel	Extreme		Surcease
Heel	Supreme	EARD.	
Feel		Beard	Peace
Keel	EAN.	Heard	Piece
Kneel	Bean	Herd	Niece
Peel	Clean	Sherd	Apiece
Reel	Dean	And the Par-	
Steel	Glean	ticiples of the	Frontispiece
Wheel	Lean	Verbs in ER.	Fleece
	Mean		Geese
EALM.	Wean	EARCH.	EASH
<i>See</i> ELM.	Yean	Search	<i>See</i>
	Demean	Research	ESH.
EALTH.	Unclean	Perch	
Health			EAST.
Stealth	Convene	EARL.	East
Wealth	Obscene	Earl	Feast
Common-	Serene	Pearl	Leaft
wealth	Terrene	Girl	Beaft
	Intervene		Left
EAM.	Demefne	EARN.	Priest
Beam		<i>See</i> ERN.	And the Par-
Bream	Keen		ticiples of the
Cream	Queen	EARSE.	Verbs in EASE.
Dream	Screen	<i>See</i> ERSE.	
Gleam	Seen		EAT.
Seam	Green	EART.	Beat
Scream	Spleen	<i>See</i> ART.	Bleat
Steam	Between		Cheat
Stream	Carren	EARTH.	Eat
Team	Foreseen	Earth	Feat
Deem	Mien	Dearth	Heat
Seem	Machine	Hearth	Meat
Teem		Birth	Neat
Befeem	EANS.	Mirth	Seat
Misdeem	<i>See</i>		Pleat
Esteem	ENSE.	EASE.	Treat
Disesteem		Cease	Wheat
Foredeem	EANT.	Leafe	Compleat
Redeem	<i>See</i>	Greafe	Defeat
	ENT.	Deceafe	Escheat

Esireat	Interweave	Disrespect	Milled
Intreat		Disaffect	
Retreat	Sleeve	Dissect	Said
	Eve	Effect	Bread
Feet		Elect	Dread
Fleet	Grieve	Eject	Dead
Gleet	Thieve	Erect	Head
Greet	Aggrieve	Expect	Lead
Meet	Achieve	Indirect	Slead
Sheet	Believe	Infect	Spread
Sleet	Disbelieve	Inspect	Thread
Street	Relieve	Neglect	Tread
Sweet	Reprieve	Object	Behead
Discreet	Retrieve	Project	O'erspread
	Conceive	Protect	Maidenhead
Mete	Deceive	Recollect	
Obsolete	Perceive	Reflect	EDE. v. EED.
Replete	Receive	Reject	
Concrete		Respect	EDGE.
	EB.	Select	Edge
EATH.	Ebb	Subject	Fledge
Breath	Webb	Suspect	Hedge
Death	Glebe	Architect	Ledge
		Circumspect	Pledge
Heath	ECK.	Dialect	Sedge
Sheath	Beck	Intellect	Wedge
Teeth	Check	And the Par-	Alledge
	Deck	ticiples of the	Privilege
Breathe	Neck	Verbs in ECK.	Sacredge
Sheathe	Peck		Sortilege
Wreath	Fleck	ED.	
Inwreath	Speck	Bed	EE.
Bequath	Wreck	Bled	Bee
Seeth		Fed	Fee
Beneath	ECT.	Fled	Free
Underneath	Sect	Bred	Glee
	Abect	Led	Knee
EAVE.	Affect	Red	Lee
Cleave	Correct	Shed	See
Heave	Incorrect	Shred	Three
Leave	Collect	Sped	Thee
Weave	Deject	Wed	Tree
Bereave	Detect	Abed	Agree
Inweave	Direct	Inbred	Alee

Decree	Impede	Leer	Interfere
Degree	Intercede	Sheer	Persevere
Disagree	Precede	Seer	Revere
Foresee	Recede	Sleer	Austere
O'ersee	Supercede	Sneer	Severe
Pedigree		Steer	Sincere
He	Bead	Tweeer	Hemisphere
Me	Knead	Veer	Arrears, which
We	Lead	Pikeer	rhymes to the
She	Mead	Domineer	Plurals of the
Be	Plead	Compeer	Nouns, and 3d
Jubile	Read	Engineer	Persons Present
Key	Implead	Mutineer	of the Verbs
Flea	Mislead	Pioneer	of this Termini-
Pea		Privateer	ation.
Plea	EEF. See IEF.	Charioteer	
Sea	E EK. v. EAK.	Chanticleer	EESE. See
	EEL. v. EAL.	Career	EEZE.
	EEM. v. EAM.	Mountainier	
	EEN. v. EAN.		EET. See
EECE.		Bier	EAT.
See EASE.		Cashiere	
	E ECH.		EETH.
See EACH.	E EP.		See
	Creep	Chear	EATH.
	Deep.	Clear	
EED.	Keep	Dear	
Creed	Peep	Ear	EEVE.
Bleed	Sheep	Fear	See
Breed	Sleep	Hear	EAVE.
Deed	Steep	Near	
Feed	Sweep	Sear	EEZE.
Heed	Weep	Smear	Breeze
Meed	Asleep	Spear	Freeze
Need		Tear	Sneeze
Reed	Cheap	Year	Squeeze
Speed	Heap	Appear	Wheeze
Seed		Befmear	
Steed	EER.	Disappear	Eafe
Weed	Beer	Endear	Greafe
Exceed	Deer		Please
Proceed	Floor	Here	Teaze
Succeed	Geer	Sphere	Appeafe
Indeed	Peer	Adhere	Dispeafe
	Meer	Cohere	These
Concede	Rear		Frieze

Frieze Fell
 Seize Hell
 Disseize Knell
 And the Plu- Quell
 ral of the Sell
 Nouns and 3d Shell
 Person Present Smell
 of the Verbs in Spell
EE. Swell
 Tell

Cleft Well
 Deft Yell
 Left Befel
 Theft Compel
 Weft Dispel
 Bereft Excel
 Expel

EG.

Egg Impel
 Beg Rebel
 Dreg Repel
 Leg Refel
 Peg Cittadel
 Infidel

EIGH. v. *AY.* Sentinel
EIGHT. See Parallel
ATE.

EIGN. v. *AIN.* **ELD.**

EIL. v. *AIL.* Held

EIN. v. *AIN.* Geld

EINT. See Upheld
AINI. Withheld

EIR. v. *ARE.* Beheld

EIT. v. *ATE.* And the Par-

EIVE. v. *EAVE.* ticiples of the

EIZE. See Verbs in EL.

EEZE.

ELL.

Bell Elf
 Cell Pelf
 Dwell Self
 Ell Shelf
 Himself

ELK.

Elk
 Whelk

ELM.

Elm
 Helm
 Realm
 Whelm
 O'erwhelm

ELP.

Help
 Whelp
 Yelp

ELT.

Belt
 Dealt
 Dwelt
 Felt
 Melt
 Pelt
 Smelt
 Welt

ELVE.

Delve
 Helve
 Twelve

ELVES.

Elves
 Themselves
 And the Plu-
 ral of the Nouns
 in ELF, and 3d
 Person Present
 of the Verbs in

ELVE.

EM.

Gem

Hem
 Stem
 Them
 Diadem
 Stratagem

EME. See
EAM.

EMN.

Condemn
 Contemn

EMPT.

Tempt
 Attempt
 Contempt
 Exempt

EN.

Den
 Hen
 Fen
 Ken
 Men
 Pen
 Ten
 Then
 When
 Wren
 Denizen

ENCE.

Fence
 Hence
 Pence
 Thence
 Whence
 Sence
 Defence
 Expence
 Offence
 Pretence
 Commence
 Abstinence

Circumference	Immense	Commend	
Conference	Intense	Contend	ENE v. EAN.
Confidence	Propense	Defend	
Consequence	Dispense	Depend	ENGE.
Contenance	Suspense	Descend	Avenge
Benevolence	Prepense	Distend	Revenge
Concupiscence	Incense	Expend	
Difference	Frankincense	Extend	ENGTH.
Diffidence	Cleanse	Forefend	Length
Diligence	Also the Plu-	Impend	Strength
Eloquence	ral of the	Mispend	
Eminence	Nouns and 3d	Obtend	ENSE.
Evidence	Person Present	Offend	See
Excellence	of the Verbs in	Portend	ENCE.
Impenitence	EN.	Pretend	
Impertinence		Protend	ENT.
Impotence	ENCH.	Suspend	Bent
Impudence	Bench	Transcend	Dent
Improvvidence	Clench	Unbend	Lent
Incontinence	Drench	Apprehend	Pent
Indifference	Quench	Comprehend	Rent
Indigence	Stench	Condescend	Scent
Indolence	Tench	Discommend	Sent
Inference	Trench	Recommend	Shent
Intelligence	Wench	Reprehend	Spent
Innocence	Wrench	Dividend	Tent
Magnificence	Intrench	Reverend	Vent
Munificence	Retrench		Went
Negligence		Friend	Absent
Omnipotence	END.	Befriend	Meant
Penitence	Bend	Fiend	Ascent
Preference	Blend	And the Par-	Assent
Providence	End-	ticiples of the	Attent
Recompence	Fend	Verbs in EN.	Augment
Reference	Lend		Cement
Residence	Mend	ENDS.	Consent
Reverence	Rend	Amends. To	Content
Vehemence	Send	which rhyme	Descend
Violence	Spend	the Plurals of	Dissent
	Tend	the Nouns, and	Event
Cense	Vend	Third Person	Extent
Sense	Amend	Present of the	Foment
Dense	Attend	Verbs in END.	Frequent
Condense	Ascend		Indent

Intent	Diffident	Nourishment	
Invent	Diligent	Nutritment	Ept.
Lament	Disparagement	Occident	Accept
Mispend	Document	Omnipotent	Except
O'erispent	Element	Opulent	Intercept
Present	Eloquent	Ornament	
Prevent	Eminent	Parliament	And the Par-
Relent	Equivalent	Penitent	ticiples of the
Repent	Establishment	Permanent	Verbs in EP,
Resent	Evident	Pertinent	and of some of
Ostent	Excellent	President	the Verbs in
Ferment	Excrement	Prevalent	EEp.
Outwent	Exigent	Provident	
Underwent	Experiment	Punishment	ER.
Miscontent	Firmament	Ravishment	Err
Unbent	Fraudulent	Regiment	Her
Circumvent	Government	Resident	Aver
Discontent	Imbellishment	Redolent	Defer
Represent	Imminent	Rudiment	Infer
Abstinent	Impenitent	Sacrament	Deter
Accident	Impertinent	Sediment	Interr
Accomplish-	Implement	Sentiment	Referr
ment	Impotent	Settlement	Transferr
Admonishment	Imprisonment	Subsequent	Conferr
Acknowledge-	Improvident	Supplement	Prefer
ment	Impudent	Intelligent	Parterr
Aliment	Incident	Tenement	Administer
Arbitriment	Incompetent	Temperament	Waggoner
Argument	Incontinent	Testament	Islander
Banishment	Indifferent	Tournament	
Battlement	Indigent	Turbulent	Arbiter
Blandishment	Innocent	Vehement	Character
Astonishment	Insolent	Violent	Villager
Armipotent	Instrument	Virulent	Cottager
Bellipotent	Irreverent	Accoutrements	Dowager
Benevolent	Languishment	Which	Forrager
Chastisement	Ligament	rhymes to their	Pillager
Competent	Lineament	Plurals.	Voyager
Compliment	Magnificent		Massacre
Confident	Management	EP.	Gardiner
Continent	Medicament	Step	Slanderer
Corpulent	Malecontent	Leap	Flatterer
Detriment	Monument	Reap	Idolater
Different	Negligent		Provender

Theatre		Pierce	Less
Amphitheatre	ERGE.	And the Plu-	Mess
Foreigner	Absterge	ral of the Nouns	Pres
Lavender	Verge	and Third Per-	Stress
Messenger	Emerge	son Present of	
Passenger	Dirge	the Verbs in	Acquiesce
Sorcerer		ER.	Access
Interpreter	ERN.		Address
Officer	Chern	ERT.	Assess
Mariner	Dern		Compress
Harbinger	Fern	Wert	Confess
Minister	Stern	Advert	Cares
Register	Concern	Assert	Depress
Canister	Discern	Avert	Digress
Choirister	Quern	Concert	Dispossess
Sophister		Convert	Distress
Presbyter	Earn	Controvert	Excess
Lawgiver	Learn	Desert	Express
Philosopher	Yearn	Divert	Impress
Astrologer		Expert	Oppress
Loiterer	ERSE.	Infert	Possess
Prisoner	Herse	Invert	Profess
Grasshopper	Verse	Pervert	Recess
Astronomer	Absterse	Subvert	Repress ¹
Sepulchre	Adverse		Redress
Thunderer ²	Averse	ERVE.	Success
Traveller	Converse	Serve	Transgress
Murderer	Disperse	Nerve	Adulteress
Usurer	Immerse	Swerve	Bashfulness
	Perverse	Conserve	Bitterness
ERCH.	Reverse	Deserve	Chearfulness
See	Traverse	Observe	Comfortless
EARCH.	Asperse	Preserve	Comeliness
	Intersperse	Differve	Dizziness
ERCE.	Universe	Subserve	Diocess
See	Rehearse		Drowiness
ERSE.		ESS.	Eagerness
	Amerce		Easyness
ERD.	Coerce	Bless	Embassadress
See	Commerce	Cess	Emptiness
EARD.		Chefs	Evenness
	Fierce	Dress	Fatherless
ERE. v . EER.	Tierce	Ghess	Filthiness
			Foolishness

Foolishness	Shepherdess		Get
Forgetfulness	Sorceress	EST.	Jet
Forwardness	Sordidness		Fret
Frowardness	Spiritless	Best	Let
Fruitfulness	Sprightliness	Chest	Met
Fulsomeness	Stubbornness	Crest	Net
Giddiness	Sturdiness	Drest	Set
Greediness	Surliness	Guest	Spet
Gentleness	Steadiness	Jest	Wet
Governess	Tenderness	Nest	Whet
Happiness	Thoughtfulness	Pest	Yet
Haughtiness	Ugliness	Quest	Debt
Heaviness	Uneasiness	Rest	Abet
Heinousness	Unhappiness	Test	Beget
Hoariness	Unhappiness	Vest	Belet
Hollowness	Volarefs	West	Forget
Holiness	Usefulness	Arrest	Regret
Idleness	Wakefulness	Attest	Alphabet
Lasciviousness	Wantonness	Bequest	Amulet
Lawfulness	Weaponless	Contest	Anchoret
Laziness	Wariness	Deft	Cabinet
Littleness	Willingness	Digest	Epithet
Liveliness	Wickedness	Divest	Parapet
Loftiness	Wilderness	Imprest	Rivulet
Lioness	Wretchedness	Invest	Violet
Lowliness	Drunkenness	Infest	Coronet
Manliness		Molest	Counterfeit
Masterless	<i>ESE.</i>	Obtest	
Mightiness	See	Protest	Sweat
Motherless	<i>EEZE.</i>	Request	Teat
Motionless		Suggest	Threat
Nakedness	<i>ESH.</i>	Unrest	
Neediness	Flesh	Interest	<i>ETCH.</i>
Noisomeness	Fresh	Manifest	Fetch
Numberless	Mesh		Stretch
Patronness	Thresh	Breast	Wretch
Peevishness	Afresh	Abreast	Sketch
Perfidiousness	Refresh	And the Par-	
Pitiless		ticsiples of the	
Poetess	<i>ESK.</i>	Verbs in <i>ESS.</i>	<i>ETE. v. EAT.</i>
Prophetess	Desk		<i>EVE. v. EAVE.</i>
Ransomless	Grotesque	<i>ET.</i>	<i>EUM. See</i>
Readiness	Eurlesque		<i>UME.</i>
Righteousness		Bet	

	Askew	Imbue	Annex
EW.	Bedew	Pursue	Perplex
Blew	Eschew	Subdue	Convex
Brew	Renew	Adieu	Complex
Chew	Review	Purlieu	Circumflex
Drew	Withdrew	Perdue	And the Plu-
Ew	Interview	Residue	ral Number of
Flew			the Nouns, and
Grew	Clue	<i>EWD.</i>	Third Person
Knew	Cue	See	Present of the
Hew	Due	<i>EUD.</i>	Verbs in ECK.
Jew	Glue		
Mew	Hue		EXT.
New	Rue	<i>EWN.</i>	Next
Strew	Scruce	See	Pretext
View	Sue	<i>UNE.</i>	And the Par-
Threw	True		ticiple of the
Yew	Accrue	<i>EX.</i>	Verbs in EX.
Crew	Ensue	Sex	
lew	Endue	Vex	<i>EY.</i> See <i>AY.</i>
Anew	Imbrue		

	Inscribe	Twice	Concise
IB.	Prescribe	Vice	Paradise
Bib	Proscribe	Advice	
Crib	Subscribe	Entice	<i>ICH.</i> v. <i>ITCH.</i>
Drib	Transcribe	Device	
Glib	Superscribe		ICK.
Nib		Artifice	Brick
Rib	ICE.	Avarice	Chick
Squib	Dice	Cockatrice	Kick
	Ice	Benefice	Lick
IBF.	Mice	Cicatrice	Nick
Bribe	Nice	Edifice	Pick
Scribe	Price	Orifice	Quick
Tribe	Rice	Precipice	Sick
Ascribe	Slice	Prejudice	Slick
Circumscribe	Spice	Sacrifice	Stick
Describe	Thrice		Thick
Imbibe	Trice	Rife	Trick

Arithmetick
Asthmatick
Cholerick
Catholick
Flegmatick
Heretick
Rhetorick
Schismatick
Splenatick
Lunatick
Asterick
Politick
Empirick

Chide
Glide
Hide
Pride
Ride
Side
Slide
Stride
Tide
Wide
Bride
Abide
Guide

ICT.

Strict
Addict
Afflict
Convict
Inflit
Contradict
Interdict
And the Particles of the Verbs in ICK.

Afide
Astride
Beside
Bestride
Betide
Subdivide
Confide
Decide
Deride
Divide
Preside
Provide
Subside
Misguide

IQ.

Bid
Chid
Hid
Kid
Lid
Slid
Rid
Bestrid
Forbid
Pyramid

IDES.

Ides
Besides
Which rhyme to the Plurals of the Nouns, and Third Persons of the Verbs of this Termination.

IDGE.

Bridge
Ridge
Abridge

IDE.

Bide

IDST.

Midst
Aimdst

IE. or Y.

By
Buy
Cry
Die
Dry
Eye
Fly
Fry
Fie
Hie
Ly
Pie
Ply
Pry
Rye
Shy
Sly
Spy
Sky
Sty
Tie
Try
Vie
Why

Deny
Imply
Espy
Outvie
Outfly
Rely
Reply
Supply
Untie
Amplify
Beautify
Certify
Crucify
Deifie
Dignify
Edify
Falsify
Fortify
Gratify
Glorify
Imdennify
Justify
Magnify
Modify
Mollify
Mortify
Pacify
Petrify
Purify
Putrify
Plurify
Chymistry
Qualify
Ratify
Rectify
Sanctify
Satisfie
Scarify
Signify
Specify
Stupify
Terrify
Testify
Verify

Verify	Dittany	Liberty	Mutiny
Vilify	Accompany	Property	Destiny
Vitrify	Tyranny	Adultery	Scrutiny
Vivify	Villany	Artery	Hypocrisie
Academy	Anarchy	Artillery	Family
Apostacy	Monarchy	Battery	Ability
Conspiracy	Lethargy	Beggery	Acclivity
Confed'racý	Incendiary	Bribery	Avidity
Exstasy	Infirmary	Bravery	Affiduity
Democracy	Library	Delivery	Civility
Embassy	Salary	Drudgery	Community
Fallacy	Sanctuary	Flattery	Concavity
Legacy	Votary	Gallery	Consanguinity
Supremacy	Auxiliary	Imag'ry	Conformity
Lunacy	Contrary	Lottery	Congruity
Privacy	Diary	Misery	Diuturnity
Piracy	Granary	Mystery	Facility
Malady	Rosemary	Nursery	Falsity
Remedy	Urgency	Railery	Familiarity
Tragedy	Infantry	Slavery	Formality
Comedy	Knavery	Sorcery	Generosity
Cosmography	Livery	Treachery	Gratuity
Geography	Recovery	Discovery	Humidity
Elegy	Robery	Tapestry	Absurdity
Certainty	Novelty	Majesty	Activity
Sov'reignty	Antipathy	Modesty	Adversity
Loyalty	Apathy	Immodesty	Affability
Disloyalty	Sympathy	Honesty	Affinity
Penalty	Idolatry	Dishonesty	Agility
Casualty	Galaxy	Courtesie	Alacrity
Ribaldry	Husbandry	Heresy	Ambiguity
Chivalry	Cruelty	Poesie	Animosity
Infamy	Enemy	Poetry	Antiquity
Constancy	Blasphemy	Secresie	Austerity
Fealty	Prophecy	Leprosie	Authority
Cavalry	Clemency	Perfidy	Brevity
Bigamy	Decency	Subsidy	Calamity
Polygamy	Emergency	Drapery	Capacity
Vacancy	Inclemency	Symmetry	Captivity
Inconstancy	Regency	Geometry	Charity
Infancy	Progeny	Drollery	Chastity
Company	Energy	Policy	Civility
	Poverty	Prodigy	Credulity

Credulity	Indemnity	Allegory	Sincerity
Curiosity	Infinity	Armory	Solemnity
Finery	Inflexibility	Factory	Sterility
Declivity	Instability	Pillory	Stupidity
Deformity	Invalidity	Faculty	Trinity
Deity	Jollity	Treasury	Vacuity
Dexterity	Lenity	Usury	Validity
Dignity	Lubricity	Augury	Vanity
Disparity	Magnanimity	Importunity	Vivacity
Diversity	Majority	Impunity	Unanimity
Divinity	Mediocrity	Impurity	Uniformity
Enmity	Minority	Inactivity	Unity
Enormity	Mutability	Inability	Anxiety
Equality	Nicety	Incredulity	Gayety
Equanimity	Perversity	Indignity	Impiety
Equity	Perplexity	Infidelity	Piety
Eternity	Perpicuity	Infirmity	Satiety
Extremity	Posterity	iniquity	Sobriety
Fatality	Privity	Integrity	Society
Felicity	Probability	Laity	Variety
Fertility	Probity	Liberality	Custody
Fidelity	Propensity	Malignity	Melody
Frugality	Rarity	Maturity	Philosophy
Fururity	Rapidity	Morality	Astronomy
Gravity	Sagacity	Mortality	Anatomy
Hostility	Sanctity	Nativity	Colony
Humanity	Sensibility	Necessity	Gluttony
Humility	Sensuality	Neutrality	Harmony
Immanity	Solidity	Nobility	Agony
Immaturity	Temerity	Obscurity	Gallantry
Immensity	Timidity	Opportunity	Canopy
Immorality	Tranquillity	Partiality	History
Immortality	Virginity	Perpetuity	Memory
Immunity	Visibility	Posterity	Victory
Immutability	University	Priority	Calumny
Impartiality	Trumpery	Prodigality	Injury
Impossibility		Prosperity	Luxury
Impetuosity		Purity	Penury
Improbity	Apology	Quality	Perjury
Inanity	Genealogy	Quantity	Usury
Incapacity	Etymology	Scarcity	Industry
Incivility	Simony	Security	
Incongruity	Symphony	Severity	
Inequality	Soliloquy	Simplicity	

IECE. See
EASE.

IEF.	Stiff	Mill	Exile
Chief	Whiff	Fill	E'erwhile
Fief	IFT.	Quill	Reconcile
Grief	Drift	Rill	Revile
Thief	Gift	Shrill	Stile
Belief	Lift	Skill	Guile
Relief	Rift	Spill	Beguile
Brief	Sift	Still	ILK.
Beef	Shift	Swill	Milk
Leaf	Thrift	Thrill	Silk
Sheaf	Adrift	Till	ILT.
Deaf	IG.	Trill	Gilt
IEGE.	Big	Will	Jilt
Liege	Dig	Distill	Hilt
Siege	Fig	Fulfill	Quilt
Oblige	Pig	Instill	Guilt
Disoblige	Yig	Camomil	Spilt
Affiege	Sprig	Codicil	Stilt
Besiege	Twig	Daffadil	Built
IELD.	Swig	Volatil	Tilt
Field		Utenfil	
Shield	IGE. v. IEGE.	ILD.	ILTH.
Wield	IGH. See IE.	Child	Filth
Yield	IGHT. v. ITE.	Mild	Tilth
Afield	IGN. v. INE.	Wild	
And the Par-	IGUE: See	And the Par-	IM.
ticiples of some	EAGUE.	ticiples of the	Brim
of the Verbs in	IKF.	Verbs in ILL.	D'im
EAL.	Dike		Grim
IEN. v. EEN.	Like	ILE.	Him
IEND. v. END.	Pike	Bile	Rim
IERCE. See	Spike	Chyle	Skim
ERCE.	Strike	File	Slim
IEST. v. EAST.	Alike	Isle	Swim
I EVE, v. EAVE	Dislike	Mile	Trim
IFE.	Oblique	Pile	Limb
Fife	ILL.	Smile	
Knife	Bill	Style	IMB. See IM,
Life	Chill	Tile	and IME.
Rife	Drill	Vile	Chime
Strife	Gill	While	Clime
Wife	Fill	Wile	Climb
IFF.	Hill	Awhile	Crime
Cliff	Ill	Compile	Lime
Skiff	Kill	Defile	Prime

Prime
Mime
Rhyme
Time
Slime
Grime
Thyme
Sublime
Maritime

Chin
Din
Fin
Gin
Grin
In
Inn
Kin
Pin
Sin
Shin
Skin
Spin
Thin
Twin
Tin
Win
Begin
Within
Affassin
Javelin
Magazin

IN.

Betimes
Sometimes
Which rhyme
to the Plurals
of the Nouns,
and Third Per-
sons Present of
the Verbs of
the preceding
Termination.

IMN.

Hymn
Limn

Which may
be rhym'd to
those in IM.

IMP.

Imp
Limp
Pimp
Gimp

IMPSE.

Glimpse

INCE.

Mince
Prince
Quince
Rince
Since
Wince
Convince
Evince

INCH.

Clinch
Flinch
Inch
Pinch
Winch
INCT.
Distinct
Extinct

Instinct
Precinct
Succinct
And the Par-
ticiples of some
of the Verbs in
INK.
IND.
Bind
Blind
Find
Hind
Kind
Grind
Mind
Rind
Wind
Behind
Unkind
Remind
And the Par-
ticiples of the
Verbs in INE.
Rescind
Which rhymes
to the Parti-
ciples of the
Verbs in IN.
INE.
Brine
Chine
Dine
Fine
Line
Mine
Nine
Pine
Shine
Shrine
Swine
Kine
Thine
Trine
A a 5

Twine
Vine
Whine
Wine
Combine
Confine
Decline
Define
Divine
Incline
Inshrine
Entwine
Opine
Calcine
Recline
Refine
Repine
Supine
Undermine
Countermine
Interline
Superfine
Concubine
Discipline
Feminine
Libertine
Mascuine
Magazine
Origine
Porcupine
Serpentine
Heroine

These Poly-
syllables in
INE, are often
rhym'd to those
in IN.

Sign
Assign
Consign
Design
Resign

Refign	INT.	Prototype	Higher
	Dint		Brier
ING.	Flint	IPSE.	Choire
Bring	Hint	Eclipse	Fryar
Cling	Lint	And the Plu-	
Fling	Mint	ral of the Nouns	IRGE v. ERGE
King	Print	and third Per-	
Ring	Squint	son of the Verbs	IRL.
Sing	Asquint	in IP.	Girl
Sling	Imprint	IR. See UR.	Whirl
Spring	IP.	IRCH.	Twirl
Sting	Chip	See	IRM.
String	Clip	URCH.	Firm
Swing	Dip	IRD. v. URD.	Affirm
Wing	Drip	IRE.	Confirm
Wring	Hip	Gire	Infirm
Thing	Lip	Dire	
	Nip	Fire	IRST. v. JRST
INGE.	Rip	Ire	IRT. v. URT.
Cringe	Scrip	Lyre	
Fringe	Ship	Mire	Girt
Hinge	Sip	Quire	Skirt
Singe	Skip	Sire	
Springe	Slip	Spire	IRTH.
Swinge	Snip	Squire	
Twinge	Strip	Hire	Birth
Infringe	Tip	Wire	Mirth
	Trip	Tire	See EARTH.
INK	Whip	Attire	
Blink	Atrip	Acquire	IS and ISS.
Brink	Equip	Admire	Blifs
Chink	Eldership	Aspire	Hifs
Clink	Fellowship	Conspire	His
Drink	Workmanship	Desire	Is
Ink	Rivalship	Enquire	Kifs
Link	IPE.	Intire	Mifs
Pink	Gripe	Expire	This
Shrink	Pipe	Inspire	Abyfs
Sink	Ripe	Require	Amifs
Slink	Snipe	Retire	Submifs
Stink	Type	Transpire	Dismifs
Think	Stripe	Nigher	Remifs
Bethink	Wipe		Whizz
Forethink	Archetype		

ISE. v. ICE.	Exorcist	Ditch	Infinite
and IZE.	Herbalist	Flitch	Parasite
	Humourist	Hitch	Profelyte
ISH.	Oculist	Itch	Requisite
Dish	Organist	Pitch	Apposite
Fish	Satirist	Stitch	Opposite
With	And the Par-	Switch	Exquisite
Cuish	ticiples of the	Twitch	Expedite
ISK.	Verbs in ISS.	Witch	
Brisk		Bewitch	Blight
Frisk	IT		Benight
Risk	Bit	Nitch	Bright
Whisk	Cit	Which	Fight
Disk	Fit	Rich	Flight
Basilisk	Flit	Enrich	Fright
Tamarisk	Grit	ITE.	Hight
	Hit	Bite	Height
ISP.	Knit	Blite	Knight
Crisp	Nit	Cite	Light
Lisp	Pit	Kite	Might
Wisp	Quit	Mite	Night
	Sit	Quite	Plight
IST.	Slit	Rite	Right
Fist	Spit	Smite	Tight
List	Split	Spite	Sight
Mist	Twit	Trite	Slight
Twist	Whit	White	Spight
Wrist	Wit	Write	Spright
Assist	Writ	Contrite	Wight
Consist	Admit	Disunite	Affright
Desist	Acquit	Despite	Alight
Exist	Commit	Endite	Aright
Inlist	Emit	Invite	Forefight
Persist	Omit	Excite	Delight
Resist	Outwit	Incite	Despight
Subsist	Permit	Polite	Unfight
Alchymist	Remit	Requite	Upright
Amethyst	Submit	Recite	Benight
Anatomist	Transmit	Unite	Bedight
Antagonist	Rest	Reunite	Overfight
Annalist	Benefic	Aconite	ITH.
Antichrist	Perquisite	Appetite	Frith
Evangelist	ITCH.	Favourite	Pith
Eucharist	Bitch	Hypocrite	Smith
			ITHE.

ITHE.

Hithe
Blithe
Scythe
Tithe
Writhe
Lithe

IVE.

Gyve
Give
Hive
Dive
Drive
Rive
Shrive
Strive
Thrive
Arrive
Connive
Contrive
Deprive
Derive
Alive
Revive
Survive

Give
Live
Sive

Forgive
Outlive
Fugitive
Laxative
Narrative
Prerogative
Primitive
Sensitive
Vegetive
Affirmative
Alternative
Contemplative
Demonstrative
Diminutive
Distributive
Donative
Inquisitive
Lenitive
Negative
Perspective
Positive
Preparative
Provocative
Purgative
Restorative

IX.

Six
Fix
Flix

Mix
Affix
Infix
Prefix
Transfix
Intermix
Crucifix

And the Plu-
ral of the Nouns
and 3d Person
Present of the
Verbs in ICK.

IXT.

Betwixt
which rhymes
to the Partici-
ples of the pre-
ceding Termi-
nation

ISE and IZE.

Prize
Rise
Size
Wife
Guise
Diisguise

Advise
Authorize
Canonize
Chastise
Civilize
Comprize
Criticise

Despise
Devise
Enterprize
Excise
Exercize
Idolize
Immortalize
Premise
Revise
Signalize
Solemnize
Surprize
Suffice
Surmize
Sympathize
Tyrannize
And the Plu-
ral of the Nouns
and 3d Person
Present of the
Verbs in IE and
Y. See also ICE.

O. See OO.
and OW.

OACH.

Broach
Coach
Poach
Abroach
Approach
Incroach
Reproach
Debauch

OAD. v. AUO.
and ODE.

OAF. v. OFF.

OAK. v. OKE. Mob

OAL. v. OLE. Rob

OAM. v. OME. Sob

OAN. v. ONE. Throb

OAP. v. OPE.

OAR. v. ORE. Daub

OARD. v. ORD. Bedaub

OAST. v. OST.

OAT. v. OTE. OBE

OATH. v. OTH. Globe

Lobe

Probe

Robe.

Conglobe

OB.

Fob

Knob

OCE. v. OSE.

OCK.

Block
Clock
Crock
Cock
Dock
Frock
Flock
Knock
Lock
Mock
Rock

Shock

Shock	OFF.	OICE.	Point.
Stock	Scoff	Choice	Anoint
	Off	Voice	Appoint
OCT.		Rejoice	Disappoint
	Cough		Disjoint
Concoct	Trough	OID.	Counterpoint
which rhymes		Void	
to the Parti-	OFT.	Avoid	OISE.
ciples of the	Of	And the Par-	Noise
Verbs in OCK.	Croft	ticiples of the	Poise
	Soft	Verbs in OY.	Counterpoise
OD.	Aloft		And the Plu-
	And the Par-	OIL.	ral of the Nouns
Clod	ticiples of the	Boil	and Third Per-
God	Verbs in OFE.	Broil	son Present of
Nod		Coil	the Verbs in
Plod	OG.	Foil	OY.
Odd	Bog	Moil	
Rod	Clog	Oil	
Shod	Dog	Seil	OIST.
Sod	Fog	Spoil	Hoist
Trod	Frog	Toil	Moist
	Hog	Despoil	Rejoyc'd
ODE.	Jog	Imbroil	
Bode	Log	Recoil	OIT.
Mode	Agog	Turmoil	Coit
Ode		Disembroil	Exploit
Rode	OGUE.		
Strode	Rogue	OIN.	OKE.
Abode	Vogue	Coin	Broke
Corrode	Disembogue	Groin	Choke
Explode	Prorogue	Join	Smoke
Forebode	Collogue	Loin	Spoke
Incommode		Adjoin	Stroke
Episode	Dialogue	Conjoin	Yoke
	Epilogue	Disjoin	Bespoke
Shrewd	Synagogue	Injoin	Invoke
	Catalogue	Purloin	Provoke
Goad	Pedagogue	Rejoin	Revoke
Load	The last rhyme	Subjoin	Choak
Road	also to the		Cloak
Toad	Words of the	OINT.	Oak
	foregoing Ter-	Joint	Soak
OE. See OW.	mination.	Oint	Stroke

	OL.	Foal	Roam	Alone
Loll		Soal	Comb	Attone
Extoll		Goal		Enthroned
Capitol		Soul	<i>OMB.v.OOM.</i>	Dethrone
		Bowl	<i>OMPT.</i>	Postpone
	OLD.	Droll	<i>v. OUNT</i>	
Bold		Prowl	<i>ON. See UN.</i>	Groan
Cold		Roll	On	Loan
Fold		Scroll	Conn	Moan
Gold		Toll	Anon	
Hold		Troll	Upon	Own
Mold		Controll	Gone	Grown
Old		Enroll	Undergone	Shewn
Scold			Amazon	Sown
Sold		OLN.	Cinnamon	Blown
Told		Stoln	Comparison	Known
Behold		Swoln	Caparison	Flown
Infold			Garrison	Thrown
Unfold		OLT.	Skeleton	Difown
Uphold		Bolt	Union	O'erthrownd
With-hold		Colt	Juppon	
Foretold		Holt		ONG.
Manifold		Dolt	OND.	Long
Marygold		Molt	Bond	Prong
And the Par-		Jolt	Fond	Song
ticiples of the		Revolt	Pond	Strong
Verbs in OLE.		Thunderbolt	Beyond	Thong
			Abscond	Throng
			Correspond	Wrong
			Despond	Along
			Vagabond	Among
			Diamond	Belong
				Prolong
	OLE.	OLVE.	ONE.	
Bole		Solve	Bone	ONCE.
Dole		Abolve	Drone	See
Jole		Convolve	Crone	UNCE.
Hole		Involve	Prone	ONGUE.
Mole		Devolve	None	See
Pole		Dissolve	Stone	UNG.
Sole		Revolve	Shone	
Stole			Tone	ONK.v.UNK.
Whole		<i>OM. v. UM.</i>	Lone	
Shole		OME.	Throne	ONSE.
Cajole		Dome	Zone	Sconse
Condole		Lome		
Parole		Home		
Patrole		Tome		
Pistole				
Coal		Foam		

Enscōse
Ascaunse

Cou'd
Shou'd

Whom

OOT.

ONT.

OOF.

Font
Front
Affront
Confront

Hoof
Proof
Roof
Woof

Bomb
Tomb
Womb
Entomb

Boot
Coot
Root
Foot
Shoot
Soot
Hoot

Want

Aloof
Disproof
Reproof
Behoof

OON.

Boon
Moon
Noon
Soon
Spoen
Swoon
Buffoon
Lampoon
Poltroon

OOTH.

Booth
Sooth
Smooth

OO.

Coo
Shoo
Too
Woo
Do
Ado
Undo
Who
Thro'
You

OOK.

Book
Brook
Cook
Crook
Hook
Rook
Shook
Took
Mistook
Undertook
Forsook
Betook

OOP.

Coop
Hoop
Loop
Scoop
Stoop
Troop
Whoop
Droop
Sweep

OOZE.

Ooze
Nooze
Whose
Chooze
Lose
Use

OOD.

Brood
Food
Mood
Rood
Good
Stood
Hood
Wood
Withstood
Understood
Brotherhood
Livelihood
Likelihood

OOL.

Cool
Fool
Peol
School
Stool
Tool
Befool

OOR.

Boor
Door
Poor
Floor
Moor
Tour
Your
Amour
Paramour

OP.

Chop
Dop
Drop
Crop
Fop
Lop
Pop
Prop
Shop
Sop
Stop
Swop
Top
Underprop

Neighbour-
hood

OOM.

Bloom
Broom
Doom

Widowhood
And the Par-
ticiples of the
Verbs in OO.

Gloom
Groom
Loom
Room
Spoom

OOSE.

Goose
Loose

Wou'd

OPE.

OPE.	Ambassador	More	Pork
Cope		O'er	Work
Grope	ORCH.	Ore	
Hope	Scorch		ORLD.
Mope	Torch	Frore	World
Pope	Porch	Pore	And the Par-
Rope		Score	ticiples of the
Scope	ORCE.	Shore	Verbs in URL.
Slope	Force	Snore	
Ope	Corse	Sore	ORM. See
Tope	Divorce	Store	ARM.
Trope	Inforce	Swore	Form
Aslope	Perforce	Tore	Storm
Elope		Wore	Conform
Interlope	Source	Adore	Deform
Telescope	Resource	Afore	Inform
Heliotrope	Course	Ashore	Perform
Horoscope	Discourse	Deplore	Reform
Antelope	Recourse	Explore	Misinform
	Intercourse	Implore	Transform
Moap		Restore	Uniform
Soap	Coarse	Forbore	Multiform
	Hoarse	Forswore	
OPT.		Heretofore	Worm
Adopt	ORD.	Hellebore	
And the Par-	Cord	Sycamore	ORN. See
ticiples of the	Lord		ARN.
Verbs in OP.	Accord	Boar	Born
	Record	Goar	Corn
OR.	Abhor'd	Oar	Horn
Abhor		Roar	Scorn
Metaphor	Hoard	Soar	Thorn
Creditor	Sword	Four	Adorn
Counsellor	Afford		Suborn
Confessor	Board	ORGE.	Unicorn
Competitor	Aboard	Forge	Capricorn
Emperor	And the Par-	Gorge	
Ancestor	ticiples of the	Disgorge	Shorn
Progenitor	Verbs in ORE.	Regorge	Sworn
Conspirator			Born
Orator	ORE.	ORK.	Torn
Senator	Bore	Cork	Worn
Successor	Core	Ork	Forborn
Conqueror	Gore	Fork	Forlorn
Governor	Lore	Stork	Forsworn

Overborn	Dose		Spot
	Jocose	OSS.	Trot
Mourn	Morose	Bofs	Rot
		Crofs	Blot
ORSE. v.	Gròs	Drofs	Grot
ORCE.	Engrofs	Lofs	Begot
Horfe		Mofs	Forgot
Unhorfe	OSE, or OZE.	Tofs	Allot
Endorfe	Clofe	Acrofs	Befot
Remorfe	Chofe	Imbofs	Complot
	Doze	OST.	Abricot
ORST. v.	Glofe	Coft	Counterplot
URST.	Froze	Froft	
ORT See ART.	Nofe	Loft	OTCH.
Short	Pofe	Toft	Botch
Sort	Profe	Accoft	Crotch
Confort	Thofe	Imbofs'd	Notch
Distort	Rofe		
Exhort	Compoze	Exhaust	Watch
Extort	Depofe	Holocaust	
Refort	Disclofe		OTE.
Retort	Dispoze	Ghoft	Cote
Snort	Discompoze	Hoft	Note
Fort	Expoze	Moft	Lote
Port	Impofe	Poft	Mote
Sport	Inclofe	Roft	Quote
Comport	Interpoze		Rote
Disport	Oppofe	Coaft	Vote
Effort	Propofe	Boaft	Smote
Export	Recompoze	Toaft	Wrote
Import	Repoze		Denote
Report	Suppoze	OT. See AT.	Promote
Support	Transpoze	Clot	Remote
Transport	Arofe	Cot	Devote
	Appofe	Got	Antidote
Court	Presuppoze	Hot	
	Foreclofe	Jot	Bloat
ORTH.	And the Plu-	Lot	Boat
Forth	ral of the	Knot	Coat
Fourth	Nouns and	Not	Doat
North	Third Person	Plot	Float
Worth	Present of the	Pot	Gloat
	Verbs of the	Scot	Goat
	Termination	Shot	Moat
OSE.	OW.	Sot	Oat
Clofe			O'erfloat

O'erfloat
Afloat
Throat

OTH.

Broth
Cloth
Froth
Moth
Troth
Betroth
Wrath

Both
Lothe
Sloth
Oath
Loath
Cloath
Growth

OU. See OO,
and OW.

OUBT.v.OUT

OUGH.

Couch
Crouch
Pouch
Slouch
Vouch
Avouch

OUD.

Cloud
Croud
Loud
Proud
Shroud
Aloud
O'ercloud
And the Parti-
ciples of sever-
al of the Verbs
in OW.

OVE.

Clove
Grove
Rove
Stove
Strove
Throve
Drove
Wove
Devove
Alcove
Inwove
Interwove.

Dove
Glove
Shove
Love
Above

Move
Prove
Approve
Behove

Disapprove
Disprove
Improve
Remove
Reprove

OUGH. v. OE,
OW, and UFF.

OUGHT.

Bought
Brought
Forethought
Fought
Nought
Ought
Sought
Thought
Wrought

Befought
Bethought
Methought

Caught
Fraught
Taught
Draught
Yacht

OUL. v. OLE,
and OWL.

OULD.
Mould
And the Par-
ticiples of the
verbs in OWL.

OUNCE.

Bounce
Flounce
Pounce
Ounce
Denounce
Pronounce
Renounce

OUND.

Bound
Found
Ground
Hound
Mound
Pound
Round
Sound
Wound
Abound
Aground
Around
Confound
Compound
Expound
Profound

Rebound
Redound
Resound
Surround
Renown'd
And the Par-
ticiples of some
of the Verbs in
OWN.

OUNG.v.UNG

OUNT.

Count
Fount
Mount
Amount
Dismount
Remount
Surmout
Account
Accompt
Discount
Miscount

OUP. v. OOP.

OUR.

Lour
Pour
Sour
Tour
Deflour
Devoir
Cow'r
Bow'r
Flow'r
Pow'r
Show'r
Tow'r

OURGE.

See
URGE.

OURN.

OURN.v.ORN Shout	Outgrow	Thou
and URN. Snout	O'ergrow	Bough
	O'erflow	Plough
OURS. Sprout	O'erflow	Slough
Ours Trout	O'erthrow	
which rhymes Stout	Reflow	OWL.v. OLE.
to the Plurals Devout		Cowl
of the Nouns Without	Sew	Fowl
and third Per- Throughout	Shew	Howl
son Present of	Strew	Growl
the Verbs in Doubt	Beshrew	Owl
OUR ; and Redoubt	Foreshew	Prowl
YOURS, Misdoubt		Foul
which rhymes Drought	Oh	Scoul
in like manner So	Lo	
to the Termination OOR.	No	OWN.v. ONE.
OOR. Mouth	Tho'	Brown
South	Ho	Clown
	Go	Crown
OURSE. See OOTH,	Ago	Down
See ORCE. and OTH.	Forego	Drown
	Undergo	Frown
OURT.v.ORT. OW.		Town
OURTH. Crow	Fee	Gown
See OURTH. Blow	Doe	Adown
ORTH. Bow	Roe	Renown
OUS. See US. Flow	Sloe	Imbrown
	Toe	
OUSE. Know	Dough	
Houfe Low		OWSE.
Moufe Mow	Bow	See
Chowfe Ow	Cow	OUSE.
Sowfe Row	Brow	
	Now	OWZE.
OUT. Show	Prow	Blowze
Rout Sow	How	Browze
Clout Stow	Mow	Carowze
Flout Slow	Plow	Rowze
Out Snow	Sow	Spoufe
Prout Throw	Vow	Espoufe
Gout Tow	Avow	And the Plur
Grout Allow	Allow	ral of the
Rout Below	Disallow	Nouns and 3d
Scout Bestow		Person Present
		of
		of

of the Verbs in	Orthodox	OY.:	Annoy
OW.	Heterodox	Boy	Convoy
	And the Plu-	Buoy	Decoy
OX.	ral of the	Coy	Destroy
Box	Nouns and 3d	Cloy	Employ
Fox	Person Present	Joy	Enjoy
Ox	of the Verbs	Toy	
Equinox	of OCK.	Alloy	OZE. v. OSE.

UB.	Obtuse	Blood	Solicitude
Club	Profuse		
Cub	Recluse	UDE.	Leud
Chub		Crude.	Feud
Drub	UCH. v.	Rude	And the Par-
Grub	UYCH.	Allude	ticiples of the
Rub		Conclude	Termination
Snub	UCK.	Delude	EW.
Shrub	Buck	Elude	
Tub	Duck	Exclude	UDGE.
	Luck	Include	Drudge
UBE.	Pluck	Intrude	Grudge
Cube	Suck	Obtrude	Judge
Tube	Struck	Prelude	Trudge
	Truck	Seclude	Adjudge
UCE.	Tuck	Altitude	Prejudge
Pruce		Fortitude	
Sluce	UCT.	Gratitude	UE. See EW.
Spruce	Conduct	Interlude	
Truce	Deduct	Latitude	UFF.
Conduce	Instruct	Longitude	Buff
Deduce	Obstruct	Magnitude	Cuff
Induce	Aqueduct	Multitude	Bluff
Introduce	And the Par-	Solitude	Huff
Produce	ticiples of the	Vicissitude	Gruff
Reduce	Verbs in UCK.	Aptitude	Luff
Seduce		Habitude	Muff
Traduce	UD.	Ingratitude	Puff
Juice	Bud	Ineptitude	Snuff
Use	Cud	Inquietude	Stuff
Abstruse	Scud	Lassitude	Ruff
Abuse	Stud	Plenitude	Rebuff
Difuse	Mud	Promptitude	Counterbuff
Excuse		Servitude	Rough
Mifuse	Flood	Similitude	Tough

Enough

Enough
Slough

UFT.

Tuft
And the Participle of the Verbs in UFF.

UG.

Bug
Drug
Dug
Hug
Lug
Rug
Shrug
Slug
Mug
Snug

UICE. v. USE.
UIDE. v. IDE.
UILD. v. ILD.
UILE. v. ILE.
UILT. v. ILT.
UINT. v. INT.
UISE. v. ISE,
and USE.
UIE. v. IE.

UKE.

Duke
Rebuke
Puke

UL. v. ULL.

Cull
Dull
Gull
Hull
Lull
Mull
Null
Trull

Scull
Annul
Disannul

Bull
Full
Pull
Wooll
Bountiful
Fanciful
Sorrowful
Dutiful
Merciful
Wonderful
Worshipful

ULE.

Mule
Rule
Ridicule
Misrule
Overrule

ULGE.

Bulge
Indulge
Divulge

ULK.

Bulk
Hulk
Sculk

ULSE.

Pulse
Impulse
Expulse
Convulse
Repulse
And the Plural of the Nouns and 3d Person Present of the Verbs in ULL.

ULT.

Adult
Consult
Exult
Indult
Insult
Occult
Refult
Difficult

UM.

Crum
Drum
Grum
Gum
Hum
Mum
Scum
Plum
Stum
Summ
Swum
Thrum
Numn
Benumn

Come
Become
Overcome

Burthenfom
Christendom
Cumberfom
Frolickfom
Humourfom
Quarrelfom
Troublefom
Martyrdom
Hecatomb

UMB.

Dumb
Thumb
Succumb

UME.

Fume
Plume
Assume
Consume
Perfume
Resume
Deplume
Presume
Rheum

UMP.

Bump
Jump
Lump
Plump
Pump
Rump
Stump
Trump

UN.

Dun
Gun
Nun
Pun
Run
Shun
Sun
Stun
Tun
Spun
Begun

Son
Won
One
Done
Undone

UNCE.

Dunce
Ounce

UNCH.

	UNK.	URB.	Forfeiture Furniture Miniature Nouriture Overture Portraiture Primogeniture Sculpture Temp'ature
UNCH.	Drunk Slunk Shrunk Stunk Sunk Trunk Monk	Curb Disturb	
Bunch Hunch Punch Lunch Munch		URCH. Church Lurch Birch	
UND.	UNT.	URD.	URF.
Fund And the Par- ticiples of the Verbs in UN.	Brunt Blunt Hunt Runt Grunt Wont	Curd Absurd Bird Word And the Par- ticiples of the Verbs in UR.	Turf Scurf Turve
UNE.	UP.	URE.	URGE.
June Prune Tune Importune Jejune Untune	Cup Sup Up	Cure Dure Lure Pure Sure Abjure Allure Assure Demure Conjure Endure Enure Insure Immature Immure Manure Mature Obscure	Purge Surge Urge Scourge
UNG.	UPT.	UR.	URK.
Clung Dung Flung Hung Rung Strung Sung Sprung Slung Stung Lung Swung Wrung Unfung Young Tongue	Abrupt Corrupt Interrupt And the Par- ticiples of the Verbs in UP.	Blur Bur Cur Furr Slur Spur Concur Demur Incur Firr	Lurk Work
			URL. See IRL.
			Churl Curl Furl Hurl Purl Uncurl Unfurl
UNGE.			URN.
Plunge Spunge Expunge	Stir Bestir	Procure Secure Adjure Calenture Coverture Epicure Investiture	Burn Churn Spurn Turn Urn Return Overturn Aturn

Sojourn	Degenerous	Odoriferous	USK.
Adjourn	Emulous	Ponderous	Busk
Rejourn	Fabulous	Ravenous	Husk
	Frivolous	Rigorous	Musk
URSE.	Generous	Slanderous	Tusk
Curse	Hazardous	Sollicitous	UST.
Nurse	Idolatrous	Timourous	Bust
Purse	Infamous	Valorous	Crust
Accurse	Miraculous	Unanimous	Dust
Disburse	Mischievous	Calamitous	Gust
Imburse	Mountainous		Just
Re-imburse	Mutinous	USE.	Must
Worse	Necessitous	Chuse	Lust
	Numerous	Muse	Rust
URST.	Ominous	Use	Thrust
Curst	Perillous	Abuse	Trust
Burst	Poisonous	Accuse	Adult
Durst	Populous	Amuse	Adjust
Worst	Prosperous	Diffuse	Disgust
First	Ridiculous	Excuse	Distrust
Thirst	Riotous	Infuse	Intrust
Athirst	Ruinous	Mifuse	Mistrust
Accurst	Scandalous	Peruse	Robust
	Scrupulous	Refuse	Unjust
URT.	Scurrilous	Suffuse	Jousts
Blurt	Sedulous	Transfuse	And the Par-
Flurt	Traiterous	Bruise	ticiples of the
Hurt	Treacherous	And the Plu-	Verbs in USS.
Spurt	Tyrannous	ral of the	
Dirte	Venomous	Nouns and 3d	But
Squirt	Vigorous	Person Present	Cut
Shirt	Villanous	of the Verbs	Glut
	Adventurous	in EW.	Gut
US.	Adulterous		Hut
Thus	Ambiguous	USH.	Jut
Incubus	Blasphemous	Blush	Nut
Trufs	Dolorous	Brush	Put
Overplas	Fortutious	Crush	Shue
Us	Gluttonous	Hush	Strut
Discufs	Gratuitous	Gush	Englut
Amorous	Incredulous	Flush	Rut
Boisterous	Lecherous	Rush	Scut
Clamorous	Libidinous	Bush	Slut
Credulous	Magnanimous	Push	Smut
Dangerous	Obstreperous		Abut

UTCH.	Sute	Constitute	Recruit
Hutch	Acute	Destitute	
Crutch	Compute	Dissolute	UX.
	Confute	Execute	Flux
Much	Depute	Institute	Reflux
Such	Dilute	Irresolute	And the Plu-
Touch	Dispute	Persecute	ral of the
Retouch	Impute	Prosecute	Nouns and 3d
	Pollute	Prostitute	Person Present
UTE.	Refute	Resolute	of the Verbs in
Brute	Repute	Substitute	UCK.
Flute	Salute		
Lute	Absolute	Fruit	UZE. v. USE.
Mute	Attribute	Suit	Y. See IE.

F I N I S.

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